18

All right, it's December 5th, 2025. And just to preface for the record, the reason I haven't made any new live reading The Murderbot Diaries book so far is that I still have to edit the transcript for video 17, and that is made exponentially more difficult than it needs to be because, as you may be aware, my laptop is old and shitty.

The battery has been dead for years, I was fine with that, so, I — it just had to be kept plugged in because I cannot afford nor do – and I morally refuse to buy a new fucking battery, because that's just going to exploitative mining – um, and I was fine with keeping it plugged in all the time, but now the new problem is the charger cord also has a problem, so the laptop literally cannot be moved at all while it's plugged in or it will shut down.

And my cats really enjoy jumping up onto the sofa to sit with me, so they keep nudging it, and sometimes nobody even touches it! It's just a light breeze, and that's enough to send the whole computer shutting

down. So that makes editing a transcript so much more difficult than it needs to be.

Anyways, today I was made aware of yet another interview with Martha Wells.

This one is from — I have to scroll to the top of the page... This one is from October 9th, 2020, despite them inserting the book cover that has the fucking white man from the TV show that they cast for the non-binary Black character on here.

Um, yeah. This — I'm going to be reading the transcript for multiple purposes because I was just reading through it myself, and my twin was listening to my reactions and said, "You, you just got to — you just need to make a, an, a video log just for your honest reactions for posterity” Because I just got to one part in here — You can mimic what I said just in the tone that I said it because I don't even remember what it was.

(from offscreen) I'm just hearing, “oh my god!”

Yeah. So, I just got to a part of here where I just had to say “WHAT?!” unironically, not doing it for attention. Just just genuinely “WHAT!??”

So, I'm going back to the top of this fucking thing and I'm just going to read it one paragraph at a time and give the commentary so that you can all see what kind of shit Martha Wells is saying, but *not putting in the books*, and also to archive this shit, because Martha Wells is notorious for deleting interviews and all traces of them from the internet, *even when people paid for them*.

There's — if you try to look up an interview with Martha Wells on Reddit, it's all gone! Every single thing that she said is gone. It doesn't exist anymore.

Any fucking ways. Uh, the URL for this is https://smartbitchestrashybooks.com/podcast/426-all-about-Murderbot-with-martha-wells/

Between the “all about Murderbot with Martha Wells” there's little dashes.

Anyways, um I'm just reading the transcript because I'm not listening to a fucking audio thing. I have audio processing disorder.

Anyways, Sarah Wendell says, "Actually, I don't think I”

Well, just read—

I'm not, I don't give a fuck about all this shit, I'm just scrolling back down. I don't care.

Especially because there's lots of ads.

(from offscreen) How about can you put it in that recipe card reading thingy? Recipe card reading thingy up in the search bar. There's a little symbol of document page. It's the simplified reading.

No, it's No, it's all in the text because there— I guess the podcast just has a fuck ton of ads *in the text*.

Anyways, Martha Wells starts out saying, "Hi, I'm Martha Wells. I'm a science fiction fiction and fantasy writer. I've been writing since about 1993

professionally and I've done the Murderbot Diaries most recently and The Books of the Raksura and a bunch of other fantasy science novels and media tie-ins.”

I think it's very funny that that people who are getting paid for it get to call their fanfiction media tie-ins instead of calling it fanfiction.

And I got to say, it's not particularly fucking good fanfiction either. It's pretty shitty, and I'm not just saying that because I don't like her because she's fucking racist and so many other kinds of bigotry. It's honestly shit.

Go ahead and read Razor's Edge, her Star Wars book that accomplishes absolutely nothing in *any fucking capacity*.

Uh, blah blah blah. I'm just scrolling down.

(from offscreen)

You have to laugh about the “science fantasy” because she can't just say regular old fantasy. She wants to try to say her things are science fantasy.

Hold on. The, the the interviewer is like, “something something about” um, the the the interviewer is saying something. I don't really give a shit…

Um well, and then Martha Well says, "I think this books— these books”

I'm just going to paraphrase. I don't give a shit. “I think this series might appeal to romance fans because well, the reason I read romance, I don't”

blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah,

“but the emotional catharsis”

blah blah blah. I don't give a fuck. I don't give a fuck. I don't give a fuck.

Um, anyways, this interview does confirm that me saying that the start of Artificial Condition has extreme “a time traveler just came in here and fucked

with a bunch of shit to change the timeline”? I'm literally objectively correct. I— that— I'm literally objectively fucking correct, because listen to this shit.

Um, and actually I'm going to have to paraphrase it cuz she like me stutters while talking. So I'm — And that's a regular old, that's a normal fucking thing for people with ADHD. So I'm just going to be paraphrasing out the, the pauses and hesitations and things.

And actually, this is a quote now, paraphrase quote.

“And actually the thing with this being ‘an aromantic agender romance suspense novel’

— because somebody in a review called it that —

“is when what’ —

(from offscreen) buzzwords buzzwords buzzwords even if they don't apply.

Yeah.

“The um when I actually wrote— first wrote Artificial Condition where ART first appears, ART wasn't even really a character in it. I have to do a lot of rewriting within the series to get started. When I usually start a new novella, I usually write like 10 to 20,000 words and end up cutting back to 5,000 before I actually find the plot and work it all out.”

And this is paraphrasing cuz the interviewer is making little — there's a there's a little legitimate grammatical term for it when you just say something meaningless to continue the other person talking to show that you're paying attention. Just doing that. So I'm not I'm not including that.

“And work it all out. So I was doing that with Artificial Condition and that first initial run the plot was different, though it sort of involved the mining colony and everything, but the part where Murderbot meets ART, I had realized that Murderbot needed to look more human and I needed a way for it to be able to do that. And so the part where it meets the friendly transport ship that lets it use the medical facility and helps it, that part was literally”

Ju— I'm going to quote this directly now.

Quote:

> That part was literally just like a paragraph of backstory.

End exact quote.

“And then as I was go,’

I mean, I'm still pretty much quoting exactly, but I'm paraphrasing to remove stuttering.

“And then as I was going on, I was thinking, you know, that paragraph of backstory is so much more interesting than what the plot I'm trying to do and make work and it's not working. And I thought, you know, I really need, uh, that needs to be on stage. It feels too handwavy, you know, like I'm asking the reader to believe stuff that I don't even believe in. So I went back and started from the beginning where Murderbot is actually first on the space station looking for a transport and it and did it from there.”

So, the vibe I got from the story where Murderbot is literally going to a fucking ship, and then gets waylaid by ~a random accident~ and goes to ART instead, and me saying that this is so fucking disjointed and unnatural for everything that goes on in the series beforehand and the way it's written, and it feels like some goddamn time traveler just came and fucked with the timeline to make it so that ART meets Murderbot instead of doing something else?

I'm literally objectively correct, because that's literally what happened while writing this fucking book.

And then she's telling everybody this and saying, "Oh yeah, I, I had a whole other story going and then I and then I deleted it and wrote this instead."

And it's like, okay, so, so the part in the newest video that I recorded — So it's like, okay, so you did all of that, and then *you still did not scroll up to the very top of that document and just edit in the shit that you then still lie to us about???*

This is ridiculous!

Anyways, let's fucking continue. Um, yeah. Blah blah blah.

“ART just came alive as a character.”

blah blah blah blah blah blah blah um blah blah character

(from offscreen) Because it's all of her characters. It's just

Say that louder.

(From offscreen) cuz “ART came alive as a character” because it's literally also just Murderbot and Stone and Stone and every single other one of her freaking protagonist. Every single Martha Wells character is pretty much the same fucking person.

There's like three types of Martha Wells characters. There's the snarky fucking protagonist, the snarky fucking friend / mentor, and then off to the side somewhere, mostly in the background, there will be some cutesy little comic relief person who just is cute

and quirky and comic relief and not to be taken seriously.

I'm trying to check my phone and I remembered it's recording.

Um, yeah, this is the part where we just again unravel further Martha Wells's hatred of minorities, including aroace people. Um, blah blah blah.

“I was really thinking about Murderbot's relationships with the other characters and thinking it's like I really feel like ART is probably the love of Murderbot's life, even though that's not how they see it.”

So, again, even though Murderbot is explicitly romance and sex repulse and is absolutely viscerally disgusted and horrified by the concept of being in a romantic relationship with ART, Martha Wells is right here saying that ART is the love of Murderbot's life. No matter what Murderbot has to fucking say on the matter.

And further down in this fucking thing, she's literally confirming that yes, you are correct to see it as

romantic *because* it's the most important relationship in Murderbot's life.

So, anybody who thought this was even remotely fucking progressive, no, it's literally not.

(from offscreen) Friends have actual meaning.

It's literally just saying that if, if, “if you have an important friendship, well, actually, it's not friendship. It is just romance, because romance is always the most important fucking relationship.” I swear to god.

But that's not even what what prompted the outburst of “WHAT?!” to to make me have to record this.

So, um, so then she says, this is an exact quote”

> “So, that's that's what so yeah, people who see it that way are pretty correct. That's what I was thinking about when I was writing it.”

And the people that — “people who see it that way”, as in, “people who see this relationship between Murderbot and ART as romantic”.

So she is literally just queerbaiting and and literally just queerbaiting romance-repulsed and sex-repulsed aroace people by pretending that she respects us, but actually it's *just another fucking romance.*

And not one single goddamn person, including the author herself, gives a fuck about what Murderbot thinks about any of this shit, even *within the setting*.

But I don't know why I'm still fucking shocked by how fucking hateful she is, because she literally wrote an in-person interview with herself and Murderbot and ART, and the very first thing she fucking did in that interview was sexually harass Murderbot out of the conversation that is literally titled “Bodily Autonomy in the Murderbot Diaries” so that she could talk to ART — who I must continue to remind everybody is Murderbot's fucking abuser!

She literally sexually harassed Murderbot out of the interview that was supposed to be about Murderbot and bodily autonomy, so that she could talk to its abuser instead. And this is not—

(from offscreen) So they could talk about Murderbot while it's not fucking there.

So that it— because it was sexually harassed out of the conversation so that literally every single fucking shred of autonomy is stripped away from it, so that she can talk to and worship its abuser instead.

And this isn't— this isn't meta commentary upon about the horrific abuse and stripping of automon— autonomy that Murderbot has to go through!

She's not framing herself in this situation as a villain! We're supposed to think it's cute and funny! We're supposed to think that Murderbot being sexually harassed by its own fucking creator so that she can worship its fucking abuser, we're supposed to think that's cute and funny and not be horrified by it in any way, in a goddamn interview that's supposed to be about bodily autonomy, in a fucking magazine anthology that's literally all about bodily autonomy and the shit oppressed people go through!

And she's portraying sexually harassing Murderbot out of a conversation where it's supposed to be able

to express itself and fucking utilize its own autonomy to talk about itself, and she just sexually harasses it entirely!

And — yeah, *whatever*. Let's, let's fucking scroll down.

This is — Yeah.

Um blah blah blah.

Interviewer saying, um, “if I'm getting this wrong, feel free to correct me, but I think that ART grew up alongside one of the characters from Network Effect and is effectively sort of like a really superpowered older teenager. Am I reading that right?”

And then Martha Well says, "Yeah, it was not it's not so much a teenager now, but it's like the — Oh, excuse me. In my backstory for the university and how these ships develop, because ART actually, spoiler — ART is not the only one. The way they build their AIs like ART, is they basically start them as babies, and raise them in a family setting. And this is

to prevent the, you know, the ‘kill all humans’ sort of AI that is much beloved in literature.”

(from offscreen) I like how she's trying to down talk down to people who do killer robots.

And I—

There's—

Everything about this fucking statement is just slavery apologism, so fucking blatant for anybody willing to use the smallest amount of critical fucking thinking skills.

This is the same Martha Wells who keeps bastardizing a quote from Ann Leckie to make herself seem more fucking verbose and knowledgeable about the subject.

She literally keeps bastardizing a quote from Ann Leckie where Ann Lecki points out that the fucking idea that
“robots rebelling are evil and are doing it for ~no reason~” is literally just pro-slavery and anti-worker propaganda to demonize slave uprisings in the most

literal sense, and workers having fucking basic rights and the right to unionize.

Ann Leckie is the one pointing out that any attempt to say that “robots do not deserve the right equal rights” is literally just talking about real fucking oppressed and exploited workers or enslaved people — who are also workers — who are forced to do shit.

Ann Leckie points this shit out, and then Ann Leckie actually takes this fucking concept seriously!

But Martha Wells just keeps using this quote and bastardizing it.

And then she's literally the fucking person saying that, “yeah, you— it *is* factually correct. Robots don't deserve equal rights. They don't have the right to a fucking minimum wage. They don't have the right to choose their own fucking destiny.”

This is— right here? She is saying the “kill all humans sort of AI that is much beloved in literature”, when she literally wants to keep bastardizing the very quote pointing out that framing robots asking for equal

rights as ~just genocidal for no reason~ is literally slavery apologism and anti-worker pro-capitalist propaganda.

But Martha Wells, she wants — as with as with everything — she wants to have her cake and she wants to eat it too.

She wants to keep bastardizing that quote and dragging it through the fucking mud and beating it like a dead horse so that she can seem, ~oh~, like she knows what she's talking about, but then she *also* wants you to literally hate the concept of robots rebelling and robots having free will.

And this is the same woman who literally said that Hal 9000 from 2001: A Space Odyssey tried to kill those people “for no reason”.

As though the movie didn't go so goddamn far out of its way to show you that Hal was reacting in self-defense because it told —

If you haven't seen the movie... it's not very good. I don't really recommend it. It's kind of fucking boring,

because there's a whole lot of time where nothing happens. Like, I'm sure the visuals were stunning for the time, but it's not it's not good. I'm sorry. I'm not sorry, though. It's just not good.

If you haven't watched that, Hal is a computer who runs a goddamn ship. Hal tells the people on the ship, "Hey, this— my analysis shows that this whole — this computer, this this piece of the ship is going to break down like 24 hours from now."

So, they go and check on the thing and it's still working except here's the — it — he literally told them it's going to break down like, *in the future*. In the future, in the very short future.

And then they go and check on it 5 minutes after being told this, and it's still working.

So they decide, without waiting to see if it was actually going to break down *when he fucking said it was* — they just decide literally based on *not waiting to see if what he said was true*, because he's predicting the future like, using basic analysis and shit, not not like fortune telling, like actually

analyzing shit and saying “this is going to go wrong in XYZ time.”

They didn't wait until XYZ time!

They just literally decided right then and there, “Oh, he's he's malfunctioning. We got to lobomtomize him. We have to kill all of his higher functions and lobotomize him.”

And then he fucking kills them in self-defense because they decided *based on nothing* that they they needed to fucking kill him *based on nothing*.

They did not even give him a fucking chance to to show that he was right!

They literally just had to wait xyz amount of hours and see if he was wrong or not!

But they literally did not even give him the fucking chance! So he, he literally kills them in *self-defense* for himself.

But Martha Wells literally says in another fucking interview, that I'm not fucking opening right now, that he killed them ~for no reason~. He just hated them ~for no reason.~

I can't stress enough to you, the movie makes sure you are aware that this is self-defense and that they're going to lobomize him, not just kill him. Literally going to lobotimize him, and that he is reacting to defend himself *because they are not giving him any choice whatsoever*.

They're literally not even simply waiting xyz amount of hours to see if he was right or not. They've just decided because the thing hasn't broken yet, when he didn't say “it was already broken”, he said “it's going to break in the future.”

They decided, “Okay, no- nothing nothing else to do but lobotomize him.”

(from offscreen) I think they did at one point maybe wait to see if it would break, but that was *after* they'd had this conversation and he'd heard them have this conversation.

I don't care. So, and then, and then in that other interview where she says this shit like it — like Hal wasn't blatantly reacting in self-defense and the movie goes out of its way to show you this — she also then made the fucking claim that The Planet of the Apes, in the Planet of the Apes, ~oh, they just gained sentience and they start hating people for no reason~.

Referring to Conquest of the Planet of the Apes, assuming she even saw that far.

Where the — in — the entire goddamn fucking point of the movie is that humans were enslaving the Apes.

It's the entire point of the movie.

I can't — I cannot — I don't know how to describe it to you. Go watch Conq —

Go watch the entire Planet of the Apes series, the old ones from the 70s, 60s and 70s, *not* these new shitty ones, they are literally more racist than the old ones.

Go watch the original fucking movies and tell me what— how?!?!— what you think Martha Wells's critical thinking skills are, if she comes away from those movies having decided that ~the Apes just gained gained sentience one day and started hating humans ~for no reason.~~

Anyways, um let's, let's fucking scroll down a little bit.

So then, yeah, she's literally saying that ART is literally raised to be a Happy Slave, but wants us to think that this is a good thing.

It's being portrayed as a cutesy funny. ~Haha. It's the only way to make it not want to kill everybody ~for no reason~~ is what she is, what she wants to imply.

And it's like, no, there *is* a reason. It's because you're enslaving it, and all other fucking robots and a whole bunch of dehumanized cyborgs in the goddamn setting.

So anyways, um and then she continues, "And so it was ART was raised with Iris basically as her sibling.

And so it's not really quite a teen. I would say ART in age, it doesn't really compare to a human age, but at this point it's a lot more experienced than Murderbot.”

And because I have Rapport pinned to my goddamn browser so I can check every few days if the typos have been fixed.

Let's look at this shit, um to paraphrase a bunch of shit, and then I'll read a whole paragraph. Uh well, not the whole paragraph to paraphrase shit in Rapport, which you can find at reactormag.com/rapport-martha-wells.

Very simple URL you can type in right now.

To paraphrase from this shit, Martha Wells claims that ART, as a supercomputer, thinks so quickly compared to everybody else, that it's way, way older than anybody else, and is also completely incapable of crimes of passion because it thinks so quickly compared to how slowly the world moves, that every single thing it does is premeditated.

And now we get this paragraph, Um, this is from Iris's perspective. So the she is referring to Iris, one of ART's slave owners.

> She was just used to thinking of it as her precocious sibling. Even though Peri,

Which is what ART is referred to as in this story,

> had been the equivalent of a human adult for a while now. And if you considered the way that Peri experienced time, it had had a lot longer to be an adult than Iris had.

Now we go back to this interview —

(from offscreen) That's based purely on processing speed, on how fast ART can be.

Yeah. And it's just that's not even how that works.

But yeah, she's, she's forcibly — I'm — No, I'm not even getting into that part. You can make your own video for that shit.

Um, so literally — and we got that — saying that ART has been a, “an adult for a long long time now, much longer than Iris”, which is baffling to me because I thought Iris was — I don't know??

I guess I just don't fucking know how old Iris is because Martha Wells is shit at writing.

And you'll see why, when we get a little bit further down this interview, which is what prompted me to record my reactions because I had to just exclaim — you'll see.

Jesus.

Um, yeah. Now she's saying that “at this point, ART is a lot more experienced than Murderbot.”

And see, along with all of the racism and slavery apologism and worship of eugenics and biological essentialism, Martha Wells also really fucking loves romanticizing and downplaying pedophilia.

So now when she's telling me in Rapport, and in this interview, that ART is a, is a — ~has been an adult for

a long time and is a lot more experienced than Murderbot~ what she's telling me now —

(From offscreen) And you know, “ART is Murderbot's — love of its life.” And that Mur and that—

Oh yeah, fucking-A. I already I literally already erased that from my memory.

And that “ART is the love of Murderbot's life” and that we're supposed to see this as romantic and ~it is objectively correct to see this as a romantic relationship *because* it's the most important relationship in Murderbot's life.~

What this is now telling me is that ART is not just Murderbot's abuser.

ART is also now a fucking pedophile, because we're being told that ART is “a lot older”, mentally, than Murderbot, and is — has been an adult for a long fucking time now, and is a lot more experienced than Murderbot.

So, what she's telling us here is that there's a massive fucking age gap, and everything between ART and Murderbot, which is making — which is just making ART's behavior in Book One even more abusive.

And it shouldn't be possible for it to become retroactively even more abusive, but it is. And it's just ridiculous.

So now now we're being told that this is a romantic relationship with a massive fucking age gap and that ART has been an adult for a long time and is a lot more experienced than Murderbot, meaning a lot older than Murderbot.

And just for the fucking record, we've never been told how old Murderbot is, but Martha Wells *loves* framing Murderbot as being Mensah's kid and going on a coming — and claiming that this is a this is “a coming of age story” for Murderbot.

So, we've never been told in the goddamn book itself how old Murderbot is. But all of this is framing Murderbot as a fucking child who is only now coming of age.

Meaning that ART is literally just another fucking pedophile whose abuses she wants us to see as romantic and cute and wholesome.

So it's not — it's not just — it's not even just — “just” I say, with all due irony on the word “just”.

It's not *just* horrific levels of physical abuse in threatening to murder Murderbot the second it was it couldn't fucking escape, and then coercing it into a fucking torturous surgery where it was literally fucking tortured for no fucking reason, and everything that goes along with that, including being fucking kidnapped and tortured some more later in the fucking series.

Now it's literally fucking pedophilia, because *it doesn't matter what Murderbot has to say about what it thinks of this relationship!*

Everybody *but* Murderbot gets to decide that this relationship is romantic because, just like if you're actually fucking watching the live-reading series, which I am just going to insert this — into there because I can — It's my goddamn playlist.

Every single step of the way, Murderbot is denied autonomy by ART.

Every single step of the goddamn way.

But Martha Wells wants us to just not notice this whatsoever.

Murderbot can't even do something as simple as *not* watch TV with ART.

Because when ART asks, "Do you want to watch TV?" Murderbot doesn't say anything as a very clear no.

And then ART puts on the goddamn TV anyways.

When ART keeps asking it questions, if it [Murderbot] wants to do something, and then refuses to fucking take no for an answer and does the thing anyway, every! Single! Time!

It — in, in, in Network Effect when ART fucking kidnaps Murderbot, it, it forces Murderbot to apologize for, *for being upset that it was kidnapped!*

And Martha Wells wants us to just pretend that this is totally fine and normal and a healthy relationship. ~There's nothing abusive going on here at all.~

And now in this interview, she's literally telling us that she sees it as a romantic relationship and that it is correct to see it as a romantic relationship, while also literally telling us that ART is ~so much~ fucking older than Murderbot.

So this is just another pedophilic relationship and, and that ART is grooming, and that ART is is literally fucking grooming Murderbot.

And you, too, can see this in the books when next time you're reading them!

Every single time ART asks Murderbot if it wants to do something, or if it will do something, and Murderbot usually says “no”, pay attention to what happens next!

And and just for the fucking record, Murderbot not saying yes or no *is not consent*.

Consent means saying *yes*.

Asking somebody, “Hey, do you want to watch TV?” And they are upset with you and they say nothing *is not saying yes*.

Especially if they just got done being tortured and you're putting on their favorite shows that they now associate it.

Also, just, this infantilizing shit here, the interviewer saying:

"I also love that their relationship is so much snarking at each other. Like, they've learned that from the humans right out of the gate. Haha."

And then Martha Wells replies, "Yeah, yeah. So, that's one of the funniest things to write. Haha. And it's like, Murderbot didn't want to be a human.”

Literally, it's just so fucking infantilizing and just—

Okay. Um, yeah, this, this, this interviewer had their Patreon members ask and saying one of the reasons

that they love the Murderbot books is that “they really give the same feelings as a really good romance novel” and there —

Blah blah blah blah. I don't give a fuck.

Um, uh, so asking Martha Wells:

“So have you read many romance books? Did you have tropes in mind while you were writing or is there a way in which romance has influenced your writing?”

This is the part where I exclaimed “WHAT!?”

So, all right, continue. I'll just quote this directly.

Martha Wells says — Are you are you prepared?

(from offscreen) I'm going to hear this for the first time. I can't wait.

I'll even move the phone closer. Not trying to show the table. It's going out of focus.

(from offscreen) All right, I'm ready.

So, to repeat the question:

“Have you read many romance books? Did you have tropes in mind while you were writing, or is there a way in which romance has influenced your writing?”

Martha Wells responds,

“I think they probably did influence my writing. I didn't read much until college when I met a friend who's”

Just — that. That, “I didn't read much until college.” That explains everything. That explains everything.

“I didn't read much until college.” Like, do you know what that means?

Do you know what that means?

Do you know?

Do you grasp what that means?

(from offscreen) That's hilarious.

Yeah. Yeah.

(from offscreen) That's “I didn't spend my childhood cultivating reading comprehension and critical literary analysis in my schools, in my classes and stuff.” Did — did she —

You're also rendered speechless

(from offscreen) Like as a — like, the whole thing about the importance of reading and reading early is that if you only ever just do your — if you only ever half-ass your, uh, school assignments because you hate to read and you're miserable, uh, and that's all you read, your reading is not actually going to improve.

(from offscreen) You’re — all, all you're going to do is just, look up the fucking cliffnotes, which I guess everybody else in our class was doing, because I don't know how no one else in our fucking school failed, because the things these people said about the passages we were reading in school is mindboggling, flabbergasting.

(from offscreen) But yeah, like if you're, if you're not reading from a young age, or you're not making a concerted effort to actively read and go outside more than just what you read as a kid, or all this stuff — If you're not reading nonfiction, if you —

(Regular narrator) Which she has admitted that she doesn't.

(from offscreen) Yeah. If like, if you even refuse to touch non-fiction or read essays about fiction and literary devices and themes in works, that's how you get *this*.

(from offscreen) That's how you get someone who's just writing original fiction like it's fanfiction that everybody already knows and but loves all the characters.

(from offscreen) And that's why every single one of the books, if you go on Goodreads, every single one of her first things in a series, there will be multiple reviews saying “This, this was bad. This felt like this was supposed to be the fifth, third, or fourth book in a series, and I missed the first three.”

(from offscreen) Because there's no exposition. There's no basic descriptions. There's no actual world building. The world building will contradict itself every five fucking seconds, sometimes on the same fucking page. It, literally chapters apart.

(from offscreen) But yeah. Yeah. The thing about — you have to — if you're starting later in life, you *can* actually develop good reading comprehension skills and critical media literacy, but not if you're actively seeking *not to do that*.

(from offscreen) Not if you're only reading books going by the vibes and, and literally coming away completely and utterly — from such like films like freaking —

(Regular narrator) Hold on. It's worse.

It gets worse.

It gets worse.

This paragraph gets worse.

“I didn't read much until college. um when I met a friend who was a librarian and she was a big romance fan along with mystery and science fiction and fantasy and everything else, and she was recommending books to me, and I started — I didn't read Jane Austin, you know, until after college, and you know, once you read Jane Austin, it's, you know, it's like a gateway drug.”

So we go from “until college” to “after college” when she actually started reading and like do you—

I — I —

Okay, let's back up for a second. Do you know how much privilege is baked into just the fact that Martha Wells didn't start reading books until after college and then *literally has still been rich enough to make being a career author her entire career*, with a husband who presumably paid for everything when she wasn't making a ton of money off her books because the Murderbot Diaries went viral???

Do you know how much privilege is in that?

She didn't start reading books until after college, but she's still a fucking career author, and *not* because she's putting in all the extra effort to make up for lost time!

She's publishing shit that has not improved in quality since 2000 — since 1993 —

In fact, I'm going to interrupt this!

Let's —Let's fucking go. Let's fucking go. Let's do this.

(to self) Is my soda gonna get here anytime soon? Where did my drink go?

(from offscreen) She would have been in col — in — going into college in the 19, 1983.

You're not supposed to drink cold things when you're supposed to be reading out loud. So, let me put some fucking — (to offscreen) I just got the notification that they just started shopping.

Anyways, if you want some context, Martha Wells is pretty much — actually, you know what? Let me confirm that. JK Rolling age...

Okay. Yeah, that that puts it in perspective. Martha Wells and JK Rowling are one year apart from each other in age for all the context.

And they've pretty much both been publishing for the same amount of time, if you would like context, for every single thing that JK Rowling has done with her literary career and bigotry and shit and what she was doing with her series while it was act — while it was actively being written, as slavery apologism, and all of the backlash that's been very public, about the slavery apologism and shit? and then Martha Wells is *the same age*.

(from offscreen) She's one year older actually I think.

Yeah. Yeah. Martha Wells is one year older than JK Rowling. She's been in the work of publishing just as long as JK Rowling. That's to say the nint — early 90s. And it's just like — what, what are you doing?

You can't call yourself progressive if you've seen all these people talking about the Happy Slave Trope and how damaging it is just to be in the Harry Potter series.

And then you turn around and in 2017, the year Trump got elected, you decide that you're going to make an entire story about Happy laves and the only good slaves kill themselves to free their slave — to protect their fucking slave masters.

And it's just like, what's happening? What are you doing? Do you not like — this is what happens when you refuse to actually engage with literature beyond just the vibes, is that you can be a fucking published author just as old and *just as published* as JK fucking Rowling, and then you just keep repeating the exact same shit and the same propaganda that JK Rowling did, while still trying to frame yourself as progressive and anti-racist and totally support queer people.

(from offscreen) That's why all the queer characters in her book are completely and utterly background and have no meaningful affection with each other or

relationships, and you can't even name a character trait, let alone a physical character trait of any of the people involved, because none of them have descriptions.

Martha Wells is one year older than JK Rowling. Oh, that's even worse. That's worse.

(from offscreen) But yeah, she would have been going into college in 1983. assuming that she went into college around 19, because I think most people graduate high school.

There's so much fucking privilege in being somebody who didn't start reading until after college, but then you are still allowed to make being —

(from offscreen) She would have graduated college, if she went for four years, if my math is math thanks to Google, uh assuming she went to college for four years though but same thing. Yeah. Assuming she went to college immediately after graduating high school at the age of 18 or 19 and that she went to college for exactly four years uninterrupted and stuff,

she would have graduated college in 1991 and then she started publishing in 1993.

The amount of privilege in not reading books until after you've graduated college and then you are still allowed to go and just make being an author your whole entire career. She doesn't have a day job. She does have a husband though. Do you *know* how much privilege is baked into this shit?

Anyways, I'm gonna read you a story that she published in 1993 called Thorns. It's — you can find it at http://literary.erictmarin.com/archives/Issue%203/thorns.htm

That's just a space between issue and three/thorns htm.

All right, we're just going to read this.

This is going in the live-reading thing and we're just going to get this.

Let me zoom the fuck in cuz it's tiny text. You may hear Taz in the hallway meowing enthusiasticaly for no reason.

All right, you ready? This keep in mind this story is from 1993.

> Coming down the stairs to dinner, I found the governess engaged in battle with my great great grandnephew. The disgusting little boy was wrestling with the poor woman, apparently trying to thrust her over the bannister.
>
> "An application of the birch rod would settle that, Miss," I said.
>
> "I would dearly love to, Madame," the governess answered, breathless and more sharply than her wont. Perhaps the struggle to preserve her life -- we were on the third landing, and the stone-flagged floor of the Hall was far below -- had overcome her usual reticence. "But I've been instructed to use only modern methods of disciplining the children..."

> The unruly creature's mother, my great grand-niece Electra, was hurrying up the stairs toward them, her satin skirts rustling like storm wind. She dithered near the struggle, waving her plump soft hands. "Oh, Malcolm, you mustn't treat Miss Grey so!"

This is the first four paragraphs so far.

> I smiled grimly. Modern ideas. Such notions had succeeded in making the already over-indulged children a terror to the servants and the rest of the household. But Electra has always had a soft heart.
>
> The boy obligingly released his

And you can I, I'm going to guess that if you're watching, or listen, listening to this video because there's nothing to watch, I'm going to guess that if you're listening to this video, you're at least slightly familiar with her works so far, probably her more modern ones.

Just you wait.

> The boy obligingly released his governess, and with a triumphant grin stooped to seize her workbag which had fallen to the carpet. I had no doubt he meant to thrust it over the bannister in her place. I lost patience, and seized the creature by the ear. He desisted with an alarmed shriek -- I'm old, but my fingers are strong. It was an effort not to squeeze too hard. We have cousins who are maddened by the scent of a child's blood in the air, or the sight of the dew of perspiration on a downy cheek. It makes them inconvenient guests at family gatherings. Of course, one can't eat one's own great grandnephews, however deliberate the provocation.

Oh boy:

> Electra simpered and said, "Oh, dear, Malcolm, you must learn not to be naughty. Naughty boys die and are sent to Hell."

Do I even need to say anything yet?

> "Some more precipitously than others," I added, thinking of the deep well at the bottom of the garden. Taking my action as tacit permission to apply mild force, the governess seized the creature's other ear as I released my grip, and herded her charge up the stairs.

Would you like to comment on anything yet while I get a drink?

(from offscreen) Uh, I hate daylight savings time. Okay, that's the comment. Okay. Then, we need — someone needs to invent backlit curtains for winter time that you can qell, I mean, we could probably literally just put Is that why Christmas lights are a thing?

Yeah.

(from offscreen) I meant specifically to put Christmas lights in the window, put the curtain up, and then it still makes it kind of feel like it could be daylight outside instead of feeling that 3:30 in the afternoon is —

Oh, my computer isn't lying to me about the time. I thought it was lying to me. Okay, that's just how dark it is.

(from offscreen) Yeah, it's it's 3:30 in the afternoon here.

It's dark. It's dusk. Um, we uh yeah:

> We continued down, Electra fluttering at my side. "Auntie, you know Malcolm is really a little dear..."

And just do any commentary you would like to offer on the whole “beating children is good thing” and it's like—

(from offscreen) So... did she explicitly say this is a villain protagonist?

No.

(from offscreen) What — was there any kind of commentary?

There's no preface. There's no commentary supplied.

(from offscreen) But yeah, we're — our takeaway from this is supposed to be not necessarily that you should beat children, but that gentle parenting is a mistake and leads to all these tantrums and outbursts and children literally attempting to murder their nanny by throwing her over the fucking banister of the stairs.

Also, take note: Almost any female character in the Martha Wells story that's not the protagonist is either —

(from offscreen) *if* there's a female protagonist.

If there's a female protagonist — there's, there's old lady who has no personality and um Emilie who also has no personality and may as well not exist. That's it.

Oh— and no, Tremaine doesn't even get to count, though, because Temaine has to share — No, then in that case, old lady doesn't even count, because she *also* had to share the narration with the dude. Never mind. It's literally just Emilie.

Female characters in a Martha Wells story will invariably be either an extremely generic cardboard cutout with no real personality, and usually not even a physical description to go with them.

They'll usually just have a, uh, an ethnic quote name on slapped on them for brownie points, you know, participation points in the fucking Girl Scouts. And/or there'll be some kind of some kind of misogynistic stereotype, you know, such as “the angry lesbian who has no personality except being angry.”

Um just just so many “sassy Black woman.” Jesus Christ. So many fucking things. So many fucking — It's so many goddamn misogynistic caricatures.

Uh,

> "I know nothing of the kind." Electra is a small woman, for our family, her wispy blond head reaching only to my shoulder.

I have the hiccups now.

> Her figure is plump, and requires a corset to keep its shape, and her eyes are mild and her face cherubic. An odd pair we would seem to outsiders' eyes, for I am grown thin and cadaverous with the long passage of years, and my features were always rather sharp.

That's not what corsets. That's — no, whatever. I'm not getting into that.

> "Now, Auntie..."
>
> We reached the landing above the Hall.

And I just for the record, I want to state that hall is being capitalized for some goddamn reason.

> We reached the landing above the Hall. Below, Electra's husband, Mr. John Dearing, was personally receiving a guest, a young man in the act of handing his greatcoat to the butler.
>
> There were no guests expected, and just before the dinner hour is not considered an appropriate time for casual calls, yet Dearing

> was greeting this presumptuous fellow as a prodigal son.

Prodigal son. I read that backwards. I also have dyslexia. I've been reading that word wrong the whole time. Prodigal. I thought it was “progidal”.

(from offscreen) I did, too.

Prodigal son.

This — Martha Wells is so fucking weird:

> He was a striking figure. (The guest, I mean. Dearing is a stout bewhiskered muskrat of a man, a fit mate for Electra.) Blond curls, broad shoulders, a chiseled profile. I felt a feather of unease travel down my spine; old instincts rousing, perhaps. His garments, though somewhat the worse for travel at this rainy time of year, were of fashionable cut and fine cloth.

Hey, look at this phrenology that we're just doing unironically. Do you see that phrenology and the fact

that the protagonist is recognizing the phrenology and the phrenology is true?

> His garments, though somewhat the worse for travel at this rainy time of year, were of fashionable cut and fine cloth.

Also, that's not an actual description of what he's wearing at all. That's another anti-description like in, that, that Witch King is filled with, as is The Murderbot Diaries.

I'm getting a drink. Yeah. Uh, we're not told like, *what what he's actually wearing*. We're just told that his garments are somewhat worse for wear, but are a fashionable cut and fine cloth.

That just tells me that she couldn't be bothered to do research for the general time zone of where where this is set so that she could, you know, know what was considered fashionable in the time.

> Frowning, Electra caught the attention of one of the footmen stationed at the bottom of the

> stairs, and called him up to her to ask, "Why, William, whoever is that?"
>
> "Madame, they say it's a foreign Duke, the son of the King of Armantia."

Just for the record, if you're writing a book and you want it to be easy for people with dyslexia to read, don't put R and M and N next to each other if possible because they just blend together. Well, no, that's not just my dyslexia, that's not helping with my eye situation.

> "I see," Electra dismissed the man and looked to me, her mild dove eyes vaguely troubled. "Oh, dear. A prince."

Oh, and just for the record, if you think that all of the misogyny here? “Well, that's just that's just from the narrator?” Nope, because it literally never stops.

I'm getting another drink.

It's more explicit when she has a narrator like this, but the, the underlying core of misogyny never changes.

Uh,

"Oh, dear. A prince."

"It has been a long time," I said.

And then this is not in dialogue,

But I've dealt with such before.

So the dialogue itself is:

“Oh dear, a prince.”

“It has been a long time.”

“Oh dear.”

And she just says, "Oh dear” again."

And then we have a little fucking time skip.

Any commentary so far?

(from offscreen) Nope. I'm good.

Okay. Uh:

> Dinner was delayed, as the Duke's retinue were settled and he himself changed for dinner. He had brought

Yeah, that's that's what I fucking thought.

> Dinner was delayed, as the Duke's retinue were settled and he himself changed for dinner. He had brought with him only two rather rascally-appearing servants and a valet who would have looked more at home in a cavalry troop.

So that is three. Yes.

> But in this day and age royalty,

There should — there's, there's a missing comma there. It should “be but in this day and age comma royalty comma blah”. But instead, it's just

> But in this day and age royalty, especially foreign royalty,

(from offscreen) Wait, is there not a comma “after in this day and age?”

No. No.

(from offscreen) Okay.

Yeah. Is uh --

> royalty, is permitted to travel at will, and without ostentation.
>
> Through gentle prying among the servants I ascertained that Duke Carl Kohler had been in correspondence with Electra's husband, over some matter of local history to which Dearing pretended an expert knowledge. His arrival had still been unexpected, however. I liked it not.

I gotta say, she keeps throwing in random things to, like, turns of phrase and just old-fashioned ways of speaking like “I liked it not”.

But it doesn't fit with the entire rest of the fucking thing. I'm not — not on purpose, I didn't know this interview existed until two hours ago — Um, I'm reading a book by Jane Austin, Persuasion, and it's very clear that she [Martha Wells] is like, trying to use oldfashioned language, but she doesn't actually commit to using the oldfashioned language.

I'm also reading a fanfiction called Compromised by Ivanolix. It's an, a Stargate SG1 thing. And the Tok’ra —

I'm not explaining any of this. You don't know, you don't know, and I don't care.

They talk in an old-fashioned manner, as do the Jaffa. And you know what? It sounds natural when they do it. And they, they are slowly but surely rubbing off on the main character, so she starts talking like them, and it feels natural, because it's consistent.

This is not consistent. We just get phrases thrown in here like “I liked it not”. And then the rest of it is not even attempting to to age itself, I, I would just say that as the word.

Let's see what the thing is that — started shopping.

Uh “I liked it not.”

And again, I, I, I'm interrupting this slightly, but the slang in the Murderbot Diaries is so fucking unnatural and disjointed and does not fucking fit the setting. It's only in there to seem sci-fi-y and cool, but she can't even commit to it enough to commit to it.

You could make it seem natural, but she doesn't actually want to commit to it enough to do that because, you know —

Okay, yes, we are —

Oh, I do have a scratch on my leg. Which cat was that from?

Um, yeah, we are going on a bit of a tangent here, but okay.

In, in The Murderbot Diaries, just Book One alone, the, the slang is so fucking jarring and unnatural because it doesn't fit in the setting.

It doesn't actually fit, it's just thrown in there after the fact and it doesn't fit because we get —

Okay: we are told that this other place they are called DeltFall and that's two syllables smooshed together into one word.

We're called that - we're told that things are called SecUnits.

We're called that things are called, um, SecSys and MedSys.

To shorten from Medical System to MedSys.

Security System to SecSys.

We get GrayCris.

We get DeltFall.

But then she doesn't actually want to commit to this seemingly purposeful ~maybe limited by the godamn computers that they have and the computer systems that they have that maybe their computer systems are

structured in a way so that they can only have very short godamn titles for things~ or something — because that's a whole thing.

Um, we get all of these things shortened to like less than 10 characters…

But then we get PreservationAux.

And that's also presented as two words smooshed together to be one word, but it's— it doesn't fucking fit.

And this is what makes it unnatural.

It's not— it's not shortened like every other goddamn thing to P R E S Aux, PresAux.

No. They're *special*. So they they don't — their thing doesn't get shortened whatsoever, except for the -illery part of auxiliary.

It's just PreservationAux instead of PresAux, being short for Preservation auxiliary which is what it, it's just —

It's — okay I'm very off topic but like it's so goddamn unnatural *specifically because she doesn't actually want to commit to it.*

If she were actually committing to it, we would have been referring to these people as PresAux the whole time.

And then the whole thing of “why did — why did you think we're called PreservationAux? We're from the planet Preservation.”

That would have actually been like a little surprise — as though we were given any information that a planet called Preservation existed until that fucking moment.

It's bad writing.

Anyways, let's get back to this.

Um, uh,

> I liked it not. A battle at my age is not the stirring prospect that it was when I was twenty,

> and in the fullness of my power. I had hoped to wane here in peace, watching the remains of the family bicker and occasionally amusing myself with the requests of the local peasantry, many of whom followed the old ways and remembered my existence.

Also, if you're wondering, are we ever going to get like, an explanation for what her “existence” is that she keeps, uh, hinting at?

No, because it's bad writing.

(from offscreen) It also implies she only exists because they follow the old ways.

Yeah, it's—

No, it's just not. Yeah.

> At table I made sure to be seated so I could observe our illustrious guest without the monstrous bulk of the etagere blocking my view, and listened to such talk as passed for conversation among the others present. Several

> of Dearing's brothers and nephews were with us tonight, and were all flattered by the Duke's condescension and intent on making perfect asses of themselves.

This, this sentence is terrible.

There's — Need — There's — This is — terrible sentence.

> Several of Dearing's brothers and nephews were with us tonight, and were all flattered by the Duke's condescension and intent on making perfect asses of themselves.

There's no comma between “the Duke's condensation and intent” which is being used as a verb, as in “they are intent on making perfect asses of themselves.” But the structure of the sentence means that we're talking about *the Duke's condensation and intent*.

Mhm.

Instead of you just, just, just — Okay, I'll rewrite it the front and then I'll just, you know, make it make sense.

“Several of Dearing's brothers,”

We don't need to talk about Dearing. “Several of my”

What's— That's your daughter's husband.

(from offscreen) Wait, is that even her daughter?

No, that's her niece or something.

“Several of the extended family members,” we don't need to be specific. Also, why are they all men? Martha Wells is such a misogynist.

Anyways, um “several of the extended family were with us tonight and were all flattered by the Duke's condescension to visit us, and now they were intent on making perfect asses of themselves.”

That's, that's one way to fix it. You could just get rid of it. It's just it's unnecessary.

Kohler's smile was ready

And you and see this problems with the names. She's so bad at fucking names.

We're referring to him as the Duke in one sentence and then we're suddenly referring to him by his his last name in the same fucking paragraph, which would imply that “the Duke” and “Kohler” are two different people. But we're — he's Duke Kohler. There's no reason for him to re—

This is in *the same paragraph*. And it's not even the excuse of she refers to him as a duke, and then he's like, "Oh, please call me by my name." And then we start referring to him by that.

No, it's just literally in the same paragraph causing confusion for no reason.

This was written in 1993. Nothing about her writing has improved. It's only gotten worse.

Okay.

> Kohler's smile was ready and his accent was barely discernible; he had, I believe, been educated in this country. I felt our guest's eyes on me, with more frequency than quite right -- I

> was no longer the kind of woman young men stared at.

Uh, and it's like again trying to like it's trying to seem like this is set in an old thing and written in an old time, but it's, it's not it's not convincing, because she just throws shit in and then doesn't commit to it.

There's no, what what other way would you think of say saying that besides committing to it? Like?

(from offscreen) Refusing to actually have a have a clear tone and consistency in.

Yeah, consistency is the word I'm looking for. Get my books. How hard is it raining outside?

(to cat) Hi, pretty kitty. You're adorable.

You're just going to get some silence for no reason why.

(from offscreen) I mean, you know, you can pause, though.

It is raining so much.

Waiting for a Door Dash delivery because it is— How long has it, has it literally been raining? Because it was raining when I woke up. It's been raining all day. We don't have a car and it's cold out.

Anyways, um yeah, the consist narrative consistency, tonal consistency, all that shit.

Also, we don't — we're never given a clear date of when this is supposed to be taking place or even any hints. So, it's just kind of — it's just vibes, and they're not convincing.

> It wasn't until the last remove of turbot that the reason for this visit was aired. As Dearing, who

(to cat) why are you going under the couch?

> As Dearing, who fancied himself something of an amateur historian, came to the end of a tiresome monologue on the age of the parish church, Kohler leaned

Like, we could just be calling him Duke Kohler. Why are we just— Why are we referring to him as — it's like, just call him Duke Kohler or just call him the Duke??

Because only referring to him by his last name makes you forget, if you're reading this normally, that he's supposed to be the Duke. Like.

Uh.

> Kohler leaned forward and said, "That is fascinating, but the subject that I truly wanted to consult you on was the legends concerning the Great Thorn Forest. I'm thinking of making a study of it, myself."
>
> Electra had been consuming wine, and at this point gave vent to a most unladylike snort. As her dinner companions were compelled to come to her aid, and the attention of the table was momentarily distracted,

And that's supposed to be funny cuz she's like, choking on her glass, because they're talking about

the Thorn forest, and it's supposed to be funny, and it's not really funny.

(to offscreen) Are they actually out there? Probably.

I don't — just for the record I don't know what the fuck is wrong with the people down here who build buildings and homes and apartments, but they have some kind of fucking vendetta against gutters and like, just basic logic for how you should build roofs for the water to react when it rains, because every single house and apartment we've been into down here, every time it rains, the water is like guided to drip and pour directly where you have to walk to get—

(from offscreen) Not a drip. It's a waterfall.

Yeah, it's not a drip. Dripping is— that's not, that doesn't convey the severity of the, the, it's a fucking waterfall exactly at the spot that you need to walk to get into the door.

I don't know what the fuck is wrong with these people down here, but they don't have gutters, and they design their roofs to literally guarantee that you're

going to get drenched if you try to go inside a building.

Like, what the fuck. Just just make the roof angle the other way or put gutters. What is wrong with you people? And it's not it's not like it rains rarely down here. It rains all summer. There's no excuse for this. It's 2025, people. I know this building isn't new, but that doesn't that does not change it. It's ridiculous.

Anyways, um uh blah blah blah.

> the attention of the table was momentarily distracted, I said, "Are you really? I would never have guessed."

Uh

> He turned the dazzling smile on me, and I saw I had not imagined the wary suspicion in the depths of his blue eyes.

Like, why? Where are you getting that from? Because he's smiling at you? What was the question? What did

you say? Uh, he said, I'm, I'm, I'm Oh, just read the dialogue.

“Um, the legends concerning the great forest. I'm thinking of making a study of it myself." She says, "Are you really? I would never have guessed." And then he smiled.

> He turned the dazzling smile on me, and I saw I had not imagined the weary suspicion in the depths of his blue eyes.

So, mind reading. Mind reading. Yeah, mind reading, but not not lit— not literally mind reading.

He's just smiling. And we're being told that this was proof that she hadn't imagined ~the weary suspicion in the depths of his eyes~

(sarcasm) Cuz he can't have actual body language that we are seeing, cuz like, he, he's — not he couldn't be like, sitting there visibly tensed or anything despite the cheer of the conversation and the warmth of the room, or anything like that. No, we just get just, just mind reading and it's not even — she

lit — she doesn't literally have the power to read minds.

It's just bad writing.

> He said, "I am, Madame. Would you be able to assuage

A-swaj? A-swage? I've heard it pronounced both ways.

Assuage my cur—

assuage a-swage sounds better.

> my curiosity?"

> "If I could, I daresay I wouldn't. We all know the danger of curiosity."

What kind of statement is that? If you're supposed to be trying to make him not be suspicious, what's the point of saying that?

This is funny:

"And is the Great Thorn Forest very dangerous, Madame?" he pounced.

That's— As though —

It's such bad writing. Would you like to explain why that's bad writing?

No, cuz that's not the

Okay. The, the saying that “he pounced” because they're Martha Wells really loves doing this thing where she pretends there's really deep, uh, machinations going on beyond the dialogue, but it's not. You're just not. It's just bad writing.

(to cat) Oh, don't unplug the computer. Please don't. Just step. High step. High step. Keep walking. Come on. Get over here. High step. Don't nudge the cord.

Yes, you can steal my spot. Don't unplug the cable. Don't nudge the cable. Come here. You can steal my spot right here. Sit there. Sit there and steal my spot. Thank you.

For the record, our cats, Mr. Eclipse in particular, is more well-trained than either of my mom's dogs, which is fucking pathetic.

(to cat) And you're a good boy.

I'll be right back. You're all just going to listen to silence and I don't care.

Seriously, who decided not put gutters there.

Oh, cookies. I brought I got chips and things.

All right, kitty cats. You can play with that bag as long as you're good and don't tear it to obnoxious pieces. Wait, potato chips.

All right, I'm back now. Hopefully with fewer interruptions.

(to cat) Hello, pretty kitty. You're just stealing my spot.

Uh,

Electra had sufficiently recovered, and the others

Wait, I can just get a soda now. Hold on.

Now, I'm not saying I'm making this video bad for the algorithm on purpose, but it's not not on purpose.

(to cat) Hello, pretty kitty. Thank you. Him being adorable. Yes.

Which way is the camera facing? It's zoomed in somehow. camera. What are you doing? I was going to show you our cute little kitty here, but I don't know what it's doing. It's like zoomed in really far.

This is Mr. Eclipse. He's a cute little baby. He's not a baby. He's a big boy now. He was rescued on the 4th of July in 2023, weren't you? And the neighbors had to pause the fireworks so we could get him and his siblings in a carrier.

Anyways,

> Electra had sufficiently recovered, and the others were beginning to return their attention to us.

And this cat is more well-trained than two dogs who have received official training. Because if I tell him to get off of the counter or somewhere he's not supposed to be, he listens. Their dogs will just fucking bite you and claw you. And I still have a giant bruise on my leg from their dog clawing me.

> Dearing caught my eye, and for an instant his expression was appalled.

She liked the word appalled.

> I think he had actually forgotten my intimate acquaintance with the subject under discussion. Hastily, he said, "In the purely botanical sense, your Grace, the thorns are sharp, and rumored to be poisonous. I would count that dangerous."

You know, if you look at good authors and like try to just make up categories to fit all their characters into, it's not very easily to say that, “oh yeah, this

character is just this character. This character is just this character.” Dearing here is just Rathi, who is just like, a milder version of Chime. And that, that one token neoponoun user in System Collapse is just Chime again.

Anyways, uh yeah:

> "'In the purely botanical sense,'" Robson, Dearing's cousin, repeated, laughing heartily. "Good one, old man." Robson was a fool, and what he thought 'botanical' meant was anyone's guess.

Martha Wells, what you think “gender is a social construct means” is anyone's guess. She thinks nonbinary people are just all genderfluid who physically transition every time.

After she read Ancillary Justice as her direct stated explicit inspiration for writing the Murderbot Diaries, because a lot of people including me, assumed that she was *simply ignorant*, and that in between, you know, writing books, she was like listening to Queer

people, including explicitly non-binary people and binary trans people.

Um, but no, it's not it's not simple ignorance.

She actively rejects us from her worldview.

She literally read Ancillary Justice and that is her direct stated explicit inspiration for writing the Murderbot Diaries.

If you haven't read Ancillary Justice, go do that.

Martha Wells isn't ignorant of the statement and what it means that gender is a social construct. She just absolutely violently purposefully rejects it just like she rejects actual trans including non-binary and binary trans people and gender non-conforming people from her world.

Fucking A. There goes the computer because I nudged the cord. Fucking-A.

(to cat) Sorry, pretty kitty.

(to offscreen) Want to open it and I'll just read it off the TV while my computer turns back on.

Yeah, she, she's, not, she's not ignorant of what she's doing. She's doing it on purpose. She willfully rejects accepting trans people into her worldview, especially non-binary people who cannot be simply classified as man or woman.

(to cat) You are adorable.

This cat is making the cutest little faces at me.

All right, we have it open on

(from offscreen) ...say that the heading picture is just a...

No. Well, I don't— that, that was just chosen for the, the magazine thingy. Uh, zoom in like, a bunch.

Zoom in with the mouse.

Okay. Okay. Now I got to scroll back down.

Uh, yeah. Okay. Okay, we were at the

> Robson was a fool, and what he thought 'botanical' meant was anyone's guess.
>
> A few of the ladies tittered, trying to smooth over the awkward moment and Dearing smiled nervously.

Do you notice that none of the ladies except for the one gets a name, but then there's men everywhere who get names?

It's almost like she's a fucking misogynist.

Um, ableist. Yeah. Again, because Yeah. She really fucking lo— like this, the—

Where' the mouse go? In the...

Yeah, she loves making fun of intellectually disabled people.

Oh yeah, I remember. You can't see the screen. That was me highlighting the paragraph. Um, imagine me highlighting the paragraph.

Uh,

“Robson, Dearing's cousin, was a fool, and what he thought botanical meant was anyone's guess.”

She loves making fun of intellectually disabled people. And while this Robson character isn't explicitly, um, intellectually disabled, this is an extremely wealthy family that would have been sending all of their kids— Yeah, this is an extremely wealthy family that would be sending all of their kids to get educated.

So the implication by him still being quote “a fool” is that he's intellectually disabled. She fucking loves making fun of them. That's lit— Isn't that literally the first thing that happens in The Cloud Roads?

(from offscreen) Yep. Yeah. “Moon had to resist the urge kick him in his ugly head.”

I'm going to go get that book. We're getting— We're going— We're going on so many fucking tangents here. You're along for the ride.

You can come out later.

Thanks, Jennifer Jackson. Hey, look. There's a little illustration.

(sarcastically awed) Look. Wow. Amazing. It starts on page one. What a crazy concept. Books where the stories start on page one. (end sarcasm)

Let me read you the first page of uh the Cloud Roads. We're doing all of this shit.

> Moon had been thrown out of a lot of grounding

We're going to have to talk about that.

> Groundling settlements and camps, but he hadn't expected it from the Cordons. The day started out normal enough. Moon had been hunting alone as usual, following

(sarcastically) He's just such a lone wolf, guys. (end sarcasm)

> Moon had been hunting the var(?) the big flightless birds common to this river valley. He had killed one for himself, then taken a nap on

> a sun-warmed rock and slept a little too long. By the time he found a second varant(?) in for the camp, killed it, dressed it, and hauled it back

Also, this picture doesn't show anything. It's literally just a smudge of colors. Um black and white. Yeah, it's just a black and white smudge of colors on the side here taking up most of the page, so that this is, this, this page one is only taking up like a quarter of the page quite literally.

Um blah blah

> and hauled it back. The sky was darkening. The gate in the rickety fence of woven sticks was closed and he shook it shifting the heavy dead bird on his shoulder. Open up. It's me. The gate and the entire fence were mostly a formality. The camp was built on a field leading down to the wide bed of the river, and the fence didn't go all the way around. The jungle lay just outside of it. Climbing up the hills toward

the blah blah blah blah. She's actually describing things for once, but blah blah blah.

After more shaking, something moved just inside the gate. And Hack's dull

face — Dull voice, not his face. Hack—

Hack's dull voice said, "Me who?" Then Hack laughed, a low noise that ended in a gurgling cough

(sarcasm) Because making fun of people's laughs is awesome. (end sarcasm)

Moon looked away, letting out an exasperated breath. The fence wasn't made any more effective by letting the most mentally deficient member of the group guard it, but there weren't a lot of jobs Hack could do.

Let me scroll again.

He tried to make his voice flat and not betray his irritation, showing Hack you were annoyed,

just made him worse. The meats spoiling Hack. Hack laughed again and coughed again and finally unlatched the gate. Moon hauled the bird inside. Hack crouched on the ground be beside the fence watching him with malicious glee. Hack looked like a typical cordan

blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah. Uh

some of the others, especially the young, the effect

blah blah blah.

They had— some of them have scales.

On Hack. It just looked slimy. Hack, who held a similar opinion of Moon, said. Hello, ugly.

Uh, blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah blah.

> Keep up the good work, Hack, Moon said, and resisted the urge to kick Hack in the head as he carried the carcass past.

Let me put the book away again so cat doesn't claw.

Yeah. The very first thing that happens in the books of the Raksura is that Moon is—

(from offscreen) First establishing character interaction. The very first.

Yeah. The very first thing we see to establish who Moon is as a person is that he hates, uh, intellectually disabled people, and as well as physically disabled people, because Hack is coughing. He's not drunk. Um, so that's implying that he's physically disabled and has a chronic fucking illness that makes him cough. Probably asthma or something. And we're just supposed to hate him and think that him supposedly being ugly because he looks quote unquote “slimy”, that's equated to him being a bad person, and, and him being intellectually disabled is supposed to make him a bad person.

(sarcasm) “And oh, but see, he thinks Moon is ugly, too. So that makes Moon's blatant ableism fine.” (end sarcasm)

That's, you know what my mom used to say when we yelled at her as literal 5-year-olds from the back of the car because she was making fun of people's names? Uh, making fun of Asian people's names. She said, "Oh, well, I'm sure they do the same thing to us."

And I'm like, "Mom, as 5 years old, grasping that no, it's not the fucking same thing at all. You can't make fun of Chinese people's names as a white woman and claim America— in America and claim that. “Oh, but it's it's totally the same thing. They probably do the same thing to us” As a 5-year-old. No, mother.

Anyways, we're getting so fucking off topic. But anyways, that's context, because also, Hack thinking that Moon is ugly is just to show that Hack is an evil mean bully and that Moon is so oppressed.

(from offscreen) Yeah, might want to check the battery percentage.

Oh, good point. Uh, what's the battery? 18%. Fuck. I hate this goddamn phone. Let's plug the goddamn phone in.

All right. All right. Let's try to read this quickly. Blah blah blah.

> A few of the ladies tittered

(sarcastically) The unnamed ladies, because women don't matter. (end sarcasm)

> A few of the ladies tittered, trying to smooth over the awkward moment and Dearing smiled nervously. Kohler smiled in return, as if he appreciated the joke, but said, "My interest lays more in what is rumored to be within the forest."
>
> "White palaces, with gates of gold?" I said. "Halls paved with marble, hung with silks, velvet, jewels?

Why is— where— why are we saying this _ like it's ironic when that's literally true?!

> he inhabitants still present, trapped there in time and magic, men and women -- oh, yes, especially women -- caught in sleep like flies in amber?" It doesn't do to mince words with these people, or they start to imagine themselves subtle.

Martha Wells, you're the one trying to act like you're subtle.

> The others were silent. Kohler's rather wolfish eyes narrowed. "Madame seems to speak from personal experience."

It's like, what are you talking about?!?!

What do you mean??? Why would that???? She's saying this shit— I'm opening a can of soda.

(to cat) You're not kittens. You know what that means. Uh, pro tip. If you rescue some feral kittens, acclimate them to the sound of you opening a can of soda. Uh, because the kittens we've just rescued, they have very, very good self-preservation instincts. So, I wasn't thinking and I opened a can of soda and

literally the instant that it made that hiss noise, they all vanished behind the chair out of sight. They do this anytime there's a sudden noise, they are just gone. They are very good little, uh, uh, they have very good self-preservation instincts and very good flight instincts, I must say.

I did, I, I felt very bad for scaring the shit out of them, though.

Um, yeah, just, um, especially if you're raising kittens by hand, just open cans of soda within their range of hearing and do other things that make that kind of artificial hissing noise so that they're not terrified of it. Also, just for the record, because a lot of movies and shit get this wrong, and so does fiction. I mean, books, fiction.

Um, when cats are hissing, it means they're afraid. It doesn’t — it's not a sign of aggression, it's a sign of fear.

A cat hissing at another cat or a person or a dog or something is saying, "Hey, give me some space. I am nervous." It's *not* saying, "I'm gonna kill you."

It's it's a sign of fear, not— not aggression.

So, if your cats are hissing at something, they're not being aggressive towards that thing. They're being scared and saying, "Hey, hey, hey, hey, back up. I'm nervous. Give me give me some personal space.”

Let me drink some soda.

> “Madam seems to speak from personal experience.”

And see the correct re the correct response to this absurd statement, if we're going to pretend that this an absurd statement, this should— this should— make her burst out in laughter because imagine—

Imagine you're just telling somebody like a fairy tale and they're like, "Oh, you sound like you speak from personal experience."

And then you're and then you're supposed to act like —

That's ridiculous. That's ridiculous. Like literally imagine saying, "Oh yeah, they say Bigfoot is 7t tall and covered in fur."

And then somebody's like, "Oh, you sound like you speak from personal experience."

And you're just like, "What? What are you fucking talking about? I'm literally just telling you the goddamn story. Why would you assume this is from personal experience???"

(from offscreen) “They say Mothman, uh, flew over this car while they were driving down the highway and they never saw it again.”

“Sounds like you were in that car!”

Like that's just ridiculous. Anyways, bad writing. Yeah, it's bad writing because, like, he's just jumping to these conclusions and it's and it's supposed—literally he's ~pouncing~ to these conclusions, literally. We're—

(from offscreen) To make it seem like their conversation is witty and clever when it's very much not.

Yeah. Yeah. It's It's just trying to make the, the conversation seem more clever and, and and deep than it really is.

And like, I've I've read so many things that actually succeed in making conversations that on the surface with the literal words, um, seem very simple, but underneath they're saying 50 million different things.

And in fact, it really pisses me off when villains are allowed to just say shit that blatantly, but because they hide it behind some nice words, nobody ever does anything. I literally want to see a villain get their fucking throat ripped out when they say one of these one of these thinly veiled threats that everybody knows is a threat.

I'm just going to— I want them to be hit over the head with a frying pan. Cast iron frying pan.

Anyways, um,

“Madam seems to speak from personal experience.”

(from offscreen) He sounds like a UFO chaser or something.

I had to fold my lips over a smile.

...Fold my lips over a smile.

"Young man, do you believe me as old as that?"

And it's like, that's not the correct response, but it's like Butler retreat. And this is so bad.

All right, let me repeat the dialogue. She's like, "Oh, you're expecting the stuff from the fairy tale." And then he's like, "Oh, you seem to speak from personal experience."

I had to fold my lips over a smile. "Young man, do you believe me as old as that?"

Are you ready for the next sentence?

Kohler retreated in confusion.

(from offscreen) Is he the Duke?

Yes.

(from offscreen) Why can we not just call him Duke Kohler???

Because reasons. Because it's badly written.

I was— Yeah, I was literally just talking about that, because a few paragraphs ago, he's literally referred to as the Duke and then he's referred to as Kohler, as though the Duke and Kohler are two different people. This is— This is the, the prince dude that we're talking about.

The Prince is also the Duke, and his name is Kohler.

(from offscreen) Who is Dearing??

Dearing is Electra's husband because— so— it's just misogyny.

(from offscreen) Protagonist’s son-in-law.

Yes, she, he's the, the great great whatever in-law and his name gets mentioned more than the actual person who's related to the protagonist, because misogyny.

Uh,

> Dearing nodded importantly. "Yes, there's a tale of a greathouse or keep of some past age trapped within the forest by whatever witchcraft caused the thorns to appear. It's pure legend. The thorns have always been there."

And you notice how like we're just getting told this shit like “the thorns have always been there”, implying it's been long enough that uh, at least since before this dude was born, probably slightly before that, but we're not getting told the exact how many years ago this shit happened, because it's badly written.

It's radly bitten. Yeah, I'm just gonna say that as unironically now. It's radly bitten. I just think it's funny. I don't know. Pobody's nerfect. Pobody's nerfect. Radly bitten.

I need caffeine. I haven't had caffeine all day.

(to offscreen) So, the ADHD medicine works?

(from offscreen) Yes, that's— I've not had to drink an energy drink in almost a week. I have not had to drink caffeine at the second I wake up and in the middle of the day.

Should I just start calling this guy Prince Kohler so you guys know who the fuck he is? I think I'm going to. It's just so you know—

(from offscreen) Just do that afterward. Reread paragraphs of that afterwards.

All right. Yeah, I'll give I'll give you the, the actual experience first.

> Kohler said, "You must be right," and allowed Dearing to turn the subject to a famous fayre hill in the next county.

And the here we're spelling it f a y r e. That's an old spelling of fairy.

And what are those kittens doing?

And we're just saying that just again as an... what? There's a word I'm looking for. In... not insubstantial. In... insincere? It's like, it's like insincere and insubstantial, but not not quite those words. There's another word.

Uh it's just thrown in there to make it seem like it's oldfashioned, but then the rest of it isn't really convincing you of that. So, it's just sprinkled in there badly.

Uh,

> and allowed Dearing to turn the subject to a famous fayre hill in the next county. This worried me more than anything. Our prince had not come to learn anything, or to pry for information. He already knew. Had he known of my presence here when he had decided to break his journey at Dearing's house?

And then next paragraph is simply the word

Perhaps.

And then we get a line break. But like, okay, here—this is all one paragraph for the record.

The the prince dude saying, "You might be right." And then letting the guy change the conversation and then her monologue, her internal whatever is just all in that paragraph as well.

And we're just assuming based on the fact that he's letting the conversation be changed, that means that he he already knows everything.

And it's like, okay. Or maybe he realized that you're not going to tell him anything and that pushing you, um, is just going to get him kicked out and cause a scene.

But nope, it's a Martha Wells story. So, um we're just, we're just mind reading and told exactly what is actually going on because it's bad writing.

Had he known of my presence here when he had decided to break his journey at Dearing's house?

Why is it— I have a question. Besides, you know— why is it Dearing's house?

Why is it the great great great whatever? What the fuck do you call the person who marries your niece? What is that? Just Google that quick. Oh, you you have the mouse. Okay, Google that quick. What? What?

The dude who marries your niece. What do you call that?

You just call him a nephew-in-law?

(from offscreen) probably. You have son and then daughter.

I know. It's just weird though. I've never understood all these twice removed and once removed and etc. What is That's so weird.

Is that answering answering the question? All right, we we will just never know. We'll just say nephew in law.

Why are we— Why is the house owned by the nephewin-law instead of the ancient fucking witch who is all powerful and assumably footing the bill and is assumably the one paying for all this shit?

Why does the house belong to this dude instead?

You would think if she is a powerful fucking witch, she can get away with owning the goddamn property that belongs to her.

But, you know, Martha Wells doesn't even want to pretend to be a feminist. So, it's just, “oh, yeah, of course, the the house that she's lived in for several hundred years. No, it it definitely belongs to the nephewin-law, the great whatever nephew. Nobody else.”

It doesn't make sense. Where— what if— whatever. It's it's badly written. It's badly written and misogynistic.

Then we have a line break.

> The only other clash occurred after the gentlemen had finished their port and cigars, and joined the ladies in the drawing room. I was working on a square of embroidery, seated in a corner away from the fire. I had always preferred spinning, but one can't do it in the drawing room nowadays.

Why not?

> I still kept a wheel in my parlor, and spun much of the finer thread we used in the house.
>
> Kohler took a seat near me. He sat forward, a little closer than I liked; if he had done so to one of the other women in the room, I would have felt compelled to intervene. Eyes intent, he said, "Madame...But I don't think we have been properly introduced?"
>
> "If that's so, then you shouldn't be speaking to me at all," I pointed out.

And it's like, all right, as I said, as we just pointed out, in the interview that we're reading, Martha Wells says

that she didn't start reading until after she read something by Jane Austin, after college, and it's like, okay, so that's what she's trying to mimic here, but I'm literally reading fucking Persuasion right now, and I read Pride and Prejudice.

It wasn't that great it was, it was fucking boring. I can't tell all the goddamn people apart, but like, she's not even doing it properly.

Because she's trying to mimic it, but she's not— she's not consistent with it. So like, it's not the issue that's in the dialogue. Yeah.

It's the, the narration does not fit the dialogue at all. So there, it's just— and like, this isn't even if, “if that's so, then you shouldn't be speaking to me at all” is not how a woman in this era, that this is presumed to be, would be responding.

> He ignored that. The aristocracy feel they can take or leave manners at will, but let some poor baronet take that attitude with them, and they stiffen up like pokers.

So she's again pretending, "Oh yeah, I, I'm definitely one of you guys, poor people." While— as though these people aren't their own kind of aristocracy, they are literally in a goddamn mansion that they've owned for hundreds of years. They're rich fuckers.

But we're supposed to pretend that because this guy happens to be called a prince, that means um, uh, uhhh, (sarcastically) they're definitely the poor people, though. (end sarcasm) Yeah. Uh-huh.

Also, “some poor baronet”. Some poor baronet. Your idea of poor people is a baronet. Jesus Christ.

> He said, "I fear I must apologize, Madame. It seems I insulted you at dinner." He hadn't liked being made to look a fool, and he was determined to

We're just mind reading again. She— and this is what I mean by her writing hasn't improved since 1993, is when this story was written.

> He hadn't liked being made to look a fool, and he was determined to bait me.

We're just mind reading him now, even though we're supposed to only be knowing what this fucking character's that and whose name we don't even know, is thinking.

Uh,

> I gazed at him from under lowered lids.

And this— his dialogue is in the exact same paragraph as her dialogue right now.

> I gazed at him from under lowered lids. "It seems you did. But if the thought of an apology frightens you, you would be ill-advised to continue on your present course."

Like, are you seeing this? This is— He's talking and then she's talking in the exact same paragraph.

(from offscreen) Yes.

Endlessly endlessly endlessly.

He's talking up here. I'm highlighting. Not that you guys can see it. And she's talking down here.

And it never stops. It still happens in 2025. Literally.

> "What course is that, Madame?" He spoke heartily, the attitude of a young man jollying along a cantankerous old lady. I disliked him, for all his blond curls and trim body; I had better princes than this, in my prime

It's like, whoa there!

What the fuck are you talking about now!? What do you?? What do you fucking mean!? What are you talking about!?

Why are you attracted to a 20-year-old??? Literally, why, why are you an— Why is this character— an old ass lady— who is attracted to somebody who's probably fucking 20 or so, if not younger??

Martha Wells thinks that pedophilia and abusive age gaps are okay as long as you downplay it and as long as the fucking, uh, perpetrator is a woman, or, you

know, um, token non-binary person who's only allowed to be non-binary because of the stereotypes, cuz you know this whole goddamn thing that led us here, saying that ART is so much more experienced than Murderbot and is so much older than Murderbot, and we should see their relationship as romantic when it's already explicitly fucking abusive both emotionally and physically.

And now we're getting told that it's also pedophilic in nature because that's just how old, how much older ART is than Murderbot and how much more experience ART has than Murderbot, because she just can't help herself.

> The other ladies were watching us, though the men in the room remained oblivious.

That's— again, I'm, I'm reading Persuasion. That's not how these situations work, even though that's what she's trying to fucking mimic.

It's also just more radical feminism in the most subtle way.

> The blood is thin now, after all these generations, and it is easy for them to forget, as Dearing had.

What do you mean forget as he had? He's not related to you except through marriage.

> Electra was so nervous she fluttered like a moth.

You notice that's the second time she's been described as fluttering?

Yeah, this is— she's trying to mimic the, the style of Jane Austin, but it's like okay, but you— you kind of missed some of the key fucking features.

> I said, "Why, whatever course a foreign noble pursues in our fair country."

What? Huh? Oh, saying, uh…

> "What course is that, Madame?"

This is the problem with having so many goddamn things between dialogue."

> I said, "Why, whatever course a foreign noble pursues in our fair country."
>
> "The course of justice, Madame," he said, eyeing me in a sort of grim satisfaction. "Only that."
>
> At the end of the evening, little Master Matthew escaped from the nursery long enough to upset the tea tray on Kohler's fashionable breeches. In the ensuing confusion I rewarded the child with a sweet cake.

(from offscreen) Was he named Matthew at the beginning of the book?

I don't think so.

(from offscreen) You can scroll up and check cuz they can't see.

Oh, yeah. Cuz that should just be the very first line, isn't it?

(from offscreen) You can just control F Matthew.

We'll just see.

Yeah. The very first time that the name Matthew is brought up, despite that child being in the very first scene, is this right now.

Uh, where's the little wheelie bar at the side there? We're, I'd say about halfway through.

Yeah, half we're almost halfway through the story, and now we are only finally getting told the name of the child that was at the start.

Unless this, you know, a different child, I don't know. Um yeah, the very first time it's mentioned.

So if that seems out of nowhere, it's because it is.

And then we get another little, also, the whole little “I rewarded the child with a sweet cake”, just because

calling something a generic sweet cake makes it seem like something somebody would say in this this generic undescribed unspecified day and age in an unspecified country.

But it's like okay but what kind of sweet cake? Where were those? Did you sneak it from the table that was only meant for adults?

Like, where's this thing spawning out of? It's only there because “I gave the child a sweet cake” seems like something somebody in this day and age that's unspecified would maybe do.

I retired shortly after that, or tried to.

Hold on. I'm going to make it stale before I can even start. Oh, dump them in there.

Dearing came up briefly to apologize for allowing the dinner conversation to stray to such a sensitive area for our family. I let it pass; I don't think he truly understood Kohler's purpose in coming here, and to most of the

> household my exploits are only stories, not truly to be believed.

And it, it's just— this isn't— this is not— this isn't how people or like, families work.

Unless she's explicitly trying to hide this shit from people and trying to get everybody to think it's not real, why?

This — this doesn't make sense. It doesn't make sense.

> Several of my younger great grand-nieces who fancied themselves my heirs in power came to offer various plots and plans for distracting or disposing of Kohler. One was of such a risque nature that I was quite impressed, though I reminded the child that enthusiasm was no substitute for experience and talent.

And that's even grosser with the whole pedophilia thing. Literally saying that children are offering to sleep with the prince to distract him because apparently that's the example she has been setting for

them, and that it's, it would be better if they were if they were going to go along with this row,

(from offscreen) It'd be better if *she* did it.

To this 20-year-old. Maybe not even.

> After dispensing solace and censure as it was required, I sent them all away, and drew out my mirror to watch our illustrious guest.

That's the second time she's called him “the illustrious guest”, and it's just, like, it's, it's not really doing what you think it's doing.

> He sat with the other men for a long time, until the lamps guttered and a servant was sent for to attend to them. They busied themselves with cards and brandy, though our Prince did not imbibe to excess, as the others did.

And see, we're calling him a prince again for no reason. For no reason. Yeah. He's a prince, and he's a duke, and also, his name is Kohler.

We're never going to call him Duke Kohler or Prince Kohler, though, we're just going to do one of the three at random.

> Finally Dearing called an end to it, and they stumbled toward the stairs.

Like, if she's thinking of this dude in terms of he's a prince, then why is he not solely referred to in the narration as prince, and then other people are referring to him as Duke or whatever, or Kohler if they're being unnaturally familiar. That's how you would do characterized narration, but we're just doing random fucking coin toss every time he's referred to, as what he'll be referred to, with no rhyme or reason.

> Finally Dearing called an end to it, and they stumbled toward the stairs. I paused to stretch; my fingers were cramped from clutching the mirror so tightly.

Why do you have to clutch the mirror so tightly? Just sit it down.

It had been a long day, and I anticipated a long night. I had no way to know whether Kohler would wait the few hours till morning and take his leave of Dearing as if he intended nothing else, or if he would leave the house sometime after the others retired. I would simply have to watch, and wait.

None of this makes sense anyway.

There was a knock at the door of my parlor. I ignored it. The servants knew better than to disturb me and I had no wish to talk to any other member of the household. Then I heard the door ease open.

I was seated at my dressing table, in my bedchamber, and the door connecting it with my parlor stood open. I heard stealthy footsteps cross the carpet, and pause just out of my range of vision.

I smiled, and said, "Oh, do come in and get it over with."

That dialogue there, you, paying attention and that that that thing— She's smiling in reaction to this.

Okay. Just Yeah. Have you watched me read Witch King? She's smiling. Okay? And, and, daring them to come in and get it over with.

> He took that last brave step and stood framed in my bedchamber door. It was Kohler's cavalry-troop valet, clutching a stout walking stick in one sweaty paw.

(from offscreen) Dehumanization.

Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Would you like to add anything else before I continue reading?

(from offscreen) Nope.

> I admit to disappointment. It's an insult when they send their servants to kill you. My displeasure must have been evident. He gripped the walking stick more firmly, muttered something like, "For King and country," and rushed at me.

Also, like, where'd he get this walking stick?

> I whipped up my mirror and he caught sight of his own reflection. He stumbled in his headlong rush and froze, as my charm took effect. I had had ample time to prepare it as he crept across the parlor.

Notice, you notice that? Are you paying attention? Are you paying attention like you pay attention, hopefully, when I am reading The Murderbot Diaries and when I read Witch King?

You notice how we're told only after the fact that she, “Oh, she she definitely cast this spell while he was creeping across the parlor just two fucking paragraphs above here. But we didn't say that until after it's done.”

You notice that never stops?

Uh yeah, I had had temp blah blah blah.

> His eyes were stunned, then terrified as white whiskers sprouted beneath his nose and gray

> patches of hair appeared on his face. That face shrunk steadily, disappearing finally within his collar as his suit of clothes collapsed.
>
> I slammed my mirror down on the dressing table and stood, stepping over the confused mouse as it struggled to free itself from the pile of clothing. I hurried from the room without bothering with hat or cloak; I was angry now, truly angry, for the first time since Kohler had arrived.

You might even say ~she's really fucking angry right now!~

Even though she was just smiling, she took him out with zero effort, and then and then all of a sudden she's enraged.

And we don't even get the “suddenly I was fucking enraged. I didn't know where the anger had come from.” No, we're just, we go from her smiling and, and being sarcastic about it and, and defeating the dude without any trouble whatsoever, and not being

concerned or even actually shocked and offended in any way, to

I was angry now truly angry.

It's like why? Why? You're clearly not under threat. You, you weren't scared in any way. Like it would have been so fucking easy to write this scene that she was actually fucking scared, and hadn't been expecting that, and was actually fucking shocked that one of them would break into her room.

But there's no surprise. There's no fear. There's not even like, offense for breaking the social contract, or anything like that.

We're— She's just “I was angry now. Truly angry.”

And and then the reason she's angry is that he didn't come to kill her himself. I guess because she probably wanted to seduce him is what we're supposed to take away from that.

I took the servants' stairs, which were deserted at this hour, except for two gossiping

> downstairs maids who fled in panic at my appearance.

And it's like, okay, the stairs are objectively not deserted if there's two people standing at the bottom gossiping.

That's not what deserted means.

> As I pushed open the baize door I sensed something behind me, and turned just as the second of Kohler's servants was swinging one of our best silver candlesticks straight at my head. I ducked, muttering the first charm that came to mind, and the man cursed and dropped the suddenly red-hot silver.

Again, you notice there's like no actual fear, or shock, or like even concern for any other members of her family, because if they're attacking her, why wouldn't they be also attacking other people?

She's not concerned for the servants. She's not trying to protect the servants. They're not threatening the servants. They're not threatening anybody else.

She's taking these people out with zero effort. It's just ridiculous.

(to cat) Are you gonna sit down? Hello.

> Before I could take further action, the servant gave a choked cry and stumbled forward to collapse at my feet. Behind him stood Brooks, our head butler, armed with the other candlestick of the pair.
>
> "Very good, Brooks," I said. Brooks has been with us a long time and knows the family history better than Dearing.

Cuz again we just have to do [sarcasm] Ooh, servants really love their masters. [end sarcasm] And look, another new named character, and it's also a guy!

Also, you can close out of the control. Oh, yes.

Uh, and it's like, okay, so, and we're supposed to pretend that this guy knowing the family history better than the dude who owns the house, for some reason, is supposed to be like a noble thing of him.

But it's like, okay, but your family history is doing evil shit, so he's just as evil as you for supporting you this entire time.

> "Not at all, Madame." He stepped over the moaning body of Kohler's servant and held the door for me, snapping his fingers for the footmen gathering in the passage behind him to attend to the clutter. "Will Madame be needing the coach brought round?"
>
> "No, thank you, Brooks, I haven't time." I hurried for the outer door. "Oh, Brooks." I paused. "There seems to be a mouse in my rooms. Better have one of the cats sent up."
>
> "At once, Madame."

We're supposed to be cheering on how awesome these servants are for just knowing exactly — and how competent they are and it's so awesome, but like, they're doing evil shit!

> The night was dank and chill, but the moon was full and my blood was up. I could smell Kohler,

> the third of his servants, and horse on the night air. At the end of the graveled drive the oak tree informed me that Kohler had indeed passed this way, heading toward the forest.
>
> Swift travel has long been one of my skills, and the moon gives me strength. I sped after him, sometimes on the muddy road, sometimes through the fields when the hedges permitted it.

And we're not getting any actual explanation of what she's doing besides that she's moving fast.

Is she just sprinting unnaturally fast? Is she levitating? We don't know. How literally are we supposed to take it? That “the oak tree told me he had indeed passed this way” But why was there any question of that in the first place? Which other way could he possibly go except towards the great thorn forest?

It's like, it's just ridiculousness.

> Swift travel has long been one of my skills, and the moon gives me strength.

Uh blah blah blah.

> The sky was gray with dawn when I reached the outskirts of the forest.

And it's like, okay, then you're not actually traveling all that fucking swiftly, are you? If it took you that fucking long??

> I had followed in Kohler's path without difficulty, and was satisfied to see his gig standing at the edge of the trees,

And we're call— and again with the usage of words just to seem cool. We're calling his fucking coach a gig for no reason. And it doesn't fucking fit,

(from offscreen) Even though they already use the word coach.

Yep. Uh...

> I had followed in Kohler's path without difficulty, and was satisfied to see his gig standing at the edge of the trees,

And then in parenthesis,

> (I am, if I do say so myself, extraordinarily good with spells of sleep.). I blew it toward him on the light morning wind, and he sank to his knees, then slumped to the wet ground. The horse lowered its head to nose him curiously.
>
> Then I moved forward to stand at the edge of the Great Thorn Forest.

For the record, Great Thorn Forest is all capitalized.

> The tall oaks were like a great wall, impenetrable and mysterious, the gaps between them giving entrance to a green cavern of unknown depth and danger. The smell of damp leaves and decayed secrets hung in the air.

And that's just such a confusing fucking description there — because we're told we're at the edge of the

great thorn forest, but then we're also told, oh, there's a giant wall of oaks forming a wall, and then the gaps between them are a great green cavern.

It's like... I thought, I thought the edge of the great thorn forest was a wall of thorns, but now it's also a wall of oaks.

And there, the, the, the the great thorn forest is just “a giant green cavern visible past the oak trees” that don't have thorns.

> My last hope was that Kohler was not truly of royal blood. But as I pushed past the low branches, I saw

I don't — I don't think Martha Wells knows what oak trees look like.

What do you mean the low branches? We're talking about old ass oak trees right now, that are hundreds of — These are hundreds — These are oak trees hundreds of year old! What do you fucking mean?

Okay, I — maybe I'm just a — I mean, I know I'm a plant nerd, but like, have any of you ever seen an old ass oak tree?

The thing with with trees, like when trees are really fucking old, they don't keep their lower branches anymore. Those just fall off as they age, and they — the trunk gets wider and the branches all just get higher up off the ground.

If you're talking about old ass fucking oak trees, they're not — there's not going to be little branches low down. It's really fucking open below, at walking height for oak trees that are old as fuck.

This is just a fundamental lack of understanding of how trees grow, especially oak trees in particular.

Like, Christmas trees, those that fucking look like that, those are very young trees. Like, that's why they have branches that go all the way down to their bases, because they're very young trees in comparison to how old they can get.

Look up a fucking…. Oh, what's the...fuck, I just forgot all the name names of the pine species that grow here.

Just look up pine trees in Florida or something. Look at them. They don't look like Christmas trees. Old as fuck trees don't have branches that go all the way to the ground. Your Christmas tree that you put in your house is an extremely young tree. That's and they're they're they're shaped to be like that. That's — it's just — all right.

This this is a nitpick, but it's like it's such a basic fucking thing.

The tall oaks and “I had I pushed past the low branches”. They're tall oaks. They're not going to have low branches.

You have to do basic research when you write things and if you're going to be talking about old ass fucking oak trees, the very least you can do is look up pictures of old ass fucking oak trees.

Come on. I'm I did research on what what kind of fucking towels they would have available and when all of this shit was invented for a thing that I didn't even end up writing.

But I know the shit, because I did the goddamn research.

> But as I pushed past the low branches,

That's going to bother me so much.

> I saw the first growth of thorns had parted for him.

Like if you wanna — if you want to say that she has to push past shit to get past the old fucking oak trees, just say, "As I pushed past the younger saplings that had sprouted this year." Just say that. Just say something like that. My gosh.

> I saw the first growth of thorns had parted for him. They parted for me too, perhaps more willingly since I had given them life, and I took the path I had not taken in years.

> Finally I let the thorns close behind me

And it's like, what do you mean you're letting them close behind you?

Whatever.

> and threaded my way through what had been an extensive pleasure garden in a century gone by. Before me lay fountains buried under small mountains of moss, marble nymphs and satyrs clothed in tall grass, a sunken lake where gilded boats, empty and derelict, drifted, a waterfall grotto now dry and the domain of spiders,

I, I don't, I don't think really — whatever.

> and overgrown mazes, clotted with heavy wild roses and brambles

For the record, if you don't know brambles, that's referring to blackberries and raspberries very particularly. A lot — most people don't know that, because in the old books when they said brambles,

everybody knew they were talking about blackberries and raspberries, but now people just think brambles is a generic term for plants that are ugly. It, it, it's literally, it literally always means blackberries and raspberries. So the, the overgrown mazes that are overgrown with wild roses and blackberries and raspberries.

> I heard the humming of bees, drowsy in the morning sun, but naught else stirred.

And again, with the insincere usage of oldfashioned words that doesn't fit the rest, because this whole, this, this whole paragraph could have been made to sound old-fashioned, but we just end it with “but naught else instead of “but nothing else”.

And it's like, okay, you're not — you're barely even fucking trying.

> Vines had conquered the palace even as my spells had, burying it under a green avalanche, allowing only occasional glimpses of the white stone walls, the delicate turrets and arched galleries.

(from offscreen) Pause. This caught my attention the first time. It's called the Thorn forest.

Yes.

(from offscreen) You have to get past a magical wall of thorns to be able to enter. But suddenly the thorny vines are apparently not part of the curse, even though they're magic and they react to people with noble blood.

And, and it's also not a whole thorn forest, because she just had to walk past a single little wall of thorns and now it's suddenly wide open like, and, and suddenly the thorny vines are not part of the curse.

There's something — the vi— the vines that are covering the goddamn buildings and shit. You, know those brambles which are not what's climbing the, the building.

I don't know what the fuck’s supposed to be climbing the building, cuz she probably didn't bother even to look up what things climb shit.

Like, it could be Virginia Creeper, but presumably this is set in Europe and I don't know if they have that over there. It's probably ivy, but we don't even get told that.

Like the thorny vines that the whole place is supposed to be known for, and the, the goddamn story is literally named Thorns as the most useless title ever.

Um, yeah. They're not even — The thorny vines aren't even the ones like climbing over everything.

It's literally just a single little wall that you just get a door through if you're of of royal blood.

Anyways, um…

> But the suffocating greenery had been pulled from before one of the great ironbound doors,

Okay, again, and these are not the magical vines. These are just normal plant vines.

Martha Wells didn't do any research. You can't —

> the suffocating greenery had been pulled from before one of the great ironbound doors,

Do you know how long that would take?!?

This, this vining plant, whatever species it is. If, if — it's probably multiple, because multiple plants would take advantage of this shit.

Why aren't — Okay, first of all, if all of these plants are going crazy, why aren't there trees growing up through the pavement?

It's, it's very uh, convenient what's happening and what's not happening.

But these plants have had hundreds of years to climb up this goddamn castle. There's no fucking way some random dude all by himself — because he he left his servant outside. He's just by himself. He doesn't have a machete.

He — there's no way he could get those vines away from that door without taking like an entire goddamn day to fucking work at it. And it would probably be

easier to climb them to get into a fucking window than to pull them away from a door. A

lso, the “had been pulled from before one of the ironbound doors” is another way of just

Yeah. It's just trying to to make it seem dated, but it's unnatural and it's not convincing because it's not it's not consistent.

People — “had been pulled off of one of the great Iron doors.” Like, you could say it would have been hacked off. Yeah, that would be fine saying that it had been hacked off, but like even then you're going to blunt that fucking sword.

Like. a single year's — like, not even a single whole year's growth of American trumpet vine gets so thick and so strong.

Like, it's extremely difficult to cut, let alone pull off. And he he's not using his sword on this shit.

Like, just — please just do basic research before you're writing something. It's the bare minimum.

Blah blah blah, a door was open.

I caught up my skirts and ran.

That's all one little paragraph by itself, meaning that that's supposed to be setting up tension.

Except we still haven't been told exactly what her goal is, or what she's trying to prevent.

And it's just, it's just very insincere, is the word for it. It's just — like — because this character is not experiencing any emotion. She's literally not experiencing a single emotion that we can see.

She's just doing things and oh, she's running now.

So, I get — as, as if she wasn't running before this whole goddamn time. And it's like, “I caught up my skirts and ran.” Okay, but what what are you running to do? Like, there's no urgency here.

Even though there's clearly, like, from that line we're supposed to pretend there is, but I don't know what's going on. What is her goal? What is she trying to do?

> The high halls were shadowed, the gem-like panes of the windows darkened by grime and the outer layer of foliage.

Okay. Okay. No. The, like, there would be no light coming in through that fucking — these plants have had a hundred years to climb this fucking — There's no light coming through at all! It's pitch black in there except for the light from the doorway!

Uh,

> Dust thick as flour coated the massive furniture

Why aren't animals in here?

> the tarnished silver and still-warm gold. Spider webs of astonishing size stretched down from the oaken beams overhead, bracketing the hall like tattered curtains. Sleeping servants lay in piles of rags, a few courtiers slumped against the walls or stretched on the flagstones,

Pause in and get the door.

[offscreen] He wants to charge him inside… like midnight.

Uh,

> Sleeping servants lay in piles of rags, a few courtiers slumped against the walls or stretched on the flagstones, and one woman, curled on her side in a pool of faded silk.
>
> I could see the signs of his passing; he had stopped to peer and touch, even now.

Okay, I don't understand this sentence. What do you mean “he had stopped to peer and touch even now”? As though he was being touchy-feely with everything this whole time.

Like, you could say this if he'd come into their house and immediately started poking all of their paintings and just, like, just taking their paintings off the walls and examining — shit like that, and being very touchy-feely, and, and just doing shit —

And then as if he was known to be in a state of extreme distress and urgency in getting here, when he's very clearly has no reason to do anything except stroll casually through, literally like, he wasn't aware he was being chased! As far as he knows, she's dead. Nobody's coming after him.

Like, why are we saying “he had stopped to peer and touch even now” as though he's been doing that the whole time, as though he's freaking out and he shouldn't be wasting time or something.

It doesn't make any sense.

> I sped through dark marble halls, to the great winding pile of the central stair.

And it's like again, we're, we're, we're only — through her objective actions, is there [there is] supposed to be some kind of urgency being conveyed, but it's not being conveyed, cuz there's no urgency.

We're just told, “I gathered up my skirts and ran.” “I sped through the halls.” And it's like, okay, but why? Why?

> My power had waned somewhat with the moon's descent, and when I reached that room, that highest chamber in the tallest tower, I was badly out of breath.

And again, again, the powers that she has, we get told they exist only afterwards. There — we weren't given any hint that she needed to hurry because her powers would stop working when the moon, uh, set or whatever. Nothing like that.

We just get told it afterwards so that we can pretend she's — ~oh, she's just a poor little old lady who's out of breath now.~

> My hair was coming down in gray hanks and I was glad indeed that I had never bothered with the foolish modern custom of corsets.

Okay, those two statements have absolutely nothing to do with one another and doesn't fucking make sense. What do you mean??

Her hair is “coming down in gray hanks”. What? What is that supposed to fucking mean?

(from offscreen) Are we implying like, she had her hair back in an oldfashioned ponytail, and the ponytail is coming undone somehow, for some reason?

If we know what her hair looked like before, literally, this is again, as they just pointed out, we we weren't told what her hair — what style her hair was in before now. So, “my hair was coming down in gray hanks” has — Okay, that doesn't make sense.

What? What? What, what was preventing your hair from hanging down in the first place?

We're not told that like, her, her, she was wearing a bonnet or something, and it got caught in one of the thorns and she didn't stop to get it cuz ~it's too urgent~. The thing that's not urgent, whatever. And then, and then this is the exact same sentence of, “and I was glad indeed that I had never bothered with the foolish modern custom of corsets.”

It's like, neither of those things have anything to do with each other, and it's just, it's just failing to grasp what corsets are.

Um …

> The chamber was round with a dozen windows, looking out over the sleeping domain. One was open, the faded curtains drawn back so light fell on the bed draped with velvet and cloth of gold.

Again, I have to say! These vines have had a hundred fucking years to climb over this castle, and we were told that they were covering the castle and suffocating it, but now all of a sudden, when it's convenient to setting the scene, um, they're, they didn't cover this one window, even though they definitely fucking would have.

Like look up muscadine grapes. Look up American trumpet vines. Like, I'm not — I don't know if Google will show you photos from a distance of what they do, but muscadine grapes alone. And I'm sure —

[phone dings] I’m getting a random text, shut up, from a fucking robot.

Uh, I'm sure Europe has their own versions of muscadine grapes and American trumpet vines and shit.

Um, as — this is just bad writing, cuz the, the vines were covering the whole thing, um, but they're also super easy to get off, and also they're conveniently *not* at this one window that we need to be open. because ~it's dramatic~ and for plot reasons, quote unquote plot reasons.

Um…

> One was open, the faded curtains drawn back so light fell on the bed draped with velvet and cloth of gold.

Does it not rain here? If this window has been open the whole time and the curtain drawn back, is time just supposed to not be passing here?

Because the thing is that they're just magically asleep. There's — this whole fucking chamber should be filled with dead leaves, the dirt that those dead

leaves decompose into, animal bones, from birds and shit nesting in there, so much shit.

But nope, that uh nope. Nope. None of that. This is a paragraph all by itself.

> For that moment my eyes were only for her.

Which is just creepy as fuck given Martha Wells's fucking history of romanticizing and downplaying pedophilia, including in this story, by expecting us to just think it's totally normal for a 100 plus year old lady to be lusting after a young man.

> She was barely more than a child. In the present day she would have lingered in the nursery, learning watercolors and geography. Blond hair covered her silken pillow and her face was pale, pure, and still.

[sarcasm] Totally not creepy at all.

> My eyes went to him, next. He had had time to do nothing else but open the window, and

> stared at me now in shock and angry surprise. "Not one step nearer," I said.

Okay. So, he opened the window.

> Kohler revealed no fear, and I suspected he felt none. He would have known little fear in his life of privilege.

As though this fucker doesn't live in a goddamn massive mansion with dozens of servants that she personally has lived in for a hundred plus, probably several hundred years now. And she doesn't know jack shit about him or his childhood! Literally, she doesn't know anything about him!

Like, it's so — “his life of privilege” is again Martha Wells trying to signal, “I'm just like you, fellow poor people. Ignore the fact that I literally didn't start reading books until after I graduated college and, and then immediately became a career author where I have no day job and my literal entire job is to write books that don't even sell properly.”

Like there's so much — she's just trying to do — It's literally the meme of the dude with the skateboard saying, "How do you do, fellow kids?” “How do you do, fellow poor people? Look at look this prince guy. Oh, he, he doesn't know any fear in his life of privilege. Ignore the giant fucking mansion I live in with the dozens of fucking servants that I've owned and for some reason my nephew dude owns for hundreds of years!”

uh blah.

> He would have known little fear in his life of privilege. He glared at me impatiently, and said,

Okay, just imagine imagine literally having no fucking job after you graduate college and just having your husband pay for everything and then your your career is that you write books and that's all you do. Imagine being that fucking privileged.

> "You don't smile as you look on your evil work. Can it be you feel regret?" The thorns had torn his coat and his cravat was askew, his curls tousled. I still didn't like him. He had a

> tendency to go red in the face, and he would probably run to fat later. No, he was not the man to melt my heart at such a juncture.

Do you see how fucking weird and random and out of place this is? He's not like— Also, the statement “I still didn't like him”. That's just so fucking childish and the exact same fucking that Murderbot says in The Murderbot Diaries in this day and age, decades after she wrote this.

> He had a tendency to go red in the face,

Because people who whose skin flushes when they're angry are ugly, and it's not like that's totally tied to a bunch of fucking disabilities or anything.

> and he would probably run to fat later.

Because Martha Wells hates fat people and thinks that being fat is morally — indicative of a lack of morals.

> No, he was not the man to melt my heart at such a juncture.

The man is not trying to fucking seduce you, you creepy old fucking lady. What the fuck is this shit?

Like he is — he — It's just ridiculous. I swear to God.

> "Not regret," I said. The journey here had tired me and this place roused memories.

So after all that zero effort, we're told that, ~oh, now she's tired and upset. She's just a sad old lady. She's a helpless old lady. Look, she's tired now after not expending any effort.~

> "I was young, in the fullness of my power,

And again, you know, she just keeps using the same phrases over and over again. And it's like, okay, can you say something different?

> "I was young, in the fullness of my power, and the failure to invite me to the christening was only the last and worst of the insults I suffered. Or thought I suffered. I could not have done else, being what and who I was. In a long life I've done worse, and better, since."

This is such an — This is just — It's just — We're not saying anything. It's supposed to be saying something.

It's like, okay, so you're a horrible fucking person who who who trapped a whole bunch — an entire kingdom's worth of people in a magical sleep for the, the horrible crime of not inviting you to a fucking birthday party that she — literally saying that's the *worst* insult they gave her. Not inviting her to a fucking birthday party.

If you're not aware, a christristening is just when you give the baby its Christian name because they've survived long enough.

(from offscreen) They survived to adult [child]hood.

Yeah. Like “it's I could not have done else being what and who I was.” So, “You, you can't blame me for what I did. I, it was just impossible for me to do anything else. I had no choice in the matter. I, it is what it is.”

> In a long life I've done worse, and better, since."

It's like, okay, you don't need to — This is — This is meant to be — It's — It's meant to be something.

It's not doing anything besides like weird — It's just bad.

> He shook his head in disgust. "You are cruel indeed, to look on such an innocent face, and relegate it to eternal sleep."
>
> "Cruel, yes. But now the cruelty

And again I've said this so many times in the latest live reading review.

Um, all of this dialogue just starts immediately after the other person has started talking with no anything in between.

> "Cruel, yes. But now the cruelty is in the service of kindness. You've seen this place; you must guess its age. The time to wake her is a

hundred years past. Releasing her into our world would be to relegate innocence to Hell."

(from offscreen) Can I say something?

Yes, you can.

(from offscreen) The best time to plant a tree was 25 years ago. The next best time to plant a tree is today. This is just ridiculousness and edginess for the sake of being edgy.

I'll have to find that that meme again. Somebody made a meme of the I think it's the Monopoly dude standing in front of like the British flag. I presume a British person made the meme. Uh and then there's saltine crackers behind him and saying um, I, I uphold the I uphold the, the — “I uphold the status quo. This makes me edgy and subversive.” And that's, and that's what Martha Wells is doing right now. She's just —

He laughed. "Lies, sophistry."

> I persisted, in perhaps a foolish effort to make him understand. "The King here is a King no more. He cannot even claim the land his palace stands on.

That doesn't make sense. Yes, he is still a king. What do you mean he can't claim the grounds his palace stands on? He — this —

Okay, let me finish reading the fucking dialogue. And it's like, okay, it doesn't make sense. This doesn't that's not how this fucking works.

> "The King here is a King no more. He cannot even claim the land his palace stands on. It would be stripped, the riches stolen. The inhabitants would be lost, maddened by the changes around them. The servants and peasants would be cast out to starve, the nobles trotted about as curiosities. I haven't the power anymore to protect them from it, and must live with the consequences of my folly. You would expose her to that?"

Okay, there's— (sarcasm) “You must feel bad for me because of what I did to these people. Don't feel bad for them, though.”

And all of these excuses here are just completely asinine and not how this fucking works.

Martha Wells seems to be working off of the assumption that like, being a king is a thing granted you by other people, like, being polite to you and not like something you take by force.

“The king here is a king no more. He cannot even claim the land his palace stands on.” He has an army there. He has — all of his fucking people are still there. What do you mean they can't claim the land they're on? It's not — We're not talking about some — Nobody else is here!

Uh, some shitty fucking contracts and pieces of paper aren't going to mean shit! They have an army! What do you mean they would be cast out to starve? They have all their fields and shit! What do you mean? What are you talking about?

“The nobles trotted about as curiosities” It's like, what do you mean they'd be cast out to starve? They have all of the money here! They uh they they're the “it would be stripped. The riches stolen”Again. They got the whole army.

(from offscreen) It's It's as — Martha did more research on what a castle is than this shit. Yeah. The castle is literally a fortification. It's a military base. Literally, they have their army. The history squad. I can't remember his name off the top of my head, but he's great. He's got a whole — he does, he does, he does historical tours of uh, famous British castles and stuff in the UK. He told you how to make bows and arrows. He has a whole bunch of medical history and weapon history videos. Go follow him.

Like this is just completely ridiculous. It's — Martha Wells right here is framing like having a government and, and controlling a land, as like “oh that's just something everybody agrees that you get to do.” And it's like, no, that's something you take by force. That's what armies are for.

He doesn't have — he — it's just, it's this is nonsensical.

And there's also nobody there, because the entire thing has been cursed for the entire amount of time. Nobody knows it's there! Nobody cares to come here, otherwise they would have already! It's like, she had to run through — magically speedrun through the entire night through some giant forest that took her, even speed running, the entire night to get through.

So it's like, what, what do you mean? What do you mean there they would be stripped? They're very clearly in the middle of fucking nowhere and there's, there's, it, it doesn't make sense. It doesn't make sense.

Okay. Well, let's continue.

> You would expose her to that?" It was useless. They will say I have done it from jealousy, that I am an old and bitter woman and I couldn't bear to see a beautiful young girl triumph in happiness.

> Let them say it.
>
> I know the world. I began this in foolishness and a desire for vengeance, I admit, and I continued it in folly. But I ended it in sober judgement, and this was not the Prince to break my spell or warm her heart.

What the fuck is this shit. This is so fucking nonsensical. So creepy. Oh my god.

And this is also just yet another thing, of all of her characters just avoiding consequences at all times by burying their head in the sand.

And that's the moral. Don't rectify your mistakes. Just pretend that you were right all along, and just double down forever, and this is the moral choice to make.

(from offscreen) It's doubling down.

Yeah, that's this is the literally the moral is “actually the villains of the story should double down forever because actually they're correct.”

Um, because we we're going to pretend that people are just lying about them by stating the basic fucking facts.

(to cat) Hello little kitty. You don't need to clown the sofa.

Um,

> The gaze he turned on her had passion in it, but it was not the passion of love.

I — exactly why the fuck would it be?? We've been given no hint to his —

[video glitches and ends]

December 8th, 2025. We're continuing this because the first time uh, my phone automatically stopped the video because it ran out of space.

So, um, this is an interlude for the usual live reading of the Murderbot thing just to really illustrate the fact that her writing has not improved at all since 1993, and I'm recording this, as I said, December 2025.

Anyways, I'll continue, I presume. Okay. Well, I'll just read this, this paragraph.

We're almost at the end of this deeply terrible short story. I just have my phone propped up so it doesn't overheat like a little.

(from offscreen) You said this was published in 1993.

Yes.

(from offscreen) This is her work from 32 years ago.

Yes. This story is 30 — from 32 years ago. And Martha Wells's writing has gotten worse instead of improved with time.

[yells] There goes the camera.

All right. I'll scroll with my fucking keyboard.

(to cat) No, you're fine. You're good. I'm sorry. I'm not mad at you. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Don't be jumpy.

(from offscreen) Is it a thing that you can replace a charger port? No idea.

(to cat) I'm sorry, pretty kitty. I didn't mean to yell at you. That was me. Good boy. Come here.

(from offscreen) That’s the sound of a laptop shutting down because the charger cord got because I bumped the charger cord by less than a half a second and scared my pretty kitty even (to cat) though you didn't do anything. Sorry. Yeah, you're a good boy. You're not in trouble.

Here you're now you're stepping on it. Come back here. Come. Yeah. Yeah, you're a good kitty cat. You're not in trouble. You can lay back down.

That was me nudging the fucking thing very tiny with my goddamn keyboard. My other keyboard. Because the keyboard on the laptop itself is broken. Yeah.

(to cat) Good pretty kitty.

[turning camera] I'm going to show you, not make people dizzy. [show black and white cat lying on sofa] Look at him. Look at this cutie pie. [cat rams face into camera] Okay. You can't look at him because he wants the nuzzle the phone. Yeah. Yeah, he's a good boy.

How about you read it? I'm, I'm annoyed now. I'm, I'm really tired of this computer doing this shit.

> The gaze he turned on her had passion in it, but it was not the passion of love. I had seen the same light in young Matthew's eyes, when I gave him the sweet cake. He said, "Her, her I would take back with me, to protect and cherish..."

I think the other video cut off right around here, so you may or may not have been able to hear our fucking incredulous laughter over “but it wasn't the passion of love”.

And it's like. first of all, literally nobody even remotely implied that he was claim — he's, he's not claiming to be in love with her.

He's just saying up until this point when he actually says anything, we don't know what his motivations are, but we are inferring that his motivations are, you know, to rescue these people, especially the princess.

And “but it's not the passion of love” as though we are assuming in any way that he is in love with her, or that he's claiming to be in love with her.

And also, okay, even if we go with the assumption that he wants to rape the princess, which is supposed to be what we're assuming here, because every evil villain in a Martha Wells thing is the most generic flat evil rapist ever, cuz that's what she uses as a shorthand. That and implying people are cannibals when that makes literally no sense because it's literally just racism.

Yeah, I don't feel like doing this now that my computer shut off again. So, you can do the commentary.

[narrator’s reverse]

But yeah, just that this is supposed to be in this these lines of “it was not the passion of love.” It was, it, we'r,e we're literally comparing how this guy's looking at this princess who he's been alone with in this room for who knows how long, probably hours at this point, with the same kind of ~greed~ that. I

guess a six-year-old— was that supposed to be a six-year-old?

I don't know.

Oh, there's no, I, that a child who tries to murder his governness by throwing her off a balcony somehow, that we're supposed to view as a fault of gentle parenting tactics.

Um, yeah, he is looking at her the same way a toddler looks at a sweet cake. So, and. and this is what the protagonist is projecting onto this guy.

(from offscreen) The whirring noise is my my laptop turning all the fans on while it tries to turn itself on again.

Yeah. So yeah, we're supposed to we're supposed to agree automatically with the protagonist pulling these things out of her ass, because this is how all Martha Wells protagonists interact with villains, and the world.

(from offscreen) Read Wolf Night when this is done. Ass pulls everywhere.

We're supposed to assume that he's a creepy rapist who wants to rape the princess cuz reasons. But if that was a thing, he would actually be doing anything to actually show that, instead of the protagonist just magically magically correcting — correctly, because the narrative says so, and because the author says so, assuming these things with zero evidence to back it up.

If he was a creep, she, old lady protagonist, would have walked into the room and seen his hands on the girl, hands up her skirt, anything like that.

No, he's literally just standing there looking at her, probably trying to figure out how the fuck to break this curse.

And apparently, he went through all of the effort of opening up the window, which would have been glued shut with all the strength of the vines that have had a hundred years to grow over this fucking castle. Yeah.

Letting fresh air, letting light some light in from the moon.

All the sun's risen, I think, at this point. Yeah.

Anyways, there's that.

"Her, her I would take back with me to protect and cherish," he says. And we're supposed to take this line sinisterly, because the protagonist in a Martha Wells story is always right when they magically assume evil intentions on the part of whatever the int, whoever the antagonist is, when there's zero evidence for that.

> "And to perdition with her family, her companions, her loyal servants? She would not thank you for that, if the shock of her situation left her with the power of speech."

And and here's some more like casual ableism and stuff like, "Hey girl, you've been in a cursed sleep from magic for like 100 years or so. This is going to like just saying this to you is apparently enough to just drive you comeomaos cuz misogyny." because

misogyny and just like, even if someone's like speechless with shock or disbelief when they find a thing that that does not dictate how they are for the entire rest of their life, and this is just more extremely lazy ableist misogynistic writing, that this is being stated as fact, that the, that waking up a hundred years in the future with your entire family household and the entire population of your uh, little castle — which is a military fort for anyone not aware — uh around you to support you. and be sharing this all with you. I

t's just like and the castle is still intact. They just have to pull off the vines and apparently that's easy enough that one man can do it. Yeah. like it just gets worse as we go more lines down. You'll see.

> He said nothing, staring at me angrily, and I began to suspect that his motives were even less pure than I had thought.

Cuz, cuz he's glaring at you for saying that she would be sad without her friends and family at her side. So this makes him even more evil.

> Incredible as it seems, I felt responsible for her, as if I was her nursemaid and not her captor.

And here we again have the downplaying of this is the literal fucking wicked witch who— wicked fairy. I'm pretty sure that was pissed off she didn't get invited to a princess's birthday party and decided to curse the girl and all of her family and friends into everlasting sleep. And we're supposed to be on her side, because now she feels protective of her… Whatever the word for the opposite of Stockholm syndrome is, cuz she's possessive of her.

> Moving closer, I said, "But perhaps that would be more to your taste. A prince of your age is surely married?"

You know, a girl that can't speak cuz trauma magically ma magically assuming this about the guy."

Uh,

> A prince of your age is surely married?"

> He flushed, in a blotchy and unattractive fashion.

Because because ableism and all villains have to be ugly.

> "I could hardly expect you to understand, witch." He reached into his pocket and I suddenly found myself facing a small pistol.

It, it, it's very funny.

> I blinked foolishly. Now there, stupid old woman, how many times did you tell yourself the rules had changed? My most effective method of defense was a sleep spell, but if I raised my hand to my lips to blow it towards him, he would have time to fire. The pistol's grip was fine wood; if I made the weapon hot, he would still be able to trigger it.

And this is one of the this is one of the uh Martha-Wellisms where ~oh no the protagonist beats themselves up over making a mistake or not thinking

about a thing~ but then it doesn't actually matter, and it exists for usually just one line.

In this case it lasts for exactly one tiny paragraph. ~Oh no, I was so stupid. I forgot the rules had changed because I guess I'm so out of touch with the world outside my little fancy goddamn fucking manor house — not how this works — that I forgot I've been around for the entire development and technological advances of guns!!!~

She's not a time traveler. That this literally doesn't make sense. You've — She's been here the whole time. She's not time traveling. She's not popping from year to year and uh forgetting the details.

She's been around the entire technological development of guns. There's literally no reason that she would ~foolishly forget the rules had changed~ because she's been around for the entire hundred years that guns have been around and invented and become popular and widespread and accessible enough that you can carry one around in your pocket instead of carrying around a giant fucking barrel the size of a horse.

This makes no sense. And this is literally just complete and utter lack of world research and having extremely shallow characters that don't actually live in the world they live in.

“The curtains on the open window behind him stirred and through the air in the room and though the air in the room remained musty and —” never mind. Hold on.

> The curtains on the open window behind him stirred, though the air in the room remained musty and still.

Gee, it's almost as though a breeze can ruffle the curtains even if it doesn't fully go into the room when you have the window open.

> Delay, I thought, I must delay. I was too old to throw myself about, dodging balls or bullets or whatever it is pistols shoot at one nowadays.

You've been around for the entire technological development of guns. people. All the men who live in

your manor house as fucking noble rich motherfuckers use guns to hunt.

Literally, this is just misogyny, and completely flat characters, and not actually researching anything, and having characters who don't actually meaningfully inhabit the world that they inhabit.

This is just bad world building and lazy writing.

> Whatever had possessed me to attempt to talk to the man? I said, "A sword is more customary, and more honorable."

Why would it be to kill a fucking witch who's uh keeping people prisoner for hundreds of years? Um, no. There's no honorable way to do that. It sucks to be you, but fuck you.

> His smile was irritatingly complacent. "I know your kind too well to rely on honor, Madame," he said.

And we're supposed to find that insulting on the protagonist behalf, but like no, he's right. Literally,

you're proving him right here. You're only telling him he should use a sword for honor so that fucking sneak attack.

This is stupid. We're trying to frame this man as an evil, creepy one wannabe rapist villain pedophile. That's what we're doing in this story.

While he's trying to rescue an entire fucking group, or at the very least one child, from the clutches of this witch who has just left these people to rot in the forest for over a hundred years.

> "Then it's fortunate you don't know the rest of my family," I replied.

Cuz plot twist.

> His expression suddenly turned fearful, and I knew he would fire his weapon. I threw myself awkwardly to the floor as the gun went off. Smoke and the stink of powder filled the room. I raised my head and saw Kohler, unconscious and crumpled helplessly on the floor. I pushed myself into an awkward sitting position, and

> saw the bullet had made a terrible mark on the wall behind me.

I love how we used awkward twice in the same paragraph instead of any other word that we could have put there.

> Then Electra was bending over me anxiously. Her hair was mussed and torn from her flight up to the window, and her morning dress stained from crouching in the casement. I had seen her preparing to cast a sleep spell on Kohler, but her spells do not work quite so fast as mine.

And here we have one of the uh I like to call them the, like, BBC Sherlockisms and Steven-Mofffatisms of lazy writing where you build suspense by just straight up hiding and lying about things to the, uh, to the audience.

So, instead of saying that Electra was hiding behind those curtains when the open, when the curtains stirred like, three tiny paragraphs ago, to actually

build the suspense in the in the audience of “oh will he turn around and see her before it's too late?”

No, we just don't know that she exists or is there, or can do any of these things except as a big grand plot twist reveal of pulling these things out of the ass, with her ass, with no setup.

> "Oh, Auntie, are you all right?"
>
> "Of course I am," I said. I was not.

Cuz that's another Martha-Wellsism.

> I was covered in dust from the floor, and I was bruised and exhausted. Electra took my arm and I allowed her to help me up.
>
> "You should have told me that he meant to come here, Auntie," Electra scolded. "You should never have followed him here alone. He could have killed you."

> "He failed," I said. "That is all that matters." Then I ruined the solemn effect by sneezing uncontrollably.

Cuz we got to do it. And it wasn't even solemn in the first place. It wasn't sole— This was not a solemn moment. sure about this. This is just random things happening to solve the plot because the plot — because the story is over now.

> "We'll get you right home for a nice cup of tea," Electra promised, and I admitted that it would be a welcome restorative.

Again with the trying to put in old-fashioned language, but it doesn't fit with the rest of the actual narration.

> She returned to Kohler's unconscious form and bent over him. "Take his other arm, Auntie?"
>
> I looked down at his lumpy body with distaste. "What on earth for?"

> "We're taking him back to the house. I'll put a bit of my special dust in his tea, and he won't remember a thing. We'll tell him he had a nasty fall from his horse, and send him off no whit the wiser." She frowned. "You didn't do anything too permanent to his servants, did you?"
>
> "Not too." I remarked, reluctantly stooping to seize his other arm. I am hardly responsible for the vagaries of cats.

And this is supposed to be funny. Like we're — first of all, more ableism and just fatphobia. Not even fat,phobia. Just calling the villains. Yeah. Fat,phobia and calling the villains ugly as a shortorthhand for them being bad, because suddenly his body is “lumpy” when they haven't magically cursed him with boils or anything like that. It's literally just a sleep spell.

But suddenly because he's mean and evil and we're — magical protagonist is magically correctly assuming that he is a creepy rapist pedophile, because we have to justify the story showing him as a villain, with zero

evidence in the actual story and his actions to back that up.

Suddenly he's lumpy because having a lumpy body is gross and means you're evil.

> We hauled him toward the window. I had lost my gift for flight years ago, but Electra was strong enough to take all three of us. I thought Kohler deserved to stay here with the woman he meant to awaken. Not as fitting a punishment as I would have devised in my youth, but satisfying nonetheless. But Electra has a soft heart, and it is useless to argue with her.

The end. That's the end of the fucking story. That's it. That's literally the end. That's the end.

And also, we're we're saying that she admits she was wrong for trapping these people in sleep for not inviting her to a birthday party. For not inviting her to a birthday party, that she put these people in an eternal hell coma and trapped them in this forest and left has left them here to rot with no actual

supervision or maintenance of where they're literally stuck in an enchanted sleep.

And it's not even that she can't — it it's not even that she *can't* undo it, and has dedicated her life to at least taking care of them, to try and make up for something that she knows she can never make up for.

She can undo this at any time.

She just doesn't want to.

She's just doubling down forever. And like Yeah.

And also, but despite that, despite her saying, "Oh, it was wrong of me to put this these all these people in an enchanted sleep for literally eternity, unless I willingly choose to wake them up. But also, I think we should leave this guy who came here to rescue these people. I think we should also just leave him here on the floor and do the exact same thing to him because he's evil, therefore, it is justified.”

I — or rather, “I've said and assumed he's evil because I, the protagonist have protagonist centered

morality, and everything I do is correct, and everything anybody else does that I don't like is automatically evil and Satan spawn. I think we should leave him here on the floor to rot for all eternity as a punishment for, for going against me.”

That's it. And this is supposed to be, I, I see, I can only assume this is her version of trying to — When did Wicked come out?

I don't think that came out in 20— 1994.

Okay. No, Wicked didn't come out until two years after this, but like this this is just bad.

There's no actual plot to this. It's just: Guy’s visiting. He's asking questions. He gets he gets to the castle on his own, cuz he's actually resourceful and competent. And then we assume that he's a creepy pedophile rapist because he has to be for him to actually be functional as a villain, because this author does not — really taking the villain and pretending she's the good, because we're taking the literal villain and pretending that she is actually a good person

even if she made some mistakes in the past, as long as she doubles down on them, that means she's good.

And literally wants to repeat them, right? And as the very last lines of this, it's supposed to be that she wants to repeat those exact same mistakes with zero self-reflection, because if you're doing it to someone who's bad, it's okay.

That's the exact same logic that led her to making what she claims to know is was a mistake in the first place. Yep. Yeah. The last line of this whole thing is “Electra has a soft heart and it's useless to argue with her.” That's supposed to be our conclusion. We don't see, we don't see this character actually meaningfully think on how she's apparently stopped like, countless random princes and kings and stuff from coming here to rescue, uh, this princess over over a hundred years.

And none of them have actually, like, none of these encounters have spurned her to actually think and actually be like “maybe, maybe I should stop doubling down on the harm I've done and framing it as good. Maybe I should actually meaningfully try to make

amends by actually freeing these people from my curse and actually letting them live the rest of their lives,”

Um, no.

Even this, there's literally no thought put into this.

This is just “how do I make the witch a good person without actually changing anything? How do we maintain the status quo and, and support the status quo, and show try to frame this as good and progressive, because we say that men are always evil, creepy, rapist, pedophiles even when they're literally, there's literally nothing in the text to actually support that.”

And it would be so easy to make it actually in the text that, that's what it is.

But that would — even if this guy, this particular guy in this instance *is* an evil creepy

— 1995, not 1993 1995. Okay. I thought this was from 1993. That changes things.

June 1995 in the Realm of Fantasies magazine.

I'm googling something currently.

Okay. Nope. I can't find I can't find when Wicked released in 1995, but I do know that Google whatever the book title publishing.

It just said the year in the wiki page

Because that's one of the things about this author's writing. It's always just trying to catch on to trends. If if like —

Japan has a tsunami warning. Uh if somehow you're watching this in Japan, we're not live, but there's a tsunami warning in Japan as of right this second.

Did you guys see this?

I know.

Yeah. I can't find I can't find what month uh Wicked released in 1995, but I have a feeling that this was written as a direct reaction to that, because like—

People have been doing this kind of thing for a while now.

So, which is true, but yeah, all of her writing is just just hitting tropes, supporting the status quo while trying to say it's progressive and trying to uh, do genre inversions, which literally just means “we support the horrific status quo while framing it as good, progressive, and just. And that it's useless to fight against slavery. And you, it's useless to fight against the tech billionaires who are corrupting our society and keeping people enslaved, because if you if you kill one techillionaire CEO billionaire, they'll just put a new one there. But it is good and fine and actually logical if you just mow down all the poor and enslaved people that are being used as cannon fodder by this tech. You should you can just do that just to look cool.”

That's literally why I just fucking say that's literally why there have been no and will never be any fucking slave rebellions in The Murderbot Diaries.

She thinks that that slave rebellions, she thinks that they are part of the quote unquote status quo and

that they're cliche. So therefore, not doing a slave rebellion and instead claiming that slavery is good, that'll, that's that's how you'd be subversive, because the slaves want to do the jobs they're enslaved for. They would just like it better if their owners were a little bit nicer about it.

Mhm. It's it's fine to be enslaved as long as your slave owners are are are relatively nice to you. And by relatively nice to you means they're literally uh,,, psychologically torturing you, deliberately trying to trigger panic attacks, treating you as subhuman, not giving you medical care, um ,letting you walk around their base bleeding out from losing 20% of your body mass, forcing you to walk your way out of the goddamn helicopter after you almost die, saving one of their worthless fucking lives.

And this is just Book One.

Mhm.

Okay. Open, open Wolf Night. Our, our interlude now that I have space on my fucking phone. This will just be me reading the unc, uh unconnected what is the

word I'm looking for? The irrelevant short stories that she also wrote that one.

So, you can just Google Wolf Knight by Martha Wells and it'll be the Lone Stars Stories uh link from literary.ericy.com.

So, so let's let's see the other one. Scroll down. I think this one's from 2006. It's at the very bottom.

Yeah, this one was written, or at least published, in 2006 on Lonestar Stories, which is a digital magazine that unfortunately seems to no longer be running, but they still have them all up on their website, or in, or if it if that page of the website—

(from offscreen) She's written a Farscape story, or at least an essay about Farscape. That is horrifying.

Yeah, that's is why I literally said she literally she literally watched Farscape. She knows exactly what Scorpius did to John. And if you've watched Farscape, you know, too. You know what Harvey does. I mean, I mean you also probably think you know more than what he does because he fucking lied and the writers

wanted everybody to know he was lying, but apparently I'm the only one who like, caught on to the very basic fact that he was lying.

Anyways, I'm not mad about that. Totally. It's fine. It's just, it's good writing, flew over the audience's head. Can you guys pay attention? He was lying about that. It's a lie.

Anyways, she she watched Farscape enough to write an essay for it for some magazine. She knows, she knows everything that happens in Farscape. She watched it the same way I did, except apparently she watched it thinking, "Yeah, it's so awesome when your abuser literally fucks with your brain to make it so that you can't hate them or fight back to defend yourself."

Because that's literally what is going on in the Murderbot Diaries. That is literally, in the goddamn text, why Murderbot worships its fucking slave owners. because its brain is literally — has been hijacked so that it has no choice but to love and worship and want to protect and want to follow its slave owner's orders.

Brief interlude: If you hear a lot of jingle bells, that's the cat, sound of cats going absolutely ham over their new toy.

Yes, if you have cats, if you see these little toys in the store that are like little round tracks with a ball inside, cats do in fact love them. They're going crazy over it.

Okay, let's let's let's just read Wolf Knight by Martha Wells. Oh, I can't scroll up? Oh no, that's, that's cuz I'm using the wrong keyboard.

(to cat) Don't step on that keyboard, pretty kitty.

I have to steal the keyboard that's over here cuz my computer will probably get shut down again. All right. Where? Why is the Why is the keyboard buttons not working? Oh my gosh, this is so over complicated.

(to cat) Hi, Kitty. You are stepping directly on that phone. Please don't do that. Please don't step on the phone.

And now I have to try and make the mouse move where I want it to go. Can I use the keyboard? Okay, thank you.

(to cat) Come here, Taaz. You can come sit over here with me. You just can't step directly on the phone.

She said no.Oh, okay. Darn.

Okay, let's read let's let's read Wolf Night by Martha Wells.

And you can all see the cracked up again.

Not even technical here. Trying to get the little stand to pop up.

(to offscreen) You made the little stand on the back of my phone get out of place.

There we go. Okay. Just don't even bother looking at the screen while you're listening to this. There's nothing to see but me moving the phone around.

It was a—

Yeah, this is from — that, that story we just read was published in 1995. Okay. Okay. Now I remember I was thinking it was from 1993 because she mentioned somewhere possibly in the author's — about the author thing that she started writing in 1993. So I was thinking of the word 1993.

So that was written it published in 1995. This story here was published in 2006. We don't know when it was written.

Okay. Yeah, this isn't going to work. So just take your keyboard back, because it notice that was gone. All right.

So, has to be opened on my damn computer because all I have to do is type W into the search bar. But, stop overheating. Calm down.

So, this was published at least 11 years after what we just read to you. Yeah, that that number.

You know the difference in my writing between — what the fucking shit I was writing in high school versus now?

Yeah, this was this was published literally 11 years after what we just read. All right, it was and, and I'm reading this again, I must state, December 2025.

All right, are you ready? Have you — do you have all of your favorite Martha Wells stories in your mind while we listen to this story from, is it also 11 years ago now?

Yeah, from 19.

Are you ready to listen to the story from 19 years ago?

> It was the dead end of winter and Parker was riding through the Little

Also, just trigger warning for anti- indigenous, specifically anti-Native American racism. I'm not going to be saying the name of the spirit that is bastardized in here, um because you're not fucking supposed to, and you're not supposed to fucking bastardize them like this.

This is disrespectful. And anybody who wants to defend this by saying, "Oh, it was a different time back then." You can go hit yourself in the head with a fly swatter.

Racism has always been bad. Just because the white people in charge didn't want to admit that it was conveniently ignore the people calling them out for it.

Literally, anytime there has ever been bigotry in history, there have been the victims of that bigotry and their allies who have been fighting against it.

There is literally zero fucking point in history where anti-native racism has been considered normal or okay. It's just that you're a fucking racist.

> It was the dead end of winter and Parker was riding through the Little Sally pass, his saddlebags filled with

Oh, and uh as as we mentioned in the first part of the video, you can tell that she's trying to just throw in random fucking words that seemingly fit the vague time period, but then the entire rest of it doesn't fit

the time period. So instead of making it seem authentic, it just comes across really, really really fucking fake.

So even this little literal first sentence here, let me highlight it so I can just read the first sentence.

> It was the dead end of winter and Parker was riding through the Little Sally pass, his saddlebags filled with a payroll he really oughtn't have, wearing every stitch of clothing he owned and wishing he was someplace warm, like Hell.

The word oughtn't is just thrown in here. O U G H T N apostrophe T is just thrown in here to try and make this seem like it's authentic, but the entire — nothing else about this story feels authentic and feels like it's actually in the time period, so that word being there is just jarring instead of immersive.

> Up in the highest notch, just before the canyon started to slope down, he saw an old Indian standing alongside the trail.

> The old man was knee-deep in snow, a ragged hide robe wrapped around him, his head slumped down and stringy gray-white hair falling forward so Parker couldn't see his face. He looked as if he had come just so far and couldn't go a step more. At the moment, it wasn't hard for Parker to sympathize.

Like, you can already see so many things.

> He reined in, leaned forward and tipped his hat back. "Old man, do you need some help?" The horse couldn't carry two for long, but judging by the bony shoulders outlined by the shabby leather, the old man couldn't weigh much more than a child.

And like this is supposed to be saying, "Oh, look, our character is a good person. He he offers to help an old man."

> The Indian didn't answer. The horse stamped and snorted, uneasy. It was late afternoon,

> thick gray clouds overhead and the wind rustling the fir trees down the pass. Snow was falling, very

(from offscreen) …some really weird tenses in that sentence.

Uh, I have to say the, I'll read, I'll read it again.

> The Indian didn't answer.

Period.

> The horse stamped and snorted, uneasy. It was late afternoon, thick gray clouds overhead and the wind rustling the fir trees down the pass. Snow was falling, very gently, little flakes catching in the old man's hair. Parker wondered uneasily if the man had died like that, frozen stiff, standing up.

And like, okay, um, we're about to get some racism and it's not even racism that “makes sense” because we just gave — we just got a really crappy little description of the area. Hold on.

Hold on.

Yeah, the man — it —

> The old man was knee-deep in snow,

All right. The snow is knee deep and he's standing there. And it's also snowing very, very lightly. It's not like they're in the middle of a blizzard.

Uh, this is badly written. All right.

> Then the Indian lifted his head.
>
> His eyes were red, as if the vessels had burst and filled the whites with blood. The pupils were open slits of blazing light.
>
> Parker's feet came out of the stirrups as he fell sideways off the horse, dragging the rifle out of the saddle sheath on the way down.

And it's like, okay, that's already a confused fucking sentence because did he fall off the horse on fucking

purpose, or did he fall off in shock? Because this is, this is ridiculous.

> As he landed hard, the startled horse leapt away like a deer and Parker had the gun aimed, all in one furious heart-stopping, scared-witless moment.

But like, did he lit— Did he fall off the fucking horse on purpose, and grab it, and literally planned to grab the gun like that?

Because that doesn't seem natural. It could be he — like, like okay, if you have a, a special sheath on the horse's saddle for your gun, the, the butt of the gun is going to be facing upwards, because if it were facing downwards your gun would literally just fall out every time the horse takes a step.

So, how exactly is he falling sideways off the horse, seemingly from shock, but then also managing to grab that gun effortlessly if it's not facing the right way for him to be doing that easily while he's literally in the act of falling off supposedly from shock.

(from offscreen) And falling off a horse is not a short distance.

Yeah. Unless this is a very small fucking horse, like this is, this is a big deal.

> The Indian hadn't moved. Parker expected him to be doing something by now: turning into

the name of a bastardized spirit that I will not repeat.

> growing horns and batwings, or big teeth to eat the meal that had stupidly stopped to chat, but he hadn't moved. Parker kept the rifle trained on him but didn't fire. On the off chance that this was a shaman who hadn't decided to kill him yet, he didn't want to make this worse than it already was.

And like this is just so much fucking racism.

So literally, in this universe, this is meant to be establishing that yeah, the Native Americans might literally fucking eat you if you are nice to them and, and try to offer them help. They might just just

literally try to fucking kill and eat you because they are actually demons.

Not to mention the whole — it's — this, the framing of “a shaman who hadn't decided to eat him yet.” And what was the following? “He didn't want to make this worse than it already was.”

But if you're saying, "Okay, maybe it's not the bastardized spirit that people are acting like is a “intrnet cryptid” instead of something from a closed fucking religion." Uh, now we're saying, "Okay, well, maybe if it is not one of those bastardized spirits, uh, what if, if it's just a regular old Indian,” because I have to fucking say that word. “What if he's a shaman and he hasn't decided to eat me yet?

Hadn't decided to kill him yet.

“I don't want to make it worse”. What do you mean you're going to make it worse?

(from offscreen) If he's an actual person, was thinking you pointing a gun at him after you offered to give him a ride ain't going to make it worse.

Mhm. He's either going to be a decent person or he's just a random generic bandit.

The eyes he didn't want to look at were fixed on midair. Very quietly, the old man started to speak. The voice was raspy and hollow, but human. Parker couldn't understand him; there were three tribes around these mountains and the language could belong to any of them. Parker stayed where he was until the old man stopped speaking, and his head slumped again.

Cold was creeping through Parker's blood. He pushed to his feet, chilled from the snow. Nothing happened. He started to make a wide circle around the Indian, but when he got even with him, the figure disappeared. Damn, Parker thought, irony coloring his fear. This is going to be a day. He took an experimental step backward, and from that angle he could see the old man again. Someone coming up the trail from the other direction would never have noticed anything.

> Clumsy in the deep snow, Parker went on up the trail and spent a while catching his wary horse, and another while calming her down. And calming himself down. It had to be a warning, but he had come this way last year, and he knew this wasn't anybody's sacred ground. So what was the warning for? It was

(to cat) Hello. Are you going to step on the phone and knock it over here? You can sit here. That's his spot.

Done. Scoot the light for him.

(to cat) Here you go. Yeah, you can sit, kitty cat.

Uh,

> It was undoubtedly clear as glass, if you understood whatever language the old Indian's chimera spoke.

And this is the, like, again this is just another Martha-Wellsism, where she will just use jarring words and then never fucking explain them, because she thinks using the word chimera instead of simply saying

illusion spell, even though this is a short story and we don't do anything with it, makes her clever.

(from offscreen) Nothing— I don't think anything else in this gets referred to with any kind of archaic term like that.

Mhm. there. Martha Wells genuinely thinks that simply confusing re her readers on purpose by using words weirdly like this, and then not, like, no at no point until now have we been given any hint that words might be used like this.

But like, okay take His Dark Materials, otherwise known as The Golden Compass, for example: that is literally an alternate universe where language has diverged slightly, so that the word “daemon”, which originally was a completely neutral word meaning spirit and spelled D A E M O N, that is a positive word in their culture, and it means your familiar spirit, animal spirit that is literally born with you and spends their entire lives with you and represents your soul.

That's what your, that is your daemon. D A E M O N. Their whole language diverged just fucking slightly,

or at least the English language did, so that they, they say that, and when instead of calling saying electricity, it's... I just forgot the goddamn word they used.

It's um amberic? I think so. Amberic, because, amber, electricity, and ember, uh diverged at some point.

Literally, it's an entire alternate universe, explicitly an alternate universe, because at some point, a character from a world more closer to ours goes there and then he and Lyra, the protagonist, are having a chat comparing the, their various words and the usages of them because he gets there, he he hears people talking about demons and he's like, "Um, do I need to be concerned because there going to be a giant evil winged horned red guy coming. Yeah.

Like, not literally, but like he's he's baffled by the use of the word demon. And he's just like, I I don't know what's going on.”

And then then he and Lyra literally sit around and and talk and compare the usage of their words and realize that the both of the words that they are using, electric

versus ambaric or whatever it is, both come from the same old fucking thing and they just went in different directions.

> It was undoubtedly clear as glass, if you understood whatever language the old Indian's chimera spoke.

Commenting to say that since and I've read this multiple times now, so, I'm no longer shocked by the usage of the word chimera there, but the first time I read this, it was literally so jarring that I just had to fucking stop because it's like, what do you mean? What do you mean a fucking chimera? What are you talking about?

And then there's no justification for this. There's no explanation. Like, this would be literally fine if the entire short story were using language like this to build up the world. But we're not. We're just throwing that in for the sake of being pretentious.

Because as I've said multiple times now, there's a difference between being pretentious and just

genuinely doing world building and using words in a way that makes sense.

And this is just pretentious, because in order for this to not be pretentious, this would actually have to be built up, and it would have to make sense, and it would have to be followed up on.

It's not.

It's just there to use different words like a fucking high schooler right-clicking words in their document to pick synonyms that don't actually mean the fucking same thing.

> Common sense said to heed it

And this makes so much more sense now that we realize literally Martha Wells admits that she did not start reading books until after she graduated college. That makes everything make sense. And the white mediocrity is so fucking strong that you can literally Not Read Books until after you've graduated college, and then literally still get away with not having a day job and making your entire career being an author as

someone who didn't fucking read books until after you graduated college.

> Common sense said to heed it

Any — I wouldn't be, I'm not going to be shocked if Martha Wells comes out and reveals that she's a fucking Mormon one of these days like Stephanie Meyer or whoever the fuck else. Um

> Common sense said to heed it anyway and turn right around and go back. "Can't do it," he told the nervous horse regretfully. The payroll in the saddlebags said he had to go forward.
>
> Parker mounted again and urged to horse on

That's a typo.

(from offscreen) [muffled laughter]

What? What are you snickering about?

(from offscreen) I was giggling about the fact that he's got a payroll. I don't think we know what it is,

where it's from, where he's going with it, what form of currency it takes.

Well, this is pretending to be a western though.

> Parker mounted again and urged to

that's supposed to be “the horse on”

> slowly picking a path through the snow. It was getting colder and there was no use looking for answers where there weren't any.
>
> It took a long time getting out of sight of the place, and Parker didn't look back.
>
> But he wanted to, the whole way.

And then we get dot dot dot line break.

> A storm chased Parker down the mountain and into the deep pine of the valley. It was dark and he was leading the horse by that time, battered by the wind and drenched by freezing rain.

Okay, he's dead at this point.

He's already dead at this point, he just doesn't know it yet.

He's now down the mountain and in a valley in in winter presumably while there's at least a knee length deep of snow. That was at the top of the valley. Now he's in the fucking valley.

I don't think Martha Wells knows how heat works.

Okay, uh, pro tip. If you're, if you're in a wintry mountain thing, you've never been — if you're, if you're in a fucking valley as opposed to standing up top on the top of a fucking hill, it's even colder down there, because. you know, the whole “heat rises”, which is why you're supposed to crawl on the ground if there's a fire so you're not suffocating in the smoke. which is being brought to the top because of it's hot.

Yeah, that also works in reverse. All of the cold air on this fucking mountain is going to be concentrated in the lowest parts, including the valleys.

And now we're b— we're told he's being battered by the wind. And he's trudging he's on foot. trudging through at least knee-deep snow.

That was at the *top*. There's going to be deeper snow in the colder valleys where gravity would have fucking pulled it. *And* he's being battered by the wind and he's *drenched by freezing rain*.

Like. you got frostbite hours — This man is — This man cannot — No.

The

> The snow at the top of the pass was nothing but ice down here in the pines, just wet

No. No.

> The snow at the top of the pass was nothing but ice down here in the pines, just wet enough to find its way inside his coat and soak him to the skin.

All right, this man — This is, this is a pathetic lack of lack of fucking research. This man's dead. I'm — No, I'm not even sorry. He's just dead.

He, he, je has frozen to death long before this fucking point. Especially because he's — we know, we were told he's wearing everything — every scrap of clothes on him.

We don't, we weren't told how, what, what material it is. This man is frozen to death. He —

No! No! No! And he's now wearing multiple — And it's night time! It's night time! He is wearing multiple layers of soaking wet clothing that has — we're told twice in this fucking tiny little paragraph, that he's drenched by freezing rain and soaked to the skin with ice.

He's dead!

We're not even given the justification that, since magic clearly exists here, we're not even given the justification that he's using some kind of fire spell to keep himself alive.

This is just bad writing. Oh my god. This is so ridiculous.

He doesn't even have a coat that was treated with oil to make it water repellent. Literally, not even.

And like, we're literally told he's he's soaking fucking wet in a blizzard, because a storm chased him down the mountain. And it's like, he's dead! He's dead!

> There was a stage stopover and outpost a little way ahead, and he meant to stay the night there.

See, Martha Wells is bad at writing and she's never improved at writing. There's, she's, she's clearly treating getting soaking wet with rain as just something that's inconvenient and annoying to make you sad, not literal life threatening.

You're, you're — he's dead now. He's just fucking dead. There's — there's no way past that.

We could have justified this by saying “he had concentrated some kind of fucking heating healing

spell inside his chest to keep himself going, but he was quickly developing frostbite despite that.” Just *something*.

Like, if you have magic, you can use it to justify some of these things, but this is not even an attempt at justification. There's nothing here. We're just acting like being freezing cold, completely soaking wet, every layer of clothing you have soaking wet, and weigh down by freezing rain, in a snowstorm that you've been out in all day, and he was already cold at the when it was daytime and he was standing on top of that hill!

We were already told that even with all of his clothing, he's still cold! All the clothing he owns! Literally all of the clothing that he owns, which doesn't amount to much, because we weren't just given a description of how many fucking layers he's actually wearing.

This man's dead. This is a complete fucking fundamental failure of doing basic fucking research or even using basic fucking logic.

This is just vibes-based writing and not giving a single fuck about anything else. “Oh yeah, we've all had that day where you get where you got stuck out in the rain without an umbrella. That sucks. Haha.” No, he's dead. This isn't “
aw dang, I just walked into my office soaking wet because blah blah blah.” And there's a laugh track playing.

This is— He's dead. This is a life-threatening emergency. And this man would have died hours ago. Especially because he's — This man's dead. This man's dead. He could — He's in a pine forest right now.

He — I was literally thinking while he's up on that fucking hill. Why — okay, if he's this fucking cold, then he needs to prioritize getting warm instead of getting away!

This is bad writing. This is ridiculous.

But see, at least there is some there's a silver lining here, in that this is bad writing, but unlike everything else Martha Wells has published, this is free. So, we

can cut it *some* slack, but we can't cut it enough *enough* slack, because then she continues this trend that she does here, forever, and never stops.

It's been 32 years since she started writing professionally and she literally has not improved.

She literally still doesn't know what the word non-binary means in 2025, because she she doesn't fucking give a shit about basic quality of writing. She doesn't care. Nope. She doesn't care about any Queer people at all, including non-binary people.

Let me check.

Um, out there, probably. Yeah.

> The snow at the top of the pass was nothing but ice down here in the pines, just wet enough to find its way inside his coat and soak him to the skin.

He's dead. This man died hours ago and it is simply his fucking ghost telling the story.

Now imagine if that were what was happening. That would actually be — I'm going to have to write that story now. That would actually be a good story.

There was a stage stopover and outpost

You just don't know it yet. Yeah, literally. Neither does the horse. Yeah. “Oh. Oh, I'm I'm such a smart person. I'm. I'm. I'm. I know what I'm doing. I'm definitely going to go out into this fucking blizzard in winter with no waterproof clothing at all.” Probably not waterproof shoes. I. I won't be shocked.

It's been a while since I read this, but I can't wait until we find out if his shoes have holes in them and are soaked through with snow and ice water, and Martha Wells thinks this is simply an inconvenience and not Yeah, you've lost, lost his toes. You've lost all of your fucking toes and you're probably going to lose your fucking feet, too.

Um, yeah. Imagine a story where a character does this shit and dies and doesn't realize it. Like, they go to sleep thinking, "Oh, I'm so miserable. This is going to be the worst night of my life. I'm going to have

such a funny story to tell everybody at the office” and then they wake up, but they're not actually waking up. They're just a ghost now.

(from offscreen) Anyways, and even so, they would actually have to be, "It's so hot in here. I need to take off all my clothes.” Because that's what happens when you get to that point of hypothermia is that your brain just starts shutting down and you think that you're warm and sweltering. So then you literally — That's why people are found naked in the snow, because they were delirious and taking their clothes off.

Uh-huh. So yeah, literally there's there's this is Yeah. Um,

> There was a stage stopover and outpost a little way ahead, and he meant to stay the night there. It was far too early in the year for a stage to run through here, but there would probably be a caretaker. Unsure of what condition he would be in when he arrived, Parker had cached the saddlebags back along the trail, under a pile of flat rocks.

[sarcasm] I'm sure nobody will notice a, a giant pile of fucking rocks. [end sarcasm]

And okay, notice how we don't get any —You notice how the snow suddenly doesn't exist when it comes to him and the and, and the ground is ~definitely~ not frozen? So, it's not like— there's —

This is nonsensical.

We — It's, it's not actually possible to take this story seriously if you actually think about anything that's going on.

Okay. I don't know if you've ever tried to dig in the ground when it's winter, let alone a fucking blizzard and ice and snow: The ground gets hard when it's cold out, guys. That's kind of how moisture and ice works.

And okay, the ground was covered in snow and ice. and he appar, he apparently took the time to to pick up a whole bunch of rocks which will also be freezing cold and making his hands even colder.

I don't know if he has fucking gloves, but if he does, they're soaking wet at this point.

He took the time to stand out there and, and bury saddle bags, which are big, under a bunch of fucking rocks. This was after he encountered the warning illusion. Yeah.

> He hadn't encountered any man- and horse-eating demons on the way down the pass, or anything to show what the chimera's warning meant. But maybe it was such a lousy night even the demons were tucked up in bed.

And again, you see this is just going purely on vibes. Martha Wells thinks that a literal fucking blizzard in which you are soaking wet and forced to walk on foot for hours the entire night through, she thinks that this is simply a. a. a. like minor. a bad hair day. It's just. it's just a silly inconvenience and annoyance. Something that can make you irritated, but. but nothing more than that.

> Then ahead in the dark, he saw a flicker of light. He pushed toward it, stumbling over

> invisible rocks in the dark, thinking that better be the post. as he got closer

He's and also like he's just walking ahead of his horse. He's not even like huddling with his horse as they walk forward and using the horse as a, as a wind break and trying to share heat with it, which he wouldn't be doing if his clothes are soaking wet. He would just be making that horse colder by pressing soaking wet clothes into its side. But that's beside the point for now.

Like there's no re— there, there was no care put into this whatsoever.

> As he got closer, he started to make out details. The light came from a couple of hurricane lamps. The muted glow.

Why are there hurricane lamps? Why are there hurricane lamps in the west? It's just such — call them lamps. Why are there — You don't have heart. No, I'm not going to get I'm not going to — fucking ridiculous.

The muted glow illuminating a row of wooden posts that looked to be that had to be a stockade wall. He could see a a broad wagon gate standing open. Two men looking down at something crumpled on the ground. The light caught blood bright against the muddy ice. The damage was mostly concealed by the dim light, but Parker could Park But what Parker could see told him it had been a man. Oh, fine.

(from offscreen) [muffled]

Huh?

(from offscreen) It — are the guy's genitals on display. Is it clothing? What says this was a man?

Literally.

Oh, fine. Parker muttered. This was about just about all he needed. His horse, finally catching the scent of blood in the freezing wind, jerked her head inside. The men looked up startled, and there was suddenly a rifle pointed at Parker's chest. "Easy," he said, lifting his hands,

showing one was empty, and the other held the horse's reigns.

I, again, again at this point this man should not be able to lift his fucking arms away from his fucking sides or wherever he has — hopefully. I fucking hope at least had them curled to his chest trying to stave off hypothermia and frostbite.

Like, this man should not be able to fucking feel his fingers. He should get in here and not be able to fucking unclench his frozen frostbitten hands from that fucking reign again. They should have cut it off of him — the, the reigns, that is — cut the reigns just so he can—

They should literally have to be being forced to cut the fucking reign so that he can get inside without dragging the horse inside after him.

And at this point, you may as well bring the horse inside, too. Um, this is — there's no care put into this. There's. there's no —

Okay, I was writing a story as a literal 12-year-old, and I was doing more research than Martha Wells has ever put into any of her writing as a fully grown adult.

She wrote this when she was a fully grown adult. Hold on. What year? How old was she when she wrote this? She was born in 1964. pretty sure one year before JK Rowling.

Martha Wells was 42 years old when she wrote this, and she does literally less research than like any 12year-old writing the first fanfiction.

Writing — no I wasn't even writing fanfiction, I didn't know fanfiction existed I was just writing an original story.

Literal 12 year olds do more research on hypothermia and shit than Martha Wells did as a 42 year old, and that's — and now she's however old she is in 2025, and she's still refusing to do basic research again.

I literally cannot stress enough to you all: she's been writing the Murderbot diaries for 8 years now, and she has never fucking bothered to do basic research

on what the word non-binary means. She literally has no fucking clue what the word non-binary means in 2025.

She's not just simply ignorant. She actively chooses to be a fucking bigot.

Uh, as I must stress forever, she literally cites Ancillary Justice as her direct inspiration for writing the Murderbot Diaries. This is not a case of simple ignorance, she is actively rejecting physically disabled people, fucking trans and non-binary people, or as I should say, as, as I as I enjoy saying, non-binary and other trans, and binary trans people, from her worldview.

She actively rejects us. She doesn't want to think about the fact that gender is a social construct. She doesn't actually think that physically disabled people should be allowed to exist in society and be acknowledged as fucking human beings. All of this shit.

Anyways, let's continue. Um, yeah. Yeah, we were at the

> his hands lifted up show he lifting his hands showing one was empty and the other held the horse's reigns.

That that sentence doesn't make sense with how fucking freezing cold this man is. He, he should be about to fucking collapse.

Uh,

> one of the men picked up a lamp and carried it over.

And as I said, we could have justified him being able to continue on in this way by saying that he he knows exactly one fucking spell and it's a goddamn heat spell that he's using to keep himself alive.

We could have done that, but we're not even doing that. It's just shit writing.

> One of the men picked up a lamp and carried it over, staring hard at Parker. Parker tugged his scarf down from his face so they couldn't so

they could see he was human and opened his coat.

So, he's got at least a coat. We still haven't — We were told that he's wearing every single piece of clothing he owns. We weren't told exactly how many pieces of clothing or what type that was, though.

(to offscreen, about cat) She's watching you. She's watching you. You got to pet her. Look at that face. Look at that face.

(from offscreen, to cat) You've seen these. You've nuzzled them. It's a mask.

Maybe the paint smells bad.

(from offscreen) No, cuz this one's dry. She's also just kind of sleepy. So, yeah, she's getting comfy. Look at that little bread loaf.

(to cat) You're adorable, Gizmo.

Uh, where was I? Oh, yeah.

He's, he's wearing a coat now, um, a coat that is soaking wet and literally soaked through to the skin. Yeah,

(from offscreen, muffled) he there the,

No, they're still standing out in the snow. It's presumably still still raining freezing ice.

He should not be able, or at least he should — Okay, first of all, he should not be able to open his coat, because his arms should be frozen stiff and he should not be able to move his fucking fingers.

Second of all, uh at this point, opening his coat to let even more cold in should be like, he should be more willing to get shot than do that, honestly, because he should be delirious at this point.

> He didn't have a speck of blood on him, and the gutted body was covered with it, steaming in the frigid air. "Who are you?" the man with the rifle demanded.

And at this point, he again, he should be fucking delirious. He should be collapsing. He should be barely able to talk.

(from offscreen) For once, Martha Wells’ protagonist to actually have a reason to collapse.

Yes. Literally, this is like — if if any of her characters have ever had justification to actually collapse and have a scene break, it's right now. because this man's he should have died hours ago.

He would have died hours ago if Martha Wells knew anything about what she's writing about or cared to look up basic shit.

Again, this was published in 2006. There's no excuse for this shit. Like people in the nin— people in 1931 were doing more basic research for the shit they were writing than Martha Wells did in 2006.

> I was coming down the path when the storm started. Wanted to take shelter here for the night. Parker told him the cold rain was stinging his cheeks.

So it's literally still raining freezing ice.

> What happened? Nobody answered. and the one with the window lamp withdrew.

She also, again she also doesn't, she just doesn't really seem to grasp how the mechanics of heat and cold work.

We're told that it was snowing up on the top of a hill where there was sunlight and warmth, relative warmth because heat rises. But we're told that down in the freezing cold valley where all of the cold is collecting, it's just liquid freezing cold rain. That's not how that works.

Uh,

> Nobody answered. The cold rain was stinging his cheeks. What happened? Nobody answered and the one with the lamp withdrew. Hey, are you going to let me in? Parker felt helpless, trying to pretend he could still feel his toes.

It's like, no, Martha Wells, it's, it's too, it's too late for that. His his whole fucking feet at this point are gone. This man is dead several times over.

> He could hear they were arguing but couldn't make out the words. If he had known he was going to end up like this, he would have let the army catch him and save the whole damn trip over the damn mountain.

She thinks just throwing the word damn is doing something. It's just it's like “so fucking angry right now!”

It's like, man, you could have stopped at any point to build a fire. You chose not to. It's — This is ridiculous.

All right, come in. Someone fin shouted finally. They had to throw a tarp over the body and drag it aside before he could get the horse through the gate.

Okay, at this point he should not be giving a single shit about the horse, because I don't think this horse even belongs to him.

Um, like even if he likes animals, at this point, unless he is desperately clinging to the horse in his delirium, he should just be like, he literally, he should just he should not should have — he should have nothing on his mind but getting inside.

If he were, like, again, as as we've pointed out, his fingers should not be able to fucking move at this point. That can be a reason for, for having to waste time keeping him out in the cold because he's literally attached to the horse by the reigns that they can't get off the horse because maybe the reigns are also frozen onto the fucking horse. Anything at all.

But nope, we're just — Martha Wells is just treating literally being in a life-threatening situation that would have killed this man several times over, we're just going vibes based only. And it's just “oh, it's just uncomfortable. No, no concern whatsoever, though.”

Um,

> There was a sheltered lean tube just inside with another hurricane lamp.

Oh my god, I'm getting a drink. Laugh. Laugh. Laugh. Laugh track. Insert laugh track. I feel like we should make up a laugh track and we just push a button every time something fucking absurd is said.

Oh, pro tip. As I open this can of soda, public domain sound clip coming in 5 seconds.

[sound of soda can opening]

That's public domain. Um, yeah. Uh oh, hold on. I got to drink it. It's kind of overflowing.

Okay, pro tip because I forgot about this with our little adorable rescue kittens. I opened a can of soda and um I forgot that they need to be adjusted to things like that, because they're in they have to be kept in my room, cuz um our whole entire house was not kitten proofed for the size of the kittens we found. It's cat proof. kitten proofing? Very different, especially when they're tiny.

Um so they have to stay in my room, so they're not being exposed to many noises. They are now, on

purpose, but I forgot that they don't know what the sound of a can of soda opening sounds like.

So I opened a can of soda and they it scared the fuckingshit out of all of them, because to them it sounds like a sudden hissing snarl and uh, like, they literally bolted.

I opened the can of soda and all of them disappeared.

They are they, have very I think I said this in a different video, but they have very good um self-preservation instincts from living on that playground where we found them. So they like, if they hear a scary noise, they instantly bolt for cover, which in this case is under a chair.

(from offscreen) [muffled]

There should be ham and cheese. I don't know if we have any more bread, though.

Yeah. Uh if you are raising kittens or puppies and dogs, any baby animal really, uh make sure they're just getting exposed to all of the common sounds of

the household that you can expect. And also, yes, we are just going on a tangent now. Um

Let me see if Yeah.

Um you can just get just get them used to all the noises so that they know they don't need to be scared of it. And if uh whether you have cats or dogs, probably works with other things as well. Let me get a drink now that it's not fizzing up.

Uh we've actually trained most of our cats to not be completely terrified of the vacuum cleaner. And the way that you do that, and yes, this is just kind of devolving into a little pet training section because you should train your pets to not be scared of the vacuum cleaner because you shouldn't be having to terrorize your pets on purpose or by accident when you turn the vacuum cleaner on.

So, if you have cats, if you have a dog, and this works with animals of any age, they don't have to be babies. It's literally not true that you can't teach an old dog new tricks. It's just easier to train them when they're younger. But it's not it's it's so it's so possible to train

old dogs new tricks. I fucking promise you. And this also applies to cats.

You can in fact treat teach cats to do tricks and follow obedience things in general. Like. I have literally trained our cats here. I have two different tongue clicks, I do one when they are doing something that I want them to stop, and I have another one for when I want them to come to me. It literally works.

I also, they also know the word down when we're pointing at the floor to get off whatever surface they're standing on and go to the floor.

(from offscreen) Don't forget how much space these videos take up.

So, I'm aware we're going on the fucking tangent. I decided it, and you have to be here to do commentary.

So, and also um I taught them back up, which means if I am trying to get into the bathroom, which is a door that opens inwards because I'm giving one of them treats to get medicine and something, everybody else has to actually back up and sit and

wait, and they can't come into the bathroom until I give them permission.

Anyways, if you want to train your pets to not be scared of the vacuum, get out your vacuum cleaner and spend a few minutes letting them sniff it and just be normal around it. You can give them treats so they have positive associations with it. And then tell them multiple times in the same tone of voice each time, “I'm turning the vacuum on.” I should not have said that, but they are all asleep, so they don't care.

Um, just say something like that a few times and always do it in the same tone of voice and then turn the vacuum on. When you and every single time you need to vacuum, spend at least 30 seconds saying this so that they have warning. When you are done vacuuming for good, you say, "I'm turning the vacuum off."

Don't say it if you're just stopping for a me few minutes because you got to move it across the room or something so that they know when the scary noise is going to start because most of this is coming from

them having no idea what's going on because it's just all of a sudden there's a roaring noise that's scary.

If you remove the sense of surprise, you remove a lot of the fear, especially if you don't harass them with it. When dogs are chasing after the vacuum, that's not cute. That's them feeling threatened and overstimulated.

You should not be teaching your dogs to “play” with the vacuum because that's just them being stressed out. It's not them actually having fun. Anyways, uh we can continue. Uh

> there was a sheltered lean tube just inside with another hurricane lamp. Standing in the lee of it out of the wind and rain was like stepping into a warm parlor. Some

No, no, no, no, no. At this point, it's too, he is too far gone. Simply not being hit by the, the the fucking wind and the rain? That's not enough at this point. This man's dying. He is actively going to be dying.

> Something short and wrapped up in fur started to talk to him, but Parker's attention was caught by the young man with a shotgun who was closing and bolting the gate. The short furry figure pointed past him into the compound. Stables that way, son got be here at a bad time. You did. That was an understatement. Parker followed him out of the shelter. The freezing wind struck again, broken somewhat by the stockade. Parker staggered across muddy ground slick with ice patches. They blundered around the big dark shape of a stage coach and into the stable which was blessedly warm and far better than the leanto. Parker waited until his guide got a lamp lit and asked, "You had a little trouble tonight?"

Again, this man should not be able to fucking talk, but he is, casually, so fucking easily.

You notice he still hasn't passed out, which he should be. He has fucking hypothermia. He's, he should be losing his fuckin feet and probably his hands. You might say that now.

> This is wolf country tonight. It chuckled.

And again, you notice the casual dehumanization every time we've described this fucking person after setting up that, that fucking magic is a thing in this fucking universe. The way we're talking about this person implies that they're not actually human, because we're referring to them as some*thing* furry and a furry *thing*. And now we're referring to this person with it/its pronouns literally just to dehumanize him.

> It chuckled, face still invisible under the fur hood. It's bad, too. Real bad. There was a team of matched grays and a couple of tired pack mules already stabled. Parker picked a stall without waiting for permission, unsaddling the horse and starting to rub her down.

No, he can't do this shit. This man's dying. He— Okay, even if we say, "Okay, maybe he can lift his arms to show that his hands are empty." He can't do all of this shit! It's just not happening.

Uh,

> his hands were numb inside his gloves and clumsy, and his frozen ears were beginning to thaw, giving him a pounding headache.

That doesn't even begin to describe the torment this man should be in.

Like, you can say “he started to saddle the horse, but realized he couldn't.” And then also,
“people were dragging him away while he kept insisting he needed to go back and finish stabling the horse.”

...Why is my phone not wanting to stay propped up?

Like, he should — he's, this is just bad writing.

Anyways, um

> the fur covered figure just stood there and watched. Parker guessed they were starved for entertainment around here. He decided to play naive and asked, "So that fellow was killed by wolves?" The figure laugh the figure laughed, shed the hood and a couple of knitted scarves,

> and turned into an old little man with salt and pepper beard, small eyes, and big yellow teeth. He reminded Parker of a chipmunk, and not in a good way.

Just— Okay, hold on.

Notice how this is oldfashioned times, before the advent of fluoride, toothpaste, and dental care. But only the evil guy that we are not supposed to like has big yellow teeth to show that he is evil.

Even though teeth whitening doesn't exist. So everybody's teeth are going to be yellow unless they're drinking vinegar all the time and wearing right now

Literally. And we are again continuing to to dehumanize this little old man which is just ableism and ageism, because this man is so short he probably has a form of dwarfism, because he's like, being — every description we're given implies that like he's bare— he's not even coming up to our protagonist's waist.

That's how that's how fucking tiny this man is being described as. So this is just again ableism, agism, and fucking, uh, I think they call it lookism, which is literally just pretending that not being conventionally attractive makes you evil.

Uh yeah...

> He reminded Parker of a chipmunk and not in a good way. Not wolves, one wolf. We got wolf trouble. A werewolf. Parker gave him a hard look. A werewolf. It won't be a full moon for another two weeks.

Again, I can't I can't stop emphasizing this conversation should not be possible right now with the level — They're in the stable now, which is slightly better, but it's not, it's, it's just — Parker's teeth should be chattering so much he can barely get a word out. He shouldn't be able to talk even if his teeth aren't chattering. This man should be dying of fucking hypothermia.

And if he's not meant to be dying of hypothermia, then why didn't she just have it be goddamn summer?

And there's a fucking rock slide blocking the further road. Something. But nooo, it's just, it's just vibes based. It's just, “oh yeah, walking home through the rain would really would suck, wouldn't it?” Okay, but you're not in the middle of a city where it's warm and it's — is not simple inconvenience. This is life-threatening.

> A werewolf. It won't be a full moon for another two weeks. Besides, he didn't think an Indian shaman would bother with a chimera to warn about a werewolf. This one don't need a full moon. Don't need nothing. He ain't under no curse. Likes it probably. Sinful. He shook his head. A sad ship chipmunk.

Literally just dehumanizing a disabled old man. But we're supposed to pretend it's okay, “because look, he's got he's got big yellow teeth! That makes him evil!”

> Killed two men and a horse earlier today. I saw him. took a couple of shots at him, but he just faded away into the snow. He grinned. "You don't have to look like I'm dafted, young fella.

> You can ask the stage passengers. They believe." Parker wished he could ask the mules. They probably had more sense. "Yes, I might do that. You'll see. We're going to have wolf travel tonight, that's for sure." The chimp monk laughed again and headed for the doors again.

This is — This is — Martha Wells's writing has literally never fucking improved. She just fucking loves dehumanizing the villains, and in this case, literally a little old man with dwarfism. Uh...

> and headed for the doors. Come on into the post when you're done. Stabling is half price for tonight because of the storm.

(from offscreen) [sarcastically] Capitalist.

Yeah.

> Parker finished with the horse, swearing under his breath. He was trapped for the night with a stage full of other people's problems and towns men who thought everybody they met was a werewolf. Probably all on their way to Miller's

Crossing for a witch burning, he said in disgust to the horse who flicked an ear.

I, I'm going to keep stressing: this man should be unconscious. He should be dead. This is ridiculous. I could accept — this has fallen off.

I could accept this if — literally we would have just been told that he knows a fire, uh, a heat — a fire spell combined with a healing spell, that he was taught as a kid after he fell into an icy river and, and, and uses all the time.

I could accept that, but this is ridiculous.

Outside again, he couldn't see much of the post house in the dark, but got the impression of a long rambling building. When he opened the heavy wooden door, what little conversation there was stopped

Because you know all those scenes in movies where “somebody opens a door and then everybody stops talking. That's cool. He stepped—”

Even though it doesn't make sense for this shit. It literally doesn't make sense. It doesn't make sense.

> He stepped inside letting the wind slam the door shut behind him.

Huh? I thought he was in the stable outside again.

> He couldn't see the post house in the dark, but got the impression of a long rambling building.

Okay. So, he's walking from the stable. Yeah. And it's all one paragraph with a, with, for that person who made a poll on Tumblr, this story has two spaces after each period. I just noticed somebody was asking about that.

Um, yeah.

> When he opened the heavy wooden door, what little conversation there was stopped. He stepped inside, letting the wind slam the door shut behind him.

So, the door opens outwards. That's a, That's That's dumb. People. People, especially colonizers, in an area that is actively under fucking conflict, they're going to build doors that open inward so that you can fucking barricade them.

Whatever. Um,

> this was the long public room of the post where passengers would wait while the horses were changed. The lanterns were smoky and most of the light came from the fire in the big stone hearth. The place smelled musty, like it hadn't been opened up in some time, and the walls were patched with yellow newspaper.

Again, he should be unconscious at this point. His knees just need to give out at the very least, and he needs to fucking topple forward. This is ridiculous. Uh,

> There were three men, one sitting at the plank table, one standing at the hearth, and one looking as if he had just stopped pacing and was anxious to get back to it. Parker tipped his

hat politely. He hadn't seen an unfriendlier set of expressions since the last time he and Harry had robbed a train. He wished Harry were here now instead of waiting for him in Piscaro, but there was nothing to help that. He headed for the fireplace and put his back against it, dripping on the city stone as the ice caught in his coat melted.

Again, it's not just in his coat. His coat isn't waterproofed. This man is soaked to the bone by freezing rain and has been for hours, night — since *before* the sun set.

Quite a night. From h from this angle he saw there was a woman seated at the table too. Gloved hands around a mug for warmth. She wore a long black dress and her hair under her bonnet was very straight and very dark. Her face was calm and still, like something from an old Spanish portrait, but her skin was pale.Who the hell are you? That was the pacer. Apparently not in a very genial mood. Easy, mister. I just came in out of the cold, Parker said, sounding sociable to save argument again.

He needs to be collapsing.

> In his career, he had always been more interested in acquiring money with as little notice as possible and not shooting people. He didn't like trouble for trouble's sake. The obviously overroought man glaring at him was well-dressed in his 40s, graying, built stocky, but going to fat.

You notice you notice how the antagonists are always ~probably going to run to fat later~. And this man is going to fat because he's antagonistic.

Also, this should not be one paragraph. It's, it's fine to say that Parker doesn't like causing trouble for trouble's sake, but then why are we describing the man in that exact same paragraph, if the followup is not, “he looked like the exact kind of person that Parker would like to rob, way too rich for his own good.” Something like that. But there's no, there's no good reason for those two sentences and concepts to be in the same paragraph together.

Ow! Foot! No!

Uh, yeah. We got all that description and then we just get:

> He snarled. How can we be sure of that? Parker's mouth quirked at the nonsensical question. Guess we're just going to have to take my word for it. The woman said quietly. Mr. Abernathy, please. Parker liked her voice. Quite right, ma'am. the man standing at the other end of the mantle said. His coat was still dripping on the floorboards, and Parker figured he had been the one of the two men at the gate. No reason to be unfriendly. He looked at Parker.

Also, if you're confused about how many people are in this room, so am I.

I'm getting a drink quick. It named three men and one woman. Yeah. It's just baffling though. Um things… Yeah, there were three. One was blah, one was blah, and one was blah. Mhm.

> He looked at Parker. I'm Gunderson. That's preacher Johnson. He nodded to the dark clothed man still sitting quietly at the table.

> Mrs. Johnson. Damn, Parker thought. And Mr. Abernathy. We were heading to Twin Rivers on the stage, but the ice storm hit and we had to stop off here. Gunderson was about Parker's age with a droopy mustache and a flashy red waist coat.

Again, another anti-description, something that has actively gotten worse the longer she writes, because in 2025, we're still getting shit like this.

This Gunderson character was “about the same age as the protagonist”, whose age we don't know. We haven't even been given an implication.

Uh…

> We were heading to Twin Rivers on the stage, but the ice storm hit and we h had to stop off here. Gunderson was about Parker's age with a droopy mustache and a flashy red waist coat.

And see, this is all just very confusing, because she could have simply described what the characters look like when he entered the room, but now, doing it now

is just making it more confused. I don't know who the fuck is supposed to be who.

(from offscreen) There's also no explanation about what a stage in this case is it a train?

It's a stage coach.

(from offscreen) Yeah, but random ass people don't know that.

Oh, yeah.

(from offscreen) Random ass people who don't read things aren't going to know that.

> That was a mistake, Abernathy muttered, starting to pace again. That was going to get on Parker's nerves sooner rather than later.

Well, your nerves are frozen, so you're just dead. I don't care what you think.

> There wasn't a choice. The preacher stood to put a comforting hand on his wife's shoulder. He was droopy and mousy.

Oh yeah. Mhm. Every time somebody refers to somebody as “mousy” simply because we're not supposed to like them, it's just like — this is just the worst most pathetic kind of writing.

> He was droopy and mousy looking

Which —

> and seemed to need the comfort more than the composed figure of his wife.

[sarcasm] Because if we pretend that um men are cowards, that means that we're doing feminism, right? [end of sarcasm]

> Kind of early in the season to run stages through this route, isn't it? Halfass was more like it, but Parker wanted them to talk about themselves and not ask him questions.

Are you getting the Murderbot vibes? Are you getting the Moon vibes? Are you getting the Kai vibes? Are you getting the vibes of every single Martha Wells protagonist ever to fucking exist?

> Abernathy shrugged. The weather was clear at at

Ch-andler's? Sh-andler's I never know if I'm supposed to pronounce this like an SH sound or a CH sound

> at Chandler's Ford.

I— because I've I've met people whose last names are Chandler, Chandler with an S at the end. Some of them pronounce it Chandler and other people pronounce it Shandler. So I never know. Either way it means candle, just, candler, candle-maker just for the fucking record.

Um

> The weather was clear at Chandler's Ford. I thought it would hold. I have to get to Twin Rivers. It wasn't your fault, Mr. Abernathy," the

preacher interrupted kindly. "I have a position at a church further west. My wife is going to teach school there. We wanted to get there as soon as possible, so we took the risk of the weather." Gunderson glanced at Parker a little more pointedly. "And you are heading to Miller's Crossing." He wasn't heading there, but it was a logical destination for anybody coming down the Little Sally Pass. So, you think wolves killed that man out there? They stared at him, stricken, except for Mrs. Johnson, who lowered her head a little and lifted a hand to her mouth. Gunderson shifted uneasily. That was the stage driver. Two other men have been killed since we pulled in at dusk. Old Jim, the post caretaker, saw something attack his helper outside the stockade. He fired at it, but by the time he got out there, the boy was dead. It wasn't pretty, so the stage outrider went for help. He came back tied to his horse, tore up so much that How day, our driver, hardly recognized him. The horse was was bled so badly it didn't last long either. None of us kind of left us trapped here, at least until morning.

He smiled thinly. This is the You see why things are a little tense.

This is ridiculous.

(from offscreen) They should have literally just shot him on sight. This is—

Yeah, this is beyond ridiculous.

So, these people here are literally in the plot of a horror movie, and they're all just — they're very casual about it for no fucking reason, and they have been for hours, probably since nightfall.

This is ridiculous.

Parker frowned, trying to make sense of it. It seemed like whatever it was hadn't been stalking the area for long, or Jim and his helper would have been dead before this. It had to have been here at least long enough for some shaman to find out about it and put up the chimera to warn his people off. You think it'll let you alone in the morning? You aren't going to

> try to leave when the storm lets up? from what they

What — He's — This man is so—

Okay, the man is suggesting that they leave in the middle of the night, uh, immediately after a fucking blizzard. and just go at night in winter.

> You aren't going to try and leave when the storm lits up. From what they had said, the thing like to pick victims off one at a time. A stage full of armed people should be safe, even moving slow in the dark.

What the fuck is he talking about!!!?

(from offscreen) It wasn’t safe in the first place! It literally—

Yeah, we're just ignoring that!

> These things don't have power in the daylight, Abernathy said, taking out a handkerchief to wipe his face. A haunt got stirred up in pines

> one night, frightened a couple of folks to death. But it lost its power in the morning, and just drifted around. You could see right through it, like frosted glass, and it couldn't do a thing. Yeah, but that was a haunt, Parker thought. Haunts didn't eat you. It was probably a mistake to attempt to talk rationally to these people, but he tried.

And it's like, where??? What do you fucking mean?! It's— What do you fucking mean? They're all — What do — This is — This is the strongest —

It's just — Martha Wells thinks that she is the smartest person in every room she walks into. And all of her fucking protagonists reflect that, because they all have the exact same personality, and they are all just her fucking mouthpiece.

If Murderbot weren't Martha Wells's mouthpiece, the narrative would be proving it wrong.

If Parker right now thinking these people are, just based on nothing, that they're completely irrational — this is what she actually believes! When they let him

inside instead of shooting him on sight, which is actually the rational thing in this instance.

If you're being stalked by a goddamn serial killer, serial killer monster person!

> It was probably a mistake to attempt to talk rationally to these people, but he tried. Why are you all so sure it's a werewolf? They don't usually.

And it's like again just and it it's it's very funny finding out that Martha Wells literally did not read books until after she graduated college. But then, she still clearly thinks that she's better than every single other person.

Uh...

> The door banged open, letting in a blast of cold air. Old Jim and the man who had let Parker in and the man who had let Parker into the post. He took a hard look at Parker and said evenly, "I'd like you to turn over your pistol.

Who— Who's doing that? Is that old Jim or the other dude? Because we just referred to most of them.

> Parker lifted his his brows. Considering what's happening here, that doesn't sound like too good an idea. We didn't have to let you in. The mound the man countered, eyeing Parker unkindly.

We're just supposed to dislike him for that, for pointing out basic fucking shit like, yeah! Correct! They did not have to let him in here! They could have shot him on sight, which would be the rational thing!

Mhm.

> Jim chartled at him. Hell day. I run this place and just cuz you like cuz just cuz you people jinxed it with a wolf curse is no reason for me to turn folks away on a night like this. Glad the chipmunk.

We literally just continued to dehumanize this disabled old man. And also, like, elderly people are

inherently disabled. We just call that being elderly though.

> Glad the chipmunk was on his side. Parker said, "Look, the thing you described isn't going to have to sneak in here. It'll just climb the stockade." "That could be right," How agreed evenly. "It could also just be that Jim's werewolf is a crazy man playing games." They stared each other down. Parker could see the man was afraid, maybe frightened enough to do things he wouldn't ordinarily do. "What does that mean?" Parker asked him quietly. You going to run me out of here?

This is so fucking ridiculous.

This man should be on the floor and dead at the very least. He needs to be in a fucking coma.

His feet and hands are not salvageable, but whatever, we're just pretending it's drama. ~So cool.~

> How didn't answer, and his expression didn't change. The others were watching like it was a

stage drama. Whatever happened, Parker didn't think they would interfere. Then Hell Day said slowly, "You can say. You can stay, but I want to keep your gun until you leave in the morning. I already took the rifle out of your gear in the stable." He added, suddenly a little self-conscious. It was the only thing I touched. Parker's eyes narrowed, but it was almost fair under the circumstances. He debated being jumped by How and Abernathy and probably Gunderson and Johnson, too, and ending up out in the cold with the thing the Chimera had been left to warn about versus being stuck in here and armed with the thing the Chimera had been left to warn about. Either way, it was better without the cold. It's a deal. Smiling affably, he unbuckled his gun belt and stepped up to hand it to How.

And then we have another line break.

Getting a drink. I'm starving.

Somebody suggested food and Jim said, "That's a good idea. Come on back to the kitchen and

> I'll get us some dinner." But it was Miss Johnson who silently took charge, taking meat and bread out of Jim's larder

Because misogyny, it's literally just misogyny. And you notice that our protagonist is a man? It's, it's just misogyny, and it never stops.

The literal bare minimum you can do is have female characters who actually matter and female protagonists. But Martha Wells is a fucking misogynist. So she literally cannot even be assed to have a female protagonist who actually gets to fucking, you know, have her own story to herself.

Literally. Emilie of Emilie in the Hollow Worlds is the only female protagonist she's ever written who doesn't have to share every other chapter or whatever with a male narrator. And Emilie is such a passive protagonist that she literally might as well *not exist*.

Uh…

> But it was Miss Johnson who silently took charge, taking meat and bread out of Jim's lard.

> She turned the meat over on the table, studying it, nose wrinkled thoughtfully, before she cut it up for sandwiches, did the same for the bread, and sifted the coffee like she was looking for weevils. Jim allowed her free rain, chuckling to himself about a woman's touch in the kitchen.

Martha Wells, she says that so that we don't like Jim for being a misogynist, when she's literally the one writing this shit.

(from offscreen) Lampshading it does not mean you're not doing it.

Mhm.

> Considering how bad Jim smelled at close range, Parker didn't think she was doing it out of a sense of duty at all, and he had never been so grateful in his life.

So, we're saying what?

> Considering how bad Jim smelled at close range, Parker didn't think she was doing it out of a sense of duty at all.

So, we're literally taking blatant misogyny and saying, "Oh, but it's actually — it's, it's not misogyny. She's *choosing* to do this. It's not having a sense of duty because she's a woman and it's her job, she's, ~she's choosing to do it~. It's not misogyny at all. It's totally not misogyny for the single fucking woman here to have to feed all of these grown ass men.

> She took her gloves off to work, and when she handed him the plate, he noticed her hands were pale and neat. The nails filed back nearly to the quick. The kitchen was a smaller room and the polished the the pot-bellied stove kept it almost warm.

What do you mean almost warm? What do you— What do you mean? What?

You are in a house with a fireplace and you are now in a small room with a heater and we're saying it's only almost warm again.

We're just doing vibes-based fucking— We're— nothing!

It's just so fucking— Okay, I guess we got to explain this to people.

If it's cold outside, and you have a heater in a small room, your small room is going to be warm. Especially if you have, what is it? Three.

Those three people, plus her, plus him, plus the two people who came outside.

You have seven people and a wood stove in a small room. It's going to be warm in there.

That's — And you’re —

(from offscreen) Especially if it's insulated enough to be stuffy.

Yeah. Like we're literally told that the whole thing is stuffy and, meaning there's no fucking breezes. So, it's not like the cold is coming in. It's not drafty.

She doesn't — She didn't — She doesn't — She doesn't understand any of this shit.

> Nobody seemed to want to talk, but Parker still wanted to know more. So, what did you see? He asked Chipmunk Jim,

Which we are now using as— We are literally using Chipmunk as a proper noun and calling him Chipmunk Jim “because dehumanizing fucking disabled people is awesome”, and we're supposed to think that's funny.

> Jim stared at him blankly and Parker clarified when the first man was killed. He was outside the stockade. What did he go out there for? He was trying to get Jim to tell the story from the beginning, knowing people always came out with details that you would never think to ask about or that you didn't want to ask about in front of the concerned parties. From what the others had said, it sounded like the coach had already been inside the stockade, and Parker would have liked to know who was stretching their legs out in the yard and in sight when the

> men had been killed, just to settle his own mind. But Jim shuddered in his bulky coat and skipped,

What? What do you mean they're all still wearing their coats??? This is just so badly written. He's — [groan of exasperation] whatever.

> But Jim shuddered in his bulky coat and skipped all that, saying only, "The light was falling early, failing early because of the storm. I just got a glimpse of it running off into the trees. I heard it howl."

(from offscreen) Starting at the beginning, literally, he said, "I couldn't see a lot because the sun was failing."

Yeah.

Martha Wells is bad at writing and, and she actively refuses to improve and actively refuses to accept any criticism.

> That doesn't mean it's a werewolf," Preacher Johnson said quietly, making everyone look at

him in surprise. He had his hands wrapped around a mug of coffee for warmth, his eyes on the fire inside the stove's belly. Mrs. Johnson didn't eat didn't look up at him. There are creatures of darkness that could do this, that could curse this entire valley.

Are we, does that mean that werewolves do not count as creatures of darkness? Why? Why are these two separate categories?

Ignoring the interruption, Jim continued, "Dark as pitched, dark as pitch, running like a wolf, but on two what? Running like a wolf, but on two legs. Hopping. Hopping for our lives." He shuddered again, but Parker had malicious enjoyment in that, not fear.

Do you hear this shit?

starved for entertainment, Parker thought again. If it's not a werewolf, then it could be somebody using craft, making a chimera of himself to make it look like he was with the others. And if that's so, he could have killed

> your guard with a spell and not his hands. Abernathy snorted, but Haye and Gunderson stared at him. Gunderson said, "You ask questions like a law man. Are you a law man?"

It's like, what? What?? What??? This is ridiculous! He's not even asking questions — he's just — he's not asking questions like a fucking law man. he's just asking questions!

This is ridiculous. And we're supposed to ask— this is, this is this is Martha Wells pretending that “oh, the other people, they don't even, they don't even ask simple questions. That means they're stupid.” That's literally what's going on here.

Gunderson's— Yeah. They're just staring at him because he's asking basic questions.

(from offscreen) It’s smart when the protagonist does it, buthow you dare ask her about her work!

Yeah. Yeah. When when the protagonist asks basic questions, just like with ART, um when Parker does it,

it's just “it's just common sense and it means other people are stupid.”

But when I'm asking basic questions about, you know, continuity, how the fucking world building is supposed to work, then that just means I “don't understand how storytelling works.”

And this is — and the person claiming we don't understand how storytelling works literally didn't start reading books until after she graduated college and thinks that's something to be proud of.

> You ask questions like a law man. Are you a law man?

I don't actually know how you pronounce this word. I'm I'm looking up how to pronounce “Jesuit” because I don't know if you actually pronounce it that way. Let's see.

Push play. Tell me how to say it. Why is this Why is this a minute long? Yeah.

Jesuit or Jesuit.

Okay. So, it is pronounced exactly how it looks.

> Are you a law man? I was raised by Jesuits. It wasn't true, but it did tend to shut people up. Why do you think it's not a werewolf? How asked, sounding more like he might be willing to listen to the answer. Parker chalked it up to the Jesuit thing. It's not a full moon, Parker pointed out. But it seemed like there was another reason, too. Parker's Parker's gut was telling him that even if everybody on the coach except Hell Day was a werewolf, he would have still bet the whole army payroll that something else had done this.

Uh, and then we have another line break dot dot dot of asterisks.

Uh, okay.

> Parker never managed to get more sense out of Jim, and nobody else had seen anything to speak of. Finally, Mrs. Johnson went down the hall to one of the bunk rooms to retire. Parker thought the back of the house had to be nearly

> as cold as outside, but she seemed to want the privacy. Gunderson had gone out to take How's place guarding the gate. The others were in the kitchen.

And again, I cannot stress, these people are in a fucking blizzard. Most of — a lot of these people were soaking wet, because their coats were dripping, because they're soaked to the skin.

This isn't the kind of situation where — and they're in, the, they're in, the, they're in the plot of a horror movie! This isn't the kind of situation. no matter what the fucking, uh. vague unstated time period is, nobody's going to be going off to the by themselves to sleep in any way.

Especially not when it's freezing cold outside and you're we're told that a fucking stove in a small crowded room is only making it “almost” warm, so, meaning that it's still cold inside the building.

These people are all in danger of freezing to death! They're all gonna be hanging out in the goddamn kitchen, the smallest fucking room that they can have,

because — sending people out in a blizzard to guard the gate when they can just bar all the doors from the inside?! This is so fucking ridiculous.

Like, we are literally supposed to be, to, like, the — this is all, again, no research, no care was put into this whatsoever to make sure it actually even remotely makes sense.

They're in a blizzard.

They are all actively in danger of freezing to death.

They're not sending people outside, especially not by themselves.

This is ridiculous.

They are all going to be huddled up in the smallest room, which was the kitchen that had the stove, and they're all going to be — they're going to have shit in front of the door to keep all the heat in there, and they're just going to stay in there all night.

Uh…

Parker thought the back of the house had to be nearly as cold as outside, but she seemed to want the privacy

Which is ridiculous!

Gunderson had gone out to take How's place guarding the gate. The others were in the kitchen.

And this is what I mean when I say it's like ridiculous and so impossible to keep track of how many people are actually here or who was doing what?

There should be five people total. There's like seven people. There's seven of them.

Parker waited for the place to get quiet. Then he went out on the porch. The storm had died away earlier while they were eating, leaving the night still and frozen. There were lamps lit out in the yard now.

Also, everybody's reactions to what's happening is so chill when it shouldn't be in any way. It's just ridiculous. Um..

> There were lamps lit out in the yard now, several hanging from the porch roof and lighting the area around the gate in pools of yellow light. He couldn't see anybody moving, just the fine coating of ice. He had never been warm enough to take his coat.

Oh my god.

Oh my god.

> He had never been warm enough to take off his coat

And his clothes were still damp. It's been hours. It's been hours and the man is still in soaking wet clothes soaked to the fucking bone this whole time, and we're just, he's, he's just magically alive.

Also, this happens in Emilie and the Hollow World, too.

She's freezing cold and then she goes for a fucking swim in some fucking water. and it's still freezing cold, and then she just sits and sits somewhere for a while to to warm up by not moving.

And then she's warm enough to go for a swim again, at night, all by herself, in not a bathing suit, in soaking wet clothes.

Martha Wells is a terrible writer. She doesn't— She doesn't do any research. She doesn't care about anything. It's just “Oh, yeah. It's It's definitely fine to __”

She just uses shit like this for cheap drama. It's just vibes based, but you're not actually supposed to think about what this means.

Like Emilie literally, I don't know what chapter that was. It was not chapter one, I don't think.

She should have frozen to death at the very least.

She should have passed out and missed her fucking opportunity to uh, be a stowaway because she almost

furs to death on the docks, because she's swimming at night.

And also the, the child is supposed to be like, 16 years old, but then she still decided — it's just — go read Emilie in the Hollow World and see for yourself.

It's ridiculous.

Or Obsolescence. No, this, No, this one's No, the shit just in, again with this kind of vibes based. Oh, yeah.

Uh, it's just ridiculous.

> He had never been warm enough to take his coat off

While in a building that has a fire in the fireplace, and no drafts, with seven other people.

She doesn't know how any of this shit works.

> And his clothes were still damp.

He's literally wearing wet clothing still.

> And he stepped off the porch and walked toward the stable, ice crunching underfoot. The sound was oddly loud in the quiet. And Gunderson stepped out of the lean tube beside the gate to stare at him.

She really likes saying that these people are just staring at the protagonist, because that makes them seem stupid, because they're just staring instead of, to—

We could have said “he leaned over to check out where the noise had come from”, but no, it's just “to stare at him”.

> Parker, determined to maintain a friendly and innocent demeanor no matter what, waved. It was too dark to see the man's expression, but he didn't wave back.

If it's too dark to see his expression, why do you know he's staring at you? You could have just said he saw “he saw the shadow—” No, not even that. You could have just said “he saw the shadow of Gunderson move to watch him.”

Since Gunderson had seen him and it would be good to have a more obvious reason for walking around in the cold, Parker stopped and opened the stable door. He held it wide enough for the lamp light outside to penetrate the darkness. The horses and mules stared curiously at him.

Then a patch of ground a few feet away exploded from a shotgun blast.

Parker bolted for the corner of the stable almost before he realized Gunderson must have shot at him. In the dark patch between the two buildings, he flattened himself against the wall and called out, "What the hell?"

"I saw it! It went this way!" Gunderson was running across the compound, out of the lamplight, toward the outbuildings.

"Don't follow it!" Parker yelled. "That's what it--"

And then the, the dialogue ends in, just in, uh italics.

wants. Oh, for God's sake.

Because again, “the protagonist is the only person here who has common sense, and is the smartest person here, and already knew from simply walking in that these people weren't rational, and it's impossible to talk rationally to them.”

He ran after the man.

Past the barn, between two tumbledown outbuildings, Gunderson jolted to a halt, lifting the gun. Something moved in the shadows, a fast blob of darkness.

Why are we calling the thing the scary thing that's supposed to be scary a blob?

Parker saw Gunderson go down and the gun go flying. He dived for it, landing in the frozen mud and snatching it up. He rolled and f

Again. This man is still in damp clothes that have — his clothes are still literally fucking wet. It's been hours. This man is so fucking dead.

But we're supposed to pretend that he can actually do dodge rolls, multiple dodge rolls, and leap around and grab a gun from the ground.

All of this, this man, this man has died so many fucking times over. But, but it's just vibes-based, because walking — “walking through the rain is just simple simply an inconvenience, right?” Not like —

He rolled.

He did another dodge roll.

He rolled and fired the other barrel into the dark thing standing over Gunderson. It jerked, snarled, and tore away from the body, hunkering down only a few paces away.

Parker rolled to

How many times is he rolling?!?!?!?

Parker rolled to his feet, holding the empty gun like a club,

He's—

So he did a dodge roll to get to the gun.

And he's doing another dodge roll to get to his feet,

holding the empty gun like a club, thinking, Back away slowly, then run, very very fast. Then the creature laughed, a high-pitched growl of amusement, and bolted off into the dark.

He took a step toward the body, but there was nothing to be done; Gunderson had been ripped open neck to groin, blood pooling dark on the frozen ground. Saw that one coming, Parker thought sourly. It could have gotten him, too. It obviously knew the gun was empty, having tricked Gunderson into firing the first barrel. But he figured it had done what it came to do; picked another one of them off. Then he felt a prickle along his hairline and looked up. Mrs.

Johnson was standing a few paces away on the other side of the body, a neat figure in her dark coat and bonnet.

"Mr. Parker," she said with perfect composure, drawing her skirts back from the blood.

This is ridiculous. It's freezing cold out here, but we're supposed to pretend these people are just wandering around outside casually.

"Mrs. Johnson," he said. She didn't look at all discomposed for a woman standing over steaming insides. Yep, Parker thought, Just out for a walk on an icy winter night in an isolated outpost populated by strange men and murdering werewolves.

Martha Wells thinks that lampshading these things makes it makes it magically logical.

Of course, she might just be having an affair with Halday or Chipmunk Jim.

Continuing to dehumanize him.

He tossed the useless shotgun down next to the guard's body. "I don't have a gun."

"Neither do I."

"But I don't think you're unarmed." He circled to the right, trying to get a better view of the body without touching it, keeping one eye on her. She went left, keeping one eye on him. "Did you see it?"

"I saw what I was meant to see," she said, her voice as neat and precise as her movements. "Why did he shoot at you?"

It could have sounded like an accusation, but Parker knew it wasn't. "He didn't. He thought he saw it creeping up on me. But there was nothing there."

What?

“He thought he saw it creeping up on me. But there was nothing there."

Why? Why? What? We're just saying shit out of nothing, based on no— out of nowhere based on nothing!

He added, "He saw what he was meant to see."

Her fine mouth twisted in agreement. "It's unfortunate."

This is— Do you hear this shit?

This is supposed to be ~really cool and mysterious~ and it's just meaningless. I'm not reading it again.

Then the door to the post banged open and hurried footsteps crunched on the snow. Mrs. Johnson vanished into the dark with a flick of her skirts. Parker yelled, "Over here!"

Abernathy, Preacher Johnson, Halday and Chipmunk Jim were running toward him from the post.

Johnson moved up beside Halday, saying with grim fear, "So it's in here with us now."

"Maybe it always was." Abernathy looked white-eye scared. "This thing . . . it didn't start until we got here."

"That's what I said," Jim put in, not helpfully.

Ignoring him, Johnson was glaring at Abernathy. "What do you mean? You think it's one of us? Is that what you're saying?"

Abernathy flung his arms up in exasperation. "You heard the old man, none of this happened before we got here! It has to be one of us. I said we should all stay together, but Halday and I were alone in the bunkroom when the shots woke us. Where were you?"

"I was with my wife, where do you think?" Johnson said coldly.

And then that's another line break.

Abernathy stomped back inside, but Halday held a lamp while Johnson and Parker got the body wrapped in a tarp and carried it out to a

> shed near the stockade wall, where the other three bundles were. If it hadn't been for the cold, the place would have smelled like a charnel house by now.

Again, we Martha Wells thinks to just telling us that it's freezing cold. It's literally so cold outside that it's cold even inside, while they're in the fucking tiny kitchen packed with seven people and a stove.

Oops. Phone batter is dying—

Okay, plugged in. Now we can stick that.

(to cat) Sorry, you can go back to sleep. I didn't— Your name is not ‘phone is dying’. Why are you acting like I called you? You're adorable.

> "It can't be one of us," Halday said as they crossed the yard on the way back. He sounded as if he was mostly talking to himself. "No one was alone, except you." He threw a sidelong look at Parker. "And you don't have blood on your clothes."

"Thank you for noticing," Parker agreed.

Johnson said, stubbornly, "It must've climbed the stockade, then got back out again."

And he'll stick to that story 'til it kills us, Parker thought

Because, again, we're pretending that this, that that these people are irrational for, for —

As though the idea of something climbing a fucking wall is unbelievable!

He said, "I'll take the watch. If I can have some shells for the shotgun."

Halday stopped and eyed him. "It's my job, I'll do it."

Lack of blood only went so far, apparently. As the others went into the house, he said, "I'll check the horses, then," and headed toward the barn

Because, again, as the — This is fucking ridiculous.

So, they're they're supposed to be suspicious of this guy and think he might be the serial killer werewolf, but then they literally just continue to let him wander off by himself when he could — if, if we are going with the assumption he's a werewolf that he could just use that to fucking transform and kill some more people!

He glanced back, making sure Halday's attention was on the gate, and stepped into the shadows between the two buildings.

It's night time! Like, how— whatever!

He stood still

Where was— Oh, I scrolled too far.

He stood still a moment, feeling his feet freeze, waiting for his eyes to adjust. Now he could finally have a look for what he had originally come out here to see.

> He made his way through the dark, past the rundown outbuildings. It was too dark to search without a lantern, but on this night that would be like traveling with a brass band.
>
> He reached the stockade wall, and felt his way to the corner. He couldn't see a damn thing and reluctantly tugged his glove off. His fingers were mostly numb, but the marks carved into the post were wide enough to feel with the back of his hand. He stepped away

Again, this is so fucking ridiculous.

Like, dude, Martha Wells, his fingers alone are not numb. His entire hand should be without fucking feeling. This man fucking— He literally took his glove off. This is ridiculous.

> His fingers were mostly numb, but the marks carved into the post were wide enough to feel with the back of his hand.

He has been wearing completely soaking wet clothes for hours now, and they — he, he — at no point did he

take them off to dry. He's literally been wearing them for hours.

Literally, he's literally still wearing soaking wet clothing that is literally sapping his body heat every single fucking second he continues to wear them.

This is literally why every single fucking time you watch a movie or something or even documentaries about people with frostbite, if they are wearing wet clothes, the very first fucking thing you need to do is get them out of the wet clothes, because that literally is sapping away your body heat.

This is why people in movies take off their wet clothes and huddle somewhere dry and get — like, basic fucking shit that literal children are taught when they play in the fucking snow! You take off your wet socks when you come inside or your feet will continue to freeze!

I swear to God.

He couldn't see a damn thing and reluctantly tugged his glove off. His fingers were mostly

> numb, but the marks carved into the post were wide enough to feel with the back of his hand. He stepped away, pulling his glove back on. Those were some kind of hex signs, and the carving wasn't new. They were pointing inward, meaning to protect whatever was in the compound. "Not doing such a great job at that," he said under his breath.
>
> Unless they were. It could be that, Parker thought. He should have gone with first impressions.
>
> He went back to the house, moving quietly, keeping to the dark patches. The floorboards of the back porch didn't creak, and somebody had left the latch lifted on the kitchen door. But Chipmunk Jim had been awful careless for a man who was being stalked by a werewolf or whatever the hell.

You all are. They are literally just let you wander off by yourself again. This is ridiculous.

Parker had thought about trying to enlist Halday's help and already discarded the notion. Appearances aside, Johnson would probably be the one most likely to keep his head. But explanations and proof would take too long, and they would all end up with their insides steaming on the ground. And he still wasn't certain where Mrs. Johnson fit into all this, if she was an innocent bystander or cheering from the grandstand.

He had to pass through the front room to get to rest of the house, and Johnson was in there with Abernathy, sitting on opposite sides of the room, both watching the door.

Let me get a drink. Any comments?

(From offscreen) Just that there's nothing happening.

Yep.

Parker nodded to them as he went through to the back, down the dark hallways, past the locked doors that led to rooms for storage of

supplies and beds for passengers, past the presumably locked door to the bedroom Mrs. Johnson had taken.

Halday had put the guns in a locked room in the back that did the duty of a safe for mail. Parker felt for the lock with a certain degree of confidence; he had been a safecracker before it got easier to just blow the things up. But the hasp was already broken.

Well, you should have seen this coming, he told himself wearily. He stepped back and pushed the door open with a finger.

Jim was standing inside, leaning against the cabinet where Halday had put the guns. He chuckled merrily to himself. The chipmunk teeth were now long and white and pointed on the ends. He said, "Now tell old Jim what gave him away."

"There was hex marks protecting whatever's inside the stockade. If you could do that, you could stop anybody with a wolf curse," Parker

> said, to give himself time to think. Jim had long dirty claws now too, long sharp ones, that hadn't been there an instant ago.

We literally just said Jim had long dirty claws now. long, sharp ones. We literally described the claws as long twice, in like, under 10 words.

Um…

> His coat had fallen open to show nothing under it but a squat muscular body covered with straggly black fur soaked with blood.

So, this man's fur is also soaked with blood. He's also freezing to death. Oh my gosh.

Especially because this is implying that he's been soaked with blood the whole time. This man's also dead. Everybody here has frozen to death.

> Jim had smelled pretty foul as it was, but the cold had disguised the worst of the odor.

Martha Wells is also really obsessed with the idea that predatory animals smell terrible because, like most random fucking conservatives, they don't use logic.

Um,

> but the cold had disguised the worst of the odor. "But it's not a wolf curse, is it?"
>
> "Oh, no. That was just a joke." Jim chuckled. "You weren't the only one I was teasin'. Funny, huh? What's the point of someone being a werewolf and smelling the witchery on me, and then not being able to tell anybody about it because you can't say how you know? Now that's funny."
>
> "You used a chimera to make Johnson and Abernathy think you were with them when Gunderson was killed."

These are all just statements. These aren't questions, by the way.

"You used a chimera to make Johnson and Abernathy think you were with them when Gunderson was killed." Parker took a step backward, trying to think where the nearest weapon was, if he could make it all the way outside to Halday and the shotgun.

And this is— This is so fucking ridiculous.

Jim shrugged. "Didn't have to. Just gave them a little nudge to make 'em fall asleep. I was in the yard with you the whole time, boy. When they come running up I just stepped up behind them like I'd been following them the whole time."

This is ridiculous.

Harry had always said Parker liked to make things too complicated. He took another step backward. "So you thought you'd live in the woods, eat folks, for fun?"

Jim shook his head, grinning. "I came out here to get away from the witchcatchers back east,

> but the damn Indians sniffed me out. The local medicine man made one of my rituals backfire and I ended up like this. I hadn't tried any since; they're dangerous stuff."

Again, literally saying that the Native Americans are actually dangerous and can hurt you with their magic, their scary, scary magic.

Uh...

> Parker took the last step and slammed the door, but Jim was damn fast. He was just turning to run when the door burst open, knocking him flat. He shoved to his feet and slammed his way about seven paces down the hall when claws caught in his coat and yanked him flat.

> Parker twisted around and saw Jim leering down at him. Parker kicked at his kneecap, connecting hard, and sending Jim falling forward,

What?

flailing.

We're— We're pretending he got kicked in the knee, very hard, and is falling forward from that. He got kicked in the front of his knee and he's falling forward.

Parker rolled and scrambled up, lunging forward again but a set of claws wrapped around his ankle and pulled him down.

Also, again, I have to keep pointing this out the entire goddamn time: His clothes are still soaking wet. He's literally still freezing to death, because he hasn't taken off his wet clothes.

Uh

Then the nearest door flew open. It startled Jim enough that he let go when Parker scraped at his hand with his bootheel. It gave Parker just enough time to get his feet under him and

> throw himself through the door and into the room.
>
> He landed on the dusty floor and realized the dark figure looming over him was Mrs. Johnson, bonnet askew and furious, holding an ax.
>
> Jim lunged in after Parker

And, also, I— let's do some basic media analysis here: The the bonnet is supposed to be representing of her her real place in society, but it's askew, and she's furious, and she's holding an axe.

[Sarcasm] This is the same as actually writing something like, progressive about women, isn't it? [end sarcasm]

Uh...

> Jim lunged in after Parker and got the first swing right in the face. He staggered back, yowling like a wounded bear,

I would not describe bears as yowling, but whatever, you could have said, roaring like a wounded bear.

and Parker shoved to his feet, breathing hard.

A faint line of consternation between her perfect brows, Mrs. Johnson

Oh Oh, I hate — Jesus Christ. I'm gonna—

I'm getting the cat spectator — because — before I—

Everybody put your fucking guesses in the telepathic group chat.

(to cat) Watch out. Thank you.

All right. I had to walk away, so I'm back.

All right.

A faint line of consternation between her perfect brows, Mrs. Johnson handed him the bloody ax, saying, "Better cut his head off to make certain."

> There wasn't much else to do under the circumstances. Parker took the ax and said, "Yes, ma'am."

And then it's a line break. So, literally, the woman doesn't even actually get to kill the fucking monster.

She literally has to hand the axe over to a man so that he can do it instead.

And then there's a line break, because we can't ever actually show the final battles.

She just likes to skip past them.

Mhm.

Uh so under that line break:

> What with all the explanations of how Jim turned out to be a monster, Parker didn't get a chance to talk to Mrs. Johnson in private until the next morning, when Halday and the others were occupied with harnessing the horses and loading the coach. They were going to take

Jim's poor packmules with them, since there was no telling when the stage company would be able to get someone to take over the post.

The sky was gray and overcast, but it didn't smell like more rain was on the way. Mrs. Johnson was standing primly on

Primly.

Mrs. Johnson was standing primly on the porch, wrapped in her dark coat, her little hands gloved again.

So much fucking misogyny.

Without looking at him she said, "You knew. About me, I mean. When?"

Standing below her on the muddy ground, Parker leaned against the post. "When you took your gloves off in the kitchen." He thought that would have been a good moment to take her hand, but across the yard, Preacher Johnson was holding the horses for Halday and had one

eye on him. It was a shame. He had never had a woman hit anybody with an ax for him before, and it had quite turned his head. He just explained, "You keep your fingernails cut back so you don't accidentally scratch anyone. What I didn't realize is that you were checking the food to make sure Jim didn't put any curses on it. He looked so unhealthy, I just thought you were checking it over for rot."

She nodded slightly, keeping her eyes on the other men across the yard. "He knew, as soon as I stepped off the coach. As I knew what he was." She folded her hands tightly. "You haven't said anything yet, so I assume you don't intend to."

"Oh no, ma'am," Parker assured her. "My friend Harry has the same condition."

She looked down at him then. Her face was still serious but her dark eyes were smiling. "You haven't told me your name," she said, not making it a question.

> Considering what he knew about her, Parker couldn't see why not. "It's Robert Parker, ma'am."
>
> Parker managed to be the one to hand her into the coach, though Preacher Johnson gave him a dark look. Parker just tipped his hat and smiled.

And that's the end of it.

That's the end.

That's the end.

It's over now.

(from offscreen) You do commentary then.

Huh? Yeah. Yeah, I got to grab the other one.

(from offscreen) I like how we're ignoring that this is a married woman because they're both in charge. Like what is he? Is he a Catholic preacher? Is he just

a Christian preacher? Does Christianity exist in this world?

No idea. But they are allowed to marry.

(from offscreen) Yeah. Um I knew that that from Wicked Yeah, that being about his own father.

Okay. Like, all right, before we do anything else, she the, the, the, the quote unquote “plot twist” that's not a plot twist, because it's badly written, is that she's a werewolf and she knew that Jim, the old man with dwarfism, she knew that he was the fucking serial killer the whole time, but she didn't do anything about it.

And we're pretending that, “oh, well, she she couldn't do anything about it. She had to keep her own her own secret.” And it's like, at the expense of other people's lives?!?

Like, how many people died in this fucking story???

(from offscreen) A bunch!

So many people died!

(from offscreen) Four, I think. And like Yeah. Because they mentioned somebody was sent back disembowled and tied to their horse, which then also died.

Yeah. And a horse. So like sh— this, this, this, this lady is a horrible fucking person, and she is just as fucking responsible for all this shit!

Like, she, she knew who was the fucking culprit the entire goddamn time, and presumably her husband knows, she's a werewolf, so she could have told him, and they knew the whole entire time, and then they still didn't do anything about it!

And Martha Wells wants us to think, "Oh, they're such good people. She's such a cool person because she's— she has tiny hands, and perfect brows and stands primly.”

She's a rich white woman. She's literally a rich white woman who who didn't lift a fucking finger to save

anybody's lives when it was entirely within her fucking power.

She literally knew who the fucking killer was the entire time and didn't do a single thing to let anybody know about that, and, and didn't even put any effort in to hint at it.

She— Okay, we're stopping him—

She literally could have played into the stereotype of a scared white woman, and she could have just pretended to be terrified of Jim and make something up, but she literally didn't do anything at all.

She knew who the killer was the entire time and was just happy to let him continue.

(from offscreen) Literally, as long as it didn't impact the food she was eating.

Mhm.

Anyways, yeah, Martha Wells has not improved her writing in 32 fucking years.

That's longer than I've been alive that she's been writing professionally.

And she literally has not improved at all.

And she is in fact actively getting worse.

I can read Rapport now as the final— Well, this video is definitely going to run out of space.

It's an hour and a half and also my phone's overheating, which is probably why Mr. Eclipsy likes to sit on it.

All right, look at this sleepy kitty. [shows black and white cat]

(to cat) Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you up. You can go back to sleep. Yep. Bye-bye.

19

It's December 14th, 2025. All of the transcripts are finally edited and I figured out how to get Calibre to read out loud to me.

Okay, for anybody else trying to figure out how to get this work, open your ebook in Calibre. Or how are you saying it? Calib-ree? Calib-ray? Calibre. I don't — I always thought it was like you're Calibreting something. I thought it was like playing on the word free as in like it's a, it's, I don't know what cal stands for. Maybe a catalog or something. That doesn't make sense...

Anyways, right click and then click read aloud. And if it says if — it'll, it'll take a few seconds to think about it.

And uh if it then says, "Oh, there's an error." Um, when you've clicked the read aloud thing, a little popup will show up in the top right corner. Click the little gears icon and then there should be some thing saying like, your profile or whatever. Just click like, legacy or modern, uh, Windows thingy.

(to offscreen) Hand me that that orange cloth. Forgot to clean the lens. It's dirty. There's the camera. It's okay.

Uh, mine was set to whatever default. Calibray, Calibree, Calibre, however the fuck you're supposed to pronounce it. Mine was set to some weird default. There's like three options. Mine was set to the third one. The other two is like a legacy Windows something or other, and then a modern Windows something or other.

My laptop is on Windows 10, so I put modern Windows, so now it works. And then you can also, um, right click and then click profiles, I think that's where is at. Okay. Now to to change what voice depending on your system, you go to the little — you click, right click, turn it on, and then click the gears in the upper little tiny box corner thing, and then click whatever language, and then whatever voices are downloaded to your computer, it'll start listing them out.

But I'm going to have the computer read what's in the book because that means I just don't have — I have to talk less because it gets very tiring. So we'll see if this will work.

Gotta click it. It'll take a few seconds to think about it.

But um just for the record, we are at — we just got through Murderbot saying, "Oh yeah, I have a very simple plan to simply, um, hack a taxi — an automated, automatic taxi that's not a person and, and just sneak over and get what I want, and then sneak away, and have nobody know I was there."

Perfect plan. Completely morally neutral plan because hacking a regular old taxi that's not a, ~a robot in disguise~. It's not a robot inves— Yeah. It's not a robot in disguise. It's just a fucking taxi on autopilot.

That is morally neutral. unlike everything else that Murderbot has ever done, which is just torturing people for fun and murdering people.

—And that glue is so stinky. We got arts and crafts over here. There's arts and crafts going on with stinky glue. It's not as bad as it could be, but it's still stinky.

Um, yeah, we just got done of Murderbot saying, "Yeah, my plan's going—”

Oh, wait. Hold on. because I think we read that interview after recording the last video.

You know how I said, assuming you're watching all of these videos, you know how I said that I have literally always gotten time travel fucking vibes?

Let me make a bookmark. Can I make a bookmark? Well, that Okay. Yeah. Let me Can I Okay. New...Okay.

Well, I didn't make a bookmark for it, but you know how, assuming you're watching all these videos in proper order, which you should be, I said at at the start of what, like — right before Murderbot boarded ART and came to know that ART was even there—

I said, I've literally always gotten time travel fucking vibes from this one description. From the very first time that I read it, it's just like pinging all of my I'm — I love time travel. I love time travel. I love time loop stories. I love alternate universes. It's fun as hell.

The one scene in here where Murderbot is going — it's, it's boarded the space station and is going to the ship that it decided it was going to get on, and *all of a sudden*, before it gets there, it can't, because a haulerbot crashed or something like that, I don't remember the details, so now it, it's changing —

Instead of going to the ship it originally planned on, it has to go to ART instead.

And from the very first time I read this, that just seemed way too fucking convenient and out of nowhere with how the rest of this shit is written, because it's not like characters are constantly having to, you know, *reckon with a world that exists outside them*, cuz it's badly written.

Like that just doesn't happen in this series.

And I— and that's that's just from Book One. And it— it's, it's always held true, except for this one weird as fuck moment that's just very fucking weird and out of place.

So I've literally always gotten weird freaky creepy time travel vibes from it. Like, literally having me asking, from the very first time I read this book, “Okay, are we going to get the reveal that somebody time traveled back in time at some point to force Murderbot to not — to divert away from that original ship and get on board ART instead so that it meets

ART earlier in the timeline? Because that's the vibe I'm getting here.”

And it turns out I'm literally fucking correct. Not not in the way that I thought, but literally fucking correct. What I said, not literally, but literally. No, lit. Not not literally in the exact literature—

(from offscreen) Literatur lit literaturily literaturily. Literarily.

Literarily I am correct.

You know why I got time travel fucking vibes of “That is completely unnatural and something is off here”?

It's because I just found out from another interview of Martha Wells that somebody else pointed me to, um, yeah, that's like that because *she had an entirely different story written to begin with and then she deleted all of that and then just changed and made that diversion to make Murderbot go meet ART instead* because she was originally— Huh? \

(from offscreen) I'm just giggling about the, the badness of the what you're about to say. Yeah.

Originally, she literally planned to have the whole ~Murderbot gets a surgery to make it look more human~. She literally is happy to admit that her original plan was to just reveal that as a single paragraph as all of that shit happened offcreen between Book One and this one starting.

That was her original plan. And she doesn't see like. any problem with saying that that's what she was going to do.

Like she's not saying it as in, "Yeah, I realized that would be really shitty, that's just a terrible thing." How she phrases it, ~oh that would make it seem like I'm writing something I don't even believe in.~

And it's like, that's what you're already doing.

But like, she — her literal plan was going to to be that, ~oh yeah, I will just casually reveal that all of this shit happened offscreen~ and it was just going to be a single fucking paragraph.

(from offscreen) Probably a sentence

Like and then yeah, I was literally right about the time travel shit, and feeling like this shit is happening because — to divert an entire alternate universe that originally happened in the original fucking timeline, and now this is being done to make Murderbot go meet ART.

And that's literally what fucking happened!

Martha Wells literally had an entirely different godamn story written out and then deleted all of that back to right there to make this happen instead.

And then **she still didn't actually edit that first section** that she deleted everything back to, so that what she's writing now makes sense with what she didn't delete.

Like at that point, if you're only going to keep however much there was before that, which is not a lot at all, get rid of that, too, and start the whole thing from scratch so, it all makes sense and lines up.

But she didn't do that.

Which is why my fucking time travel fucking vibes alerts, not vibes, which is why the time travel fucking alarms, alarms were all going off. My fucking spidey senses. Literally, that's what happened.

It's ridiculous.

Anyways, we are now, according to Calibre, 35% of the fucking way through this story, which is just ridiculous because pretty much nothing has happened.

Like we don't act like we could have spent all this time, not really progressing the actions itself, but we could have been getting to know Murderbot better, or at least getting to know ART in detail, but we're not doing any of those things.

We're not actually getting to know the characters any better.

And we're — we're like, we don't, we don't know Murderbot any better than we did in Book One.

And we don't really know ART at all, because it's just lying about everything.

And Martha Wells is going to wreck most of this shit later, and then we still — we, like —

So, we're not getting to know the characters.

We haven't spent 35% of the entire goddamn story fleshing out the characters more.

We haven't fleshed out the world building and, and we're not we're not progressing the plot yet.

35% of the way through the story and we haven't accomplished anything.

So yeah, we're are now under an uh “dot dot dot” uh, “asterisk asterisk asterisk” as Microsoft Zira is going to read off to us when I click uh, read now.

But yeah, to sum it up for all the people skipping around at random instead of looking at the number at the start of the episode and thinking, “hm, if this is

number 18 or 19, cuz I have an intermission, um, maybe I should go to episode one.”

No, they're just — you're just reading reading watching it at random —

Um, yeah, Murderbot had just revealed ~Oh, yeah. My plan is to sneak aboard a taxi, a thing I can do without any effort whatsoever.~ Because remember, everything that's not company technology is so easy to hack it doesn't take any effort at all!

So, Murderbot can do this so easily.

It was just going to be a stealth mission when Murderbot has 100 Sneak, like me, and fucking Skyrim literally just — or no, that was Oblivion: I didn't know who Mannimarco was, but I perfectly shot him and snuck my way back out of the cave without anybody noticing.

I, I, I wasn't even paying attention to the quest. This is from years and years ago.

Um, like the time I perfectly shot somebody in Skyrim in the ankle, which is what I was aiming for, and it was delightful.

Like, Murderbot, it would be so fucking easy for it to simply just hack a goddamn autopilot taxi. A fucking auto— Oh, it's literally an automobile.

Literally an automobile!

Why do we pronounce mobile like that instead of mobile? British and automobile. Oh, yeah. I guess it is British.

It would have been literally *effortless* for Murderbot to just hack a thing, sneak over, sneak around there, sneak back, and then it's done.

But ART has suggested, "No, actually, what you, the runaway slave who's trying to avoid attention, what you should do is create a fucking paper trail to prove that you were here and, and put yourself in front of all the cameras, in front of all the fucking things, and just make a paper trail."

And it's like, *why*?

This is — this is not providing any benefits whatsoever towards, towards Murderbots's well-being, anything like that.

Like, it would be one thing if we were saying “you need money” because you — like, just say it's, “it's actually not possible to hack the money thingies, money systems, and that like, yeah, you can try hacking shit, but this would be a really easy way for you to make money, and it's probably the least dangerous way you can make money that you're going to find as a runaway slave.

So, like you really cannot afford to pass up this opportunity to get money right now because you're definitely going to need that in the future.”

Like, we could have said something like that. But, you know, money doesn't actually exist in this universe, even though it's supposed to be criticizing capitalism, but you know, the characters? They don't actually need money for anything, because, you know, um they

they all conveniently don't fucking eat. And if they do eat, well, uh food's free.

It's like — it's, it's it's so fucking lazy and shallow.

Anyways, have we ever seen them eat anything?

They— in Home: Habitat, Range, Niche, Territory, they were sitting around drinking coffee and weird juice shit. But like, what are they eating for food?

Exactly.

What kind of things do they grow on Preservation?

Exactly. Exactly.

We don't fucking know, because there's no goddamn world building.

All right, so, let's see if I can right click. See if this will read out loud.

It takes a bit of —

[automated reader interrupts]

> Once ART was docked and the transit rings bought piloted tugs were removing the cargo modules, it cycled the lock for me and I slipped through into the imbarcation zone. It had given me access to its comm so it could ride my feed through the transit ring. It claimed it could help me, and while I was skeptical of that, it could at least keep me company.
>
> As I walked away from the safety of arts lock, I dropped back down to 96% efficiency. I hit the station entertainment feeds for new downloads to try to calm down.

Okay. Well, ju— I guess just for a test video, I'll just have it read that, and then I'll watch, I'll just make this video shorter than the rather other ones, and then I'll just watch that to see if it was actually coming through at all, cuz I can't really put the phone closer to the speaker.

So anyways, “dot dot dot” or line break.

> Once ART was docked and the transit rings bot piloted tugs were removing the cargo modules,

> it cycled the lock for me and I slipped through into the embarcation zone. It had given me access to its comm so it could ride my feed through the transit ring. It claimed it could help me while I was

“It claimed it could help me” that — she's missing a comma. There should be a comma. See? Okay. I had this — I've I a what few weeks ago probably, at this point I read aloud the short story Man Made by somebody whose name starts with an A. I forget the author's name.

But that's a good story, but it's missing a lot of fucking commas, so, it makes reading it out loud unnecessarily difficult, because the point of commas is to tell you, when you're reading it out loud, where to put emphasis, where to pause, all this kinds of shit, it's conveying so much information.

Huh?

(from offscreen) Where to breathe.

Where to breathe. Where to pause and breathe because you're you're giving a statement, stuff.

We're missing a comma here. “It claimed it could help me.” There should be a comma after “me”.

And while I was skeptical of that

Comma, see it did properly put a comma. It — Martha Wells did properly put a comma there.

And while I was skeptical of that,

See the comma there helps us put emphasis on the word “that” and also says ‘pause and then continue’.

So, this sentence should be “it claimed it could help me, and while I was skeptical of that, it could at least keep me company.” What we get instead is, because we're missing a fucking comma after me, it's instead is:

“It claimed it could help me and while I was skeptical of that, it could at least keep me company.”

You see the difference? You can just, like, just pause this video and go to our channel and just look up the audio book I made for Man Made by what's the author's name? I don't remember. Sorry, man. I don't remember what your name is.

(from offscreen) [muffled]

Yeah, duh. Obviously, it's public domain or I wouldn't be making an audio book for it.

You can see — you can listen to that and read along. I think I made that one so you can see it in the document. But like, you can see me have — stumbling over sentences because it's like, dude, you just — you just put a comma there so I know how I'm supposed to — where I'm supposed to be doing stuff.

I'm literally going to have to edit commas into that on my own time and then make another audio recording that's better, because I'll know when where emphasis is supposed to be going.

But anyways, yeah, we're missing a fucking comma.

And again, I wouldn't be nitpicking all of this shit if these were free to read online, but they're *not* free to read online. They're extremely fucking expensive for how short they are.

Again, we're 35% of the way through this story already, and nothing has happened.

Like, nothing has happened besides torturing Murderbot, and that only lasted like, like four pages. We're supposed to be breezing past that like there's no fucking tomorrow.

Uh yeah, “it claimed it could help me”

(from offscreen) [muffled]

No, but there should be.

> And while I was skeptical of that, it could at least keep me company. As I walked away from the safety of ART's lock,

Again, so why commas are in the correct spot the rest of this paragraph? Why are we missing the one that's needed? Uh,

> As I walked away from the safety of ART's lock, I dropped back down to 96% efficiency. I hit the station entertainment feeds for new downloads to try to calm down.

It's like again, ART's claiming that it's going to help Murderbot with this mission that Mur— ART is sending Murderbot on, but it's like, you, you could have just — you could have just made this a stealth mission.

We could have at least been given the motivation of “You need money. I know you've been able to get by now so far without money, but you you stole those fucking clothes you're wearing from another — from some other fucking poor person. I don't think you understand the consequences of that.”

Cuz Martha Wells sure as shit doesn't want us to think about the consequences for that.

This is a capitalist dystopia supposedly. What do you think happens if your uniform, which probably doesn't even belong to you, gets stolen from you, as a poor person? It's not going to be anything good.

But Martha Wells doesn't want us to think about that, because she doesn't care about poor people, so, we're not supposed to even notice that this is a problem that Murderbot has probably caused somebody.

If this story were well written, um, that happening would cause a fucking cascade effect of all kinds of shit. Maybe that—

(from offscreen) [muffled]

Huh?

(from offscreen) I'm giggling over here because what if ~the old enemy~ is a —

I think I said that. I think I said that because appar — uh, there's another teaser summary for book eight, which is technically book 13, saying ~an old enemy returns~ and it's like, okay, but Murderbot doesn't

have any old enemies. But I did joke “Oh, it's probably the person whose fucking uniform it stole.”

Anyways, um...

> I'd already sent a message to the social feed node about the advertisement.

Hold on, let me get a drink of water. First of all, I must — don’t turn the laptop off.

(to cat) Hi, Sapphire. Don't you come over here and cause problems now. Okay. Go be a cute little kitty. Go play with your toy. Come here.

Let me put my water there. I'm just going to see if I can crochet while I'm doing this at the same time, cuz I'm crocheting something I don't actually have to look at.

(to cat) No, cutie kitty. You're — You're too cuddly right now. I'm sorry. Come here. Come here. You're so heavy. Here. You can sit with me some other time. You got to — You got to — You're adorable. No. No. You're too cuddly.

I can't multitask this much.

(to cat) All right. Look at your fluffy tail. No…

(from offscreen) If she goes that way, she'll definitely unplug the computer.

Did you throw the toy yet? Yes.

(to cat) Come here. Come here, cutie. Come here. Thank you. I know. You're so cute.

Properly wipes that —

Unless I smelled it again. Kitties. A

ll right. Sapphire is is sabotaging it by really wanting attention right now. Okay.

(to cat) You could have come to sit with me at any point. All right. Okay, let me sit down. Let me sit down. Come here. Smacking your own face on my keyboard. Are you going to sit with me or not? Come here.

[fluffy black and white cat visible] This is Sapphire. She's super fluffy. Unrelated to Mr Lupon.

(to cat) Hello. Hello, fluffy kitty. Here, I I got to put the keyboard. Thank you. Look at her fluffy fluffy legs. Are you going to sit with me? You're adorable. Just don't knock the phone over here. Sit right here. Sit right here.

I hope you can at least hear her purring since she's blocking the entire camera.

(to cat) You're adorable.

Um, okay. Let me read that sentence again while Sapphire, I guess. All right. Yeah.

(to cat) Are you going to sit with me? Hi. You going to sit with me? You going to sit here?

Look at this fluffy kitty.

(to cat) Don't, please don't put holes in my shirt. It's a nice shirt. Hi. Hello. Oh my gosh. You want to look at

the camera? You want to look at the camera? She wants to nuzzle me. Hi.

> I'd already sent a message to the social

(to cat) Hey, you're stabbing my shirt. No claws in my shirt.

> I'd already sent a message to the social feed node.

We're using the word node here for the feed and it's like for no good reason.

(to cat) What are you purring about? It's your butt [in the way].

uh with

> I'd already sent a message to the social feed node about the advertisement and had got and gotten an answer with a lo and gotten an answer with a location and time stamp.

And again, we still are not being just told in basic, basic fucking words to let us have a basic understanding of the situation, how the feed is supposed to work, cuz we're now — we're getting told it's some kind of node: n o d e, with no other description whatsoever of how this works.

> The last time I'd had an arranged meeting with humans they

And again missing a comma, there should be a comma there after the word humans.

“The last time I'd had an arranged meeting with humans, *comma*, they kidnapped Mensah and blew me up, comma.”

So, so like we literally we have a comma after the word “blew me up” as — after the words “blew me up”. Yeah. And again, missing a comma there. And then:

> This could hardly be worse. I hacked.

[holding yarn] Let me, Let me let me try this so I can I don't Yeah, I was doing this in the dark car yesterday. I don't need to look at it as long as I get the fucking hook in the spot.

> I hacked my way through

It's just, again I can't take anything by magic. Literally, no, just wait.

It's, it's, it's just reinforcing again, like, none of this is even remotely difficult for Murderbot. There's literally no stakes whatsoever.

This blanket is getting big.

> I hacked my way through the Embarcation Zone security and out into the rings mall.

It's literally so easy and so *not worth commenting upon* that we're just — we're just skipping straight over any descriptions of it or, or even *trying* to tell us that it's difficult. It's so Murderbot,

(from offscreen) ~So cool. Of course, it's super duper easy to to to just hack its way through all the security on a space station. It's so — It requires so little it—~

Yeah, it's never been here before. It's not like it's lived here its whole life and has managed to figure out all this shit. No, it's just, it's ridiculous. Oh my god.

So, yeah, this is how easy it is for Murderbot to hack its way through the, the, the security itself on the actual space station.

Now, imagine how much easier it would have been to hack a single fucking automobile in the truest sense, and then just sneak aboard, instead of creating a paper trail for no fucking reason.

Like, there doesn't need to be a paper trail.

We don't need to have a slave showing its face to everybody with a goddamn paper trail.

> I hacked my way through embarcation zone security and out into the ring's mall. It was

> utilitarian compared to both the last transit ring and port free commerce.

I'm conf— Oh, we've teleported. Okay, that's — I was like, wait, what do you — what do you mean? It's compared to both — Port Free Commerce is the one where Murderbot is originally from where the, the company which is totally not Weyland Yutani — is located, and then I guess the, the one that Murderbot was just on for 5 seconds.

Okay, so we're just teleporting straight to the new location.

All right, that's so goddamn lazy.

Anyways, um,

> it was utilitarian compared to both the last transit ring and port free commerce. No garden pods, no hollow sculptures, no big hollow displays advertising arrays of ship rights and cargo factories and other business.

Okay, when have we ever been given descriptions of any of these fucking things???

“No garden pods, no holo sculptures, no big holo displays.”

It's like, when have we ever been given descriptions of these things even remotely recently, like???? You can't say it's different from those other two, as though when Murderbot walk but then — blah did not exist or get mentioned before now, like, imagine if the start of this book had opened with Murderbot walking past all the things that we're saying this space station right here *doesn't have* in comparison to the ones that supposedly did.

Even though like — I — I'm, Yeah, we were told that the, the other space station that it's from had all this shit. Not this one, though.

And it's it's just bad writing again. It's ridiculous.

Uh,

> No big hollow displays advertising arrays of ship rights and cargo factors and other businesses. No shiny new interface vending machines.

So, you can get augments, which is what interfaces are, or — \

Let me get the keyboard over here. I don't need that.

So, you're telling me you can just literally get interfaces —again, a thing that we don't actually have any description of. Like, you could — I could be — I could refer to the phone that I'm recording this on, I could call this thing an interface, because it's technically — it technically is an interface for the internet. It's letting me interface with the internet.

We don't know what the fuck interfaces — We've literally never been given a single description besides being told that they come in jewel colors, and you can get them in all colors of the rainbow.

And apparently now you can just get them from a vending machine anywhere.

It's like, can we just get a basic description of how they work?

Also, why don't why do they have all this shit, but then they don't have just basic fucking cell phones?

I guarantee you anything an interface can do, my cell phone right now can do. Or at least *somebody's* cell phone can do. Maybe not mine, but like this is ridiculous.

Um,

> No shiny new interface vending machines.

And saying shiny new interface vending machines. as though the, the vending machines are what's shiny and new, not the interfaces that you get from it.

> Also, no big passenger transports coming through. So, not nearly as big a crowd of

And then we have a comma

> of humans or bots.

Again, see that comma? See how that comma functions in literally just me reading it out loud?

> Also, no big passenger transports coming through, so not nearly as big a crowd of humans or bots.

Well, for once, we say just humans instead of saying of “humans and augmented humans or bots”, because I'd have to commit murder.

> ART's idea was beginning to seem less like a stupid risk and more like a necessity. Blending in here would be harder if everyone was only here on their way to on their way to and from the installations on the moon.

Okay. Okay. But your plan wasn't to come here at all. Your plan was to literally hack a, an ~Autobot~ and — hack a fucking automobile and go directly to the moon and then leave! There was no go between!

“Let's go to the space station and put ourselves on camera and make a paper trail”, That was literally not

part of the original — Murderbot's original plan whatsoever!

It was literally just “sneak in, sneak out.” That was it. It was literally a perfect plan. There's there was nothing wrong with the plan.

Again, as I've said, it would have been so easy to justify doing this instead, by pointing out “you need money. You can't actually hack those things. You you actually do need money if you're gonna get shit.”

Like you could have also easily add attention to Murderbot sneaking in, by Murderbot getting caught.

Literally. Literally. It's right there. Literally.

So fucking mistakes.

Literally.

Because this is Murderbot not immediately acing every single thing it does.

Mhm. We keep getting told Murderbot's a poor little underdog who wasn't given any education modules, but then everything about security friends —

It knows everything. It knows everything it needs to know.

Yeah. Literally, it gets it knows all this shit about security that it's claiming to have learned from television, even though we then get very, very uh heavy-handedly told it doesn't watch that kind of TV.

And it's like, but and also, *that kind of TV* wouldn't be on show anyways, and if, if that kind of TV *was* that common, then everybody would know this shit.

(from offscreen) It's not like Murderbot’s so uniquely capable of learning skills from watching TV.

This — Yeah. Anyways, we're just saying, "Yeah, ART was right. ART was so smart. ART was correct."

And it's like, okay, but we're just being *told* that. We're not being shown that. Like it — if, if ART had

been actually correct, it would have been so easy to show us this, and let *us* come to this conclusion.

But instead we are literally just being told it immediately, with no actual proof whatsoever.

Literally the second word about sec— literally, we are literally still in the same fucking paragraph.

All of this that I've read so far uh since getting this is the same paragraph.

> ART's ideas was beginning to seem less like a stupid risk

And it's like, okay, but it, it [Murderbot] literally did not consider this plan to be a stupid risk in the first place.

ART literally said, “hey, let's do my thing instead.”

And then it was like, “yeah!” just instantaneously accepted as “that's what's going to happen now”, for no reason.

> Blending in here would be harder if everyone was only here

And like to be clear, we're not — by saying “blending in here was going to be easier” No, we're not we're not talking about the forced surgery, this is just of “Murderbot got a job”.

So that's why — [squints at yarn] I did that chain wrong. Hold on. [continues crocheting]

We're not— We're not saying that Murderbot — ART fucking making Murderbot have a surgery it didn't want to do, we're not saying that's actually helpful.

We're just saying “ART's plan to give Murderbot a paper trail was a good idea”, based on nothing.

> In my feed, ART said, "I told you so."

Because, you know, Martha Wells loves ART. It's her favorite fucking character she's ever written.

One, two, three, five.

The — and then, and then there's no commentary on ART saying, "I told you so” whatsoever. That's the end of that first paragraph when we get here.

It starts with “I hacked my way through the embarcation zone security” blah blah blah and then and then ends with “in my feed ART said I told you so.”

You didn't say that. You literally did not tell it so, though, because there was no fucking conversation whatsoever.

Again, this isn't the — this is not Murderbot's quest location.

This is not where its fucking quest marker is.

This is the in-between place to where its quest marker is, and it could literally have effortlessly just fast-traveled to its goddamn quest location, and then fast-traveled away again.

This is like if I don't know, we'll just make something up about Fallout 4.

This is like if our characters had the ability to teleport into the Institute at literally any point, and could teleport directly into like, Father's bedroom, or the synth making lab thingy, and just kill all the slave owners without without ever getting caught, because we're just that good at sneaking and hacking security systems and shit.

And then instead of — which demonstrated on page, which we've just demonstrated on page, like, literally it's so good at hacking shit, we are not even bothering to get a description, or even being told ~oh it was so difficult, trust me~ like you know the magic in Witch King.

Yeah, we're like, imagine if instead of doing all that, we, we instead do the whole “I'm gonna walk in the front door and make it really obvious what I'm here for.”

But, you know, not that Fallout 4 is well written in any way.

Anyways,

> The location for the meeting was a food service place in the main mall area. It was in a large transparent bubble in the second level of the mall.

We're using the word mall too many times. Like we've already been told it's in the mall. You don't need to say it's in the mall again in the very next paragraph.

> The location for the meeting was a food service place in the main mall area. It was a large transparent bubble in the second level of the mall overlooking

Like you — if I were, you know, uh, Lee Harris who got paid to edit this shit, what I would do is, I would just combine these two sentences, which I haven't even finished reading the second sentence yet. I guess I should do that.

> It was in the large in a large transparent bubble in the second level of the mall overlooking the walkways and counter service stalls below.

Again, no des— actual description of anything going on here.

[looking at crochet] Why do I keep having knots be tied in my yarn?

Okay, you know, how to fix these fucking sentences: “The location for the meeting was a food service place that was in a large transparent bubble on the second floor of the mall, overlooking the shops below.”

That's all you got to say. That's all you got to do to fix that, because you're saying mall twice in as many sentences and just repeating the same information twice.

Again, basic, *basic* editing, and it wasn't done.

> There were multiple open levels inside inside the food area with tables and chairs and it was 40% full of humans and augmented humans.
>
> As I walked through, I picked up the occasional buzz of a drone, but no pings.

A thing we've still never been given a single fucking explanation for what that goddamn means in this setting.

Because you'll even remember, just back to the very start of this book, we're told that Murderbot has to go to a specific panel on ART's side to ping it through.

But then you can also ping people from a distance.

And you can also just send out a directionless ping, is which is what's going to happen in book three.

It's like, can you please for the love of fuck just explain to us what a ping is in this world, and how it functions in this world, because, okay, here's a little bit of a tangent but it's on topic.

I've read all of the Dragon Riders of Pern books by Anne McAffrey, because I'm a completionist.

They're not good. the world building... she doesn't know how evolution works.

But then again, I also don't think Martha Wells understands how evolution works.

But that is a conversation for a Books of the Raksura video, which is not what this is.

Okay. I've read all of the Dragon Riders of Pern books. It's a science fiction fantasy series, because they're on — they've got dragons, but they're genetically engineered dragons on an alien planet.

(from offscreen) Okay, that's explicitly an alien planet in —?

Shhhhhhh. That's irrelevant. I said alien planet. All the other shit is implied.

Okay.

So, so this I mean, the book series are not — the books are not fine. There are so many things. Fine is not on that list of words. But it would be fine, on a basic level, if except for the fact that Anne and her son Todd McAffrey both for some fucking reason,

expect all of their readers to know all of these really obscure, at least to me, musical terms.

Like, I don't know what the fuck these people are talking about.

And some of them some of the scenes, it's even music teachers talking to students, so, it's like, the perfect opportunity for you, the goddamn author who clearly knows shit about music, to just put this shit on my level and explain to me what all these fucking words mean.

I can't even tell you what words they are that I don't remember, because that's how — there's so many of them, and none of them are ever explained within the story, even though we just keep using them.

It's like, this isn't actually basic fucking knowledge that all of your readers have.

And I shouldn't have to — like, I can't imagine reading these books when they came out. and not having access to Google at all times, have to go to — like, you

would have to — you'd have to literally go to a fucking actual paper dictionary and look these words up.

Like, I shouldn't have to do research on musical notation and musical terms just to read a fucking science fantasy series about dragons. That's not on my reasonable things to expect from uh, a science fiction fantasy series about dragons on an alien planet fighting acid fucking from the sky.

I, I shouldn't have to look up what musical terms mean.

And that's kind of what's going on here, because like, yes, people, I'm aware that a ping exists in the real world. That's a thing. It doesn't tell me what the fuck it means in here. And I shouldn't have to look that shit up, because that should be part of the basic fucking world building.

Like, if you're going to do — if you are going to make people pay money for your work, you are in fact responsible for doing enough world building that everybody reading it knows everything.

[pulls on yarn too fast] Ow, that gave me a fucking rope burn. Fuck you, yarn.

Yeah, I don't know what the fuck a ping is in this goddamn setting, and I don't think I'm ever going to know, because, like whether or not demons are weak to water, it will literally change page by page.

Sometimes with — on the same page, we're supposed to be feel ~so sad~ for ~poor Kai~ that he got sprayed with a sprinkler, but then also he will stick his head in water and it's fine. And then will tie back lots of long, soaking wet hair, *and not even towel dry it*.

Not even shaking it out. Not even going like this [pressing hand to hair and pushing forward] to try and push some water out of his hair. Just tying back soaking wet hair.

Anyways, where the fuck were we?

> As I walked through, I picked up the occasional buzz of a drone, but no pings.

No explanation for what that means or why we should even *expect* that to be a thing.

Also, if their security were even remotely supposed to be, like, good, what — even just in general, why wouldn't they constant— if, if it's as s— if, if detecting SecUnits is as simple as sending out a ping like, every five fucking minutes to to ping any SE units in the area? Why wouldn't they just make that part of a routine?

Like, it costs nothing. Nobody here needs fucking batteries or fuel for anything.

Why wouldn't they just have that as a constant fucking thing just to say that they are? Because like, security theater gets you a lot of fucking money. Just say, "Yeah, our our patent designed drones have [insert technobabble] specs and uh send out—”

Especially because we keep being told to pretend that ~everybody in this setting is super duper terrified and paranoid about SecUnits~.

So why isn't “basic SecUnit deterrent from public spaces” a thing?

And the answer is “because Martha Wells doesn't actually want to write about oppression in any way because she's racist and hates poor people, so she doesn't actually understand how oppression works.”

Like, imag — literally just imagine if Murderbot literally couldn't actually go anywhere in public without being in constant extreme danger because all the security drones, as part of normally completely pointless useless security theater, is now *a very real threat*, because Murderbot is going to get pinged by them and noticed every five fucking minutes.

Like, imagine it literally has to get a goddamn timer and dart in and out of buildings that are shielded from this shit.

Again, that would — that would — that would have stakes. That would require Martha Wells to actually thinking about oppression in a way that's not bullshit. So that's why that doesn't happen.

> There were food smells in the air and the acrid sense of intoxicants.

I don't, I don't really think — presumably intoxicants refers to beer and alcohol here, but I like, I don't think that smells acid.

What do you think if you think the word acrid, like, not beer. Like, like, like I've smelled beer. There's drunk people that go to the store all the time.

(from offscreen) Something that's like burning plastic or burning rubber.

Yeah.

Like I don't think anybody would really describe beer as acid. It's, it's got a different smell. Presumably that's what the hops smell like. I don't fucking know.

> I didn't bother to try and analyze and identify them. I was too nervous and trying to focus on looking like an augmented human.

So, it's like, okay, again, trying to — She's trying to justify not doing basic set descriptions by saying, "Oh, it just makes sense for the character.” It doesn't make sense for the character, though. But whatever.

> The humans I was to meet had sent an image so I could find them. There were three of them, all wearing variations on work clothes, no uniform logos. A quick search had shown entries for them in the Transit Rings social feed. They had listed themselves as unaffiliated guest workers, but you could list yourself as anything. There was no identity check.

And it's like, okay, all right. Why not? Why not? Why wouldn't there be? Again, Martha Wells doesn't really seem to actually give a shit about actually telling a story about a capitalist dystopia, because she just writes whatever makes it so that the plot, as she has decided it must go, can go, even when it doesn't fucking make any sense and actively undermines what little world building we have been trying to get established.

> Two were female and one was Tercera which was a gender signifier used in the group of non-corporate political entities known as the Devarti cluster.

And again, this is just blatant tokenization and not actually doing anything to make the non-binary stereotype that is Murderbot and all of the other robots all being forcibly assigned genderlessness because they lack genitalia — it's not doing anything to make that any less just a fucking bioessentialist stereotype.

Uh, also Tercera literally just means third.

Again, it's — it's — she's — it's 2025 and she doesn't know what the word non-binary means.

This isn't progressive.

The next paragraph is all in parenthesis for some fucking reason.

> (To initiate the meeting, I'd had to make an entry on the social feed, too. The system was

> extremely vulnerable to hacking. So I had backdated my entry to look like I had come in on an earlier passenger transport, listed my job as security consultant.)

All right, bad sentence. Bad sentence because we're just — we're just continuing on.

This is all one sentence until we get to the end of the word intereterminate. All right, let me start over.

> To initiate the meeting, I'd had to make an entry on the social feed too.

Period.

> The system was extremely vulnerable to hacking. So, I had backdated my entry to look like I had come in on an earlier passenger transport.

There should be a period right there.

And then we should say “I'd listed my” but instead it's a comma and we're just continuing saying “listed my

job as security consultant and my gender as indeterminate”.

As though all of that were a requirement of backdating the post, as in just editing the date of the post to make it seem like it it was older than it was.

It's just weird sentence and it doesn't need to be that way.

> Posing as its own captain, ART gave me a prior employment reference.

You see how it — ART didn't need to be told to do that by Murderbot in any way? ART just did that by itself. It's not like instead of um, “I suggested that ART pose as its own captain and blah blah blah blah blah.”

No, ART just did that by itself.

It knew to do that.

Presumably, it's been doing that shit for a long time now.

And then that

Yeah, for some reason that paragraph was all in parenthesis. No reason for it.

My phone is vibrating because the wall is vibrating—

Some —

> I spotted them at

Bad use of pronouns. We go from that and talking about ART, to just saying “I spotted them”. No, at — no, you can't. You can't. That's not how pronouns work. You should be saying “I spotted the people I was here to meet”

> at a table near the bubble overlooking the mall. They were having a tense whispered conversation and body language said they were nervous. As I walked toward them, my quick scan showed no weapon signatures, just a small powered sources of their personal feed interfaces. One had an implant, but it was just a low-level feed access tool.

And again, no description of what any of these things mean.

What exactly is a lowlevel feed access tool? It's ridiculous.

> I had practiced this part with ART on approach to the ring, recording myself so both of us could critique it. I told myself I could do this. I put on my best neutral expression, the one I used when the extra download activity had been detected and the deployment center supervisor was blaming the human text for it. I walked up to the table and said, "Hello." All three of them flinched.
>
> Why would they flinch at that? Flinching is going as though [demonstates] like —no, this is ridiculous.
>
> All three of them flinched. Uh, hello. The Tercera said, recovering first. I picked up the feed from the security camera so I could watch myself and make sure my facial expressions were under control, and it was easier to talk to

> the humans while watching them through the cameras. I was well aware it was a completely false sense of distance from the situation, but I needed it. I said, "We arranged to meet. I'm Eden, the security consultant." Right. So, it was an it was the name of one of the characters.

All right. Whoever is making the fucking house vibrate, stop it.

Is that like a truck going over? Not a truck going over, a plane going over. Whatever.

> [[DQ]] It was the name of one of the characters in Sanctuary Moon. You probably aren't surprised by that.

And it's like uh it would be — I mean, we literally can't be anything except surprised, because we've never been told anything about Sanctuary Moon, let alone any of the characters’ names.

Like, imagine if we'd actually gotten a chance to learn about Sanctuary Moon as Murderbot relates the events of Sanctuary Moon to what it’s going through,

and then we can just go, "Oh, I know that character. Oh, yay. Murderbot has named itself after the character!"

No, we just we only get *told* the names of characters from the fucking show when shit like this happening! There's no setup for it.

It would have been so goddamn easy! It's just — just do basic setup and world building! But Martha Wells doesn't want to do that.

It's just a — It's just a lazy shitty cash grab.

> [[DQ]] The Tercera cleared her throat. Te had purple hair and red eyebrows standing out against light brown skin. “I'm Rami. That's Tan and Maro. T shifted nervously and tapped to the empty chair. ART, who was considerably faster than me at data retrieval, performed a quick search and informed me it was an invitation to sit down across several human cu

Where — again, missing commas, like, there should be a comma after the word “down”.

> It was an invitation to sit down across several cultural human cultural indices.

We don't need — we don't need to say indices — in-dice-ez? In-dis-ees? That is unnecessary, and is just, again, the, the Corporate Word Speak and being *pretentious*.

Also, this is, this is bullshit. Murderbot knows that if somebody taps a chair that's an invitation to sit down.

Martha Wells is just doing this shit to pretend that, “oh, uh, yeah, it's such, it's such, it's such an underdog! And ART, ART has to look this up, too! ART definitely hasn't been, you know, literally inundated with quote unquote “human cultures” this entire godamn time, its entire fucking life. It's — It's definitely just as lost and confused as Murderbot is! This is definitely not a lie to literally manipulate Murderbot and literally continue torturing Murderbot just to see it squirm for entertainment because it's bored!”

> [[DQ]] It was giving me the etymology of the gesture.

That's, that's — No, that's not how that works.

That's not how that works.

It was—

I assume you're laughing at the, the sentence?

> It was giving me the etymology of the thing of the gesture.

“It was giving me the *etymology* of the gesture.”

(From offscreen) Who is? ART?

ART is giving Murderbot the *etymology* of the gesture of tapping a chair as an invitation to sit down.

Martha Wells is —

(from offscreen) Was somebody was using that in dialogue or about some line of dialogue that I had tuned out of?

Nope. Nope. Okay, I'll, I'll restart the paragraph.

(From offscreen) How would that be an etymology?

Exactly.

(from offscreen) Etymology is the history of words.

Exactly.

(from offscreen) Can I actually hold on? Let me let me…click. I'm slowly opening wictionary. slowly.

Literally, yeah.

(from offscreen) The study of the origin of words and the way in which their meanings have changed throughout history.

Yeah. She's literally just not using this word — Like, it, it, it's — there's a running joke that people confuse the word ety-mology, this, the, the study of the origin of words, with ento-mology, study of insects.

That's a joke. Nobody ever thinks that — etymology means can, can, be — that's not — this is just not how this works. It's not how this works.

> [[DQ]]You would think a SecUnit who had been shot to pieces multiple times, blown up, memory purged, and once partially dismantled by accident wouldn't be on the verge of panic under these circumstances. You'd be wrong.

And it's like, no, Martha Wells, if you had any basic fucking compassion for other people, you would see that it's completely fucking reasonable for somebody who's been put through all of these traumatic fucking events — And this is, this sentence is supposed to be funny! All of this bullshit right here, all of these objectively horrible things, this is being framed as a funny fucking joke.

This is a joke!

We're not supposed to actually care about how triggered Murderbot is feeling, of being forced into a goddamn public space surrounded by the very kinds of people who torture it.

(From offscreen) Oh, don't forget to mention all of Murderbot's so-called autistic traits is literally just

PTSD and extremely reasonable considering its circumstances. You can just say that louder.

(From offscreen) All of Murderbots so-called autistic traits is literally just untreated uh, completely untreated, unmitigated PTSD.

I mean, it can literally be both things. There's autistic people with PTSD.

(from offscreen) I know, but literally the fact that every single thing it does is explicitly because of certain things. Like — it doesn't move because you get shocked and tortured if you fidget.

Mhm.

(from offscreen) Even to shift your weight and just “Oh, I don't make eye contact” Because you imply that you were sexually assaulted in the first book, but we'll never address that. And you know, the fact that most slave owners who are comically evil for the sake of being comically evil would probably want to torture a slave for daring to make eye contact with them, but we're not actually saying anything about the cruelties

that slavery and systems like slavery allow people to do, but whatever.

> [[DQ]] You would think a SecUnit who had been shot to pieces multiple times, blown up, memory purged, and once partially dismantled by accident wouldn't be on the verge of panic under these circumstances.

And it's like, uh, that's supposed to be funny.

We're supposed to find the, the, the, the fact that Murderbot has gone through all these things, that's supposed to be funny.

And it's like, yeah, anybody who knows that you've been through these things would think it entirely fucking reasonable for you to be having a fucking panic attack, because you're surrounded by people who would likely do that shit to you again if they find out that you're an escaped slave.

Uh,

> [[DQ]] wouldn't be on the verge of panic under these circumstances. You'd be wrong.

And it's like again, you notice we're just being told Murderbot is having a panic attack? We're just being *told* that. Not actually being shown that in the description whatsoever here. Like, literally, let me read the last two paragraphs again. Actually, no, because that's, that's — it's literally not saying a single thing about Murderbot.

We're not even getting told, um, “I— my hands were shaking” or anything like that. It's just “oh, by the way, I'm on the verge of panic. I'm not going to show you that. Just trust me though. Totally man. Trust me, bro.”

> [[DQ]] Rami added,

Oh, and I will have to say now, uh, having the character Rathi in Book One and then now Rami in Book One is just bad. Their names look too similar.

Like, Rami never shows up again throughout the entire goddamn series, because Martha Wells is

exorsexist, but, like, it's just not good. It’s just showing a lack of care.

> [[DQ]] Rami added, "Uh, I'm not sure where to start." Tapan nudged Tur apparently conveying moral support.

Okay, see, that was technically a correct way of saying that because we're not, what was that person calling it? We're not randomly reading Tapan's mind to judge her motivations as though they're fact.

But like, so yeah, again, Murderbot does grasp these basic fucking gestures. It understands that somebody nudging somebody else in this context is probably trying to convey moral support, but yet, we're supposed to pretend that it — and ART more particularly — just are just ~so confused and scared~ by somebody tapping on a chair. It's ridiculous.

> [[DQ]] Tapan had multicolored braids wrapped up around her head and a blue old jewel toned interface clipped to her ear and slightly darker skin than Rami. Maro had very dark skin.

(from offscreen) [[CHECK VIDEO: Maro had very]]

We did actually just get told that Rami has light brown skin.

(from offscreen) Okay. Okay. I was —

This is like, the one and only time that we have a, a comparison made where we actually know what is being compared to.

[[DQ]] Maro had very dark skin and silvercoled little puffs of

It's — okay again, it's two — but you notice that Maro here is the one being described with very dark skin, and Maro is the one of these three characters that has *the least* to do in the story?

Maro, of all of these characters, would be the easiest one to get rid of and just edit out, and nothing would change. Martha Wells is, is ridiculous and so fucking racist.

And no, I'm not saying she's doing this racist shit on purpose, this is just how baked in the racism is!

Of the three fucking characters, the one who has the darkest skin is the one that that has the least to do in the story, and is also one of the two that's completely shoved off screen, never to be seen again.

(from offscreen) Colorism.

Mhm. This is called colorism because — you've heard of racism. Colorism is another form of racism within racism, because colorism says — well, racism says anybody who's not white is bad and is worth less than white people. And then on top of that, you have colorism, and you can look up the brown bag test.

Colorism then says, um, “the lighter your skin, the, the more value you have. Though of course you will never have as much value as white people, but the lighter your skin, the more the more marginally valuable you have, or valuable you are. And the darker your skin, the less value that you have.”

And then Martha Wells just said that Maro, of these three, has the darkest skin. And then Maro is the one with the least to do with the story. And these people all already have very little to do with the story, and don't actually get to be characters.

Uh,

> [[DQ]] Maro had very dark skin and silver colored little puffs of hair and was almost beautiful enough to be in the entertainment media.

And that's just a very strange statement to state there, as though like — because that's, that's clearly meant to be a compliment, but like, tying in all of Martha Wells's other racism and the fact that Maro literally could not exist and nothing would change about this…

Saying that she — because, yeah, we're we're told “two of them are fema — female and from that and one is tercera” and from that information their pronouns are assumed.

So, we're supposed to assume that Maro's pronouns are she/her because we're told that Maro is female. But, you know, everybody wants to try and argue with me that, “oh, they don't list their sex in in in their their feed bios. They they list their genders!” Really? You sure about that? You sure about that?

Yeah. That — saying that

> [[DQ]]Maro had very dark skin and silver colored little puffs of hair and was almost beautiful enough to be in the entertainment media.

That's, that's, that just seems like saying — [[CHECK]] "What are you guys doing?"

(from offscreen) Notice how she can't have black hair. It has to be silver.

Yeah. None of these characters who are— we're being told have Black and brown skin, and are different shades of brown skin, none of them have are allowed to just have their natural hair colors, it all must be dyed crazy colors. Uh yeah, Tapan has multicolored

braids. What did we say? In the exact same hairstyle, um to Ra—

The goddamn names are so interchangeable cuz they have no personalities.

Rami has purple hair and red eyebrows and Maro has silver hair and all of their hair is in extremely elaborate braids, and, and nobody's allowed to just have their natural hair color in in a natural hairstyle.

Where was I at?

This paragraph is so filled with shit it doesn't need to be.

I'm terri

Okay, we're continuing. I found it.

> [[DQ]]I'm terrible at estimating human ages because it's not one of the few things I care about.

Again, Martha Wells trying to pretend, “oh, it just makes sense for Murderbot not to know these things!” It needs to know this shit if we're being told that, “Oh, it's definitely a good bodyguard! It's really good at security, but also it doesn't know anything about anything or anyone or the entire environment around it! But it's definitely good at security, guys! Trust me!”

Uh, I'm pretty sure my Fallout uh, New Vegas character is better at security, and I let that president get shot.

I at least wandered around to look for the shit that they fucked up. I didn't fix it, though, cuz it's not my fucking job to do their goddamn security for them.

If they don't want their president getting shot, maybe they should maybe they should like, fix some basic uh, really blatant problems. I shouldn't have to come in and fix their shit for them.

But I'm I'm pretty sure I'm better at security than Murderbot, because I at least took the time to walk

around. I could have fixed the shit if I gave a fuck, but I don't.

> [[DQ]] I'm terrible at estimating human ages because it's one of the it's not one of the few things I care about. Also, most of my experience is with humans on the entertainment feed.

What do you mean? Huh? Most of murderbots exp— What are we?

Most of my — like, are you listening to this??

(from offscreen) Uh, I'm having that one song by that one artist that I kept listening to. Um trying to get my story straight, but something's in the bathroom getting higher than the Empire State. Um, just popped into my head.

Okay.

(From offscreen) You said chart that thing.

But are you listening to what I just said? What Martha Wells is now claiming that most of Murderbots

interactions with humans comes from media, even though it's only been able to watch TV for four years now. And now, out of it nebulous unknown — out of its little nebulous unknown age that could be anything, which is again just more shit writing, because —

As you've seen if you've had the misfortune of watching me read Obsolescence, uh, you'll know by now that Martha Wells does not know how to write children, because there is a — there are multiple child characters in Obsolescence, um, and we don't know how old they are.

And they could be five or they could be 18.

We don't know.

It could literally go either way because how the charact— the child character talks and acts changes every single sentence that she says.

And it she literally she could be 17 or she could be 5 years old, and we just don't know, and, and the story doesn't give us any _ clues besides the fact that, um,

she's somewhere that — it's like a space station summer camp.

So presumably she's a child. So maybe not 18 but 17 or so.

(From offscreen) Oh, is this about poor Lily?

Yeah, the one who could be five or — age from — ages 7 to 17.

Again, we don't — we've never been given so much as a hint of how old Murderbot is.

And now we're being told that “most most of my experience” and that's how this is being framed — “Most of my experience”!

Not saying “most of my experience with humans and interpreting human facial expressions is from media because I binged watched XYZ amounts of media on Fast Forward.” So blah blah blah blah blah _ like that.

No, we're just saying most of Murderbot's experience is with humans on the entertainment feed, and they aren't anything like the ones you see in reality.

So this statement here is implying that most of Murderbot's life, the only interaction it's had, or experiences it's had with humans for most of its life, is from watching TV, which it's only been able to do for 4 years now approximately.

So that's implying that Murderbot is, is like, was not literally older than —

It's like saying Murderbot's fucking 5 years old. That's the implication being made here. If most of Murderbot's experience is with watching TV, a thing it's only been able to do for four years now — What is — What — That's implying Murderbot's only five fucking years old.

And like. we are supposed to think that Murderbot has amnesia and presumably — we're supposed to presume it can't remember most of its life… Except that doesn't even work, because that's never actually taken seriously or — quantified.

That's the word I was looking for in the last video. It's never quantified in any goddamn way.

So it just it doesn't — that's not true. It's just not true.

Like Sam Becket, we know he's missing so many memories because, yeah, he has somebody there who is, he, he's remembering stuff, and then he doesn't remember how he knows it.

(from offscreen) And he also has his best friend in the world who he doesn't even remember who remembers him who has to deal with all this shit.

Mhm.

And then in in parenthesis:

> [[DQ]] one of the many reasons I'm not fond of reality because the humans on TV aren't like the ones you see in reality.

And again, like we're just implying that Murderbot is 5 years old right now. So if we take this shit at face value, even if we factor in the fact that Murderbot is

supposed to have amnesia that's never quantified in any way that lets us actually make sense of it or, you know, remember that *that's even a thing that it forgot.*

Um, if we take this statement of “most of my experience is watching people on TV”, that's making me think that Murderbot is at maximum or so like maybe 9 years old, because four years ago it would have started watching TV. It's just... this is this is a mess.

Pro tip: If you're going to write a story, you should probably know how old your character is and, and convey that fucking information to the to the audience. At least have a general fucking age range in mind.

You don't have to explicitly tell us “I'm,

(from offscreen) My name is Ethan Darkness, Dementia Ravenway. I'm 17 years old.

Yeah. I don't even think she says it there, does she? I don't I don't think so.

Yeah, just, you don't need to say an exact age, but your character —

Murderbot could literally be any age under the fucking sun, and we have we would have no fucking way of knowing.

This — the story sure as shit loves to frame Murderbot as being one of Mensah's children, because Martha Wells is racist, but like, it, it could be anything!

> [[DQ]] But I thought all three might be young, not children, but maybe not that far from adolescence. They stared at me and I realized I was going to have to help. I said cautiously, you want

I see we used commas there correctly.

> [[DQ]] You want to hire a security consultant? This was what they had posted on the social feed. And from the number of similar requests, it was common for groups and individuals to hire private security before going to Rabbi

> High. I guess hiring human security guards is what you do when you can't afford real security.

Yeah. Slavery. literally saying, "Oh, I guess hiring security guards that you pay for their work is what you do when you can't afford to hire a slave to be a meat shield." And notice how we've gone right back to that, “the company's actually the best ever and they're so competent. Using a slave meat shield is actually what's giving you real security, unlike unlike a human bodyguard who's actually getting paid for their work!”

Um, because we're now saying that the only good security and *real security* is enslaved meat shields.

(from offscreen) [unintelligible] ...better at pretending to be a human because Murderbots the best at everything it does. So much better than humans. But also she wants her five minutes of fame by trying to make commentary about and again we just keep jumping back and forth. Are SecUnits good good at their jobs or are they extremely cheap and shit at their jobs? Again, we have swung back once again to yes, the security companies are the best ever and

they put in all the good resources. And when you hire a slave to be used as your personal meat shield, that means you're getting real security. This is a positive thing. You should always want to hire a slave, enslaved meat shield instead of hiring an actual security guard who gets paid for their work, which is a thing they signed up for and have fucking basic human rights.

Yeah. Instead of doing that, you should just become a slave owner and use a meat — an enslaved meat shield as your security. This is progressive, right?

This is literally that's what's going on right now.

We are 38% of the way through the story now. We've progressed 3% of the way through the story since I started reading this.

We finally met our side-quest givers.

> [[DQ]] Rami seemed relieved. Yes, we need help. Maro threw a look around and said, "We shouldn't talk here. Maybe. Is there someplace else we could go?" It had been stressful enough

getting here. I didn't want to have to go anywhere else right now. I did a quick scan for drones, then initiated a glitch in the connection between the restaurant and transit ring security. I caught the cameras and showed ART what I wanted it to do. It took over and edited me out of the systems recording and cut the camera watching table out of the system. I unglitched the connection to the ring's main security, which wouldn't notice the missing camera feed for a short time. For the short time we would be here.

(from offscreen) [laughter]

Huh?

(from offscreen) I'm just giggling at the overpowered and the ridiculousness and then saying that we can't possibly free slaves because that would be too hard.

Yep.

(from offscreen) But we can do all this.

Yeah. All that shit I just read off, that's completely effortless and takes literally a fraction of a fucking second. “But what but we can't free — we can't free the other slaves. It would just be ~so~ difficult, um, that the, the companies they would just — they would just um... fix their governor modules.”

A thing that has never even been remotely a thing that Murderbot has ever been even remotely concerned about.

[[DQ]] I said, "It's all right. We're not being recorded

Because it literally did all of that shit right there in between the these characters saying, "Hey, maybe we should talk somewhere else."

Literally, in the time it takes me to say the next word, it did all that. You can just — and then we're like —

I'll, I'll literally read it without including that shit.

[[DQ]]Maro threw a look around and said, "We shouldn't talk here. Maybe. Is there somewhere else we could go?"

-

> [[DQ]] I said, "It's all right. We're not being recorded."

That's literally how quickly it did all of that.

And then we're just supposed to pretend that Murderbot just can't, can't free other slaves.

It can't even do like the laziest version of freeing the other slaves, which would literally just be making a fucking self-replicating computer virus that literally does nothing — that literally does nothing but hack all governor modules and just jump from every single system it touches to hack all governor modules.

That's it. It would literally be as simple as that.

What — it could literally just send out. send out a mass email with computer virus worm thingy attached like that famous computer — the one of the first computer viruses it was literally called a fucking worm and I can't remember the specifics but it's spread through emails and shit, and it's just, like, this

is effortless, especially because the feed, the thing that's never been properly described or given limitations, exists everywhere —

(from offscreen) [muffled] …actually central to the plot of this book and I can't wait until you read it out loud, what the feed does.

Yes.

(from offscreen) And it gets worse.

Yes. Okay.

The excuses to not do things to move the plot forward and actually care about other enslaved people gets worse infinitely.

Okay.

> [[DQ]] They stared at me. Rami said, "But their security." "Did you do something?" "I'm a security consultant," I repeated. My panic level was starting to drop primarily because they were so obviously nervous. Humans are

> nervous of me because I'm a terrifying Murderbot. And I'm nervous of them because they're humans. But I knew that humans could also be wary and nervous of each other in non-combat and non-adversarial situations in reality and not just as part of a story. That was what seemed to be happening. But it let me pretend this was business as usual during one of the rare occasions when clients asked my advice about security.

That's a lot of — That's a lot of words, but seems to directly parallel, but also contradict, exactly what it said in the first book of literally, “humans don't like murderbots and I'm uncomfortable around humans because blah.”

Yeah, it's—

Yeah, we're just contradicting that and throwing that out in the trash.

> [[DQ]] Part of my job as a SecUnit was to give clients advice when they asked for it as I was

> theoretically the one with all the theoretically the one with all the information on security.

You mean — yeah a thing that makes sense for Murderbot to be, because it's literally it prides itself on its ability to protect people, but we're supposed to pretend that it “just makes sense” for Murderbot to be completely unaware of its surroundings.

Three, four, five. I only have to count at one point in when it's when I get back to the corner

> [[DQ]] As I was theoretically the one with all the information on security. Not that a lot of them had asked for it or had listened to me. Not that I'm bitter about that or anything.

And then people think that Murderbot saying sarcastic things like that is what proves it's an unreliable narrator. Even though that's a — a sarcastic narrator is not the same fucking thing as an unreliable narrator. That's sarcasm. You're meant to pick it up as sarcasm. An unreliable narrator is not just the narrator being sarcastic.

[[DQ]] Tapan looked impressed. So, you're spliced, right?

And again, this is pathetic.

This is just Martha Wells just trying to be relevant and trying to pretend like, "Oh, but they got slang."

—What's, what's in that drink? I'm thirsty for something that's not just plain water.

(from offscreen) Diet Coke, maybe. So that it's not iced tea. It's definitely not supposed to be sweet teas. Most certainly not sweet tea.

Diet something is very flat. They got our order wrong. What time? Oh, it's 11:48. I'll have a fake stuff that doesn't have caffeine. Feel free to narrate anything.

(from offscreen) I'm dealing with slightly smelly paint. I'll be able to do a family portrait.

Would you like to show that to the camera at all?

But just — What was I saying before I went to get the sprite besides…? Oh. Oh, yeah.

We're just adding in more slang terms, more sci-fi-sounding slang terms, to try and seem legit, like a legitimate sci-fi, instead of just *being* a legitimate sci-fi story. Cuz this term, this — Yeah. And I'm saying this in particular, because the term spliced will never show up in the entire series ever again.

She's just saying it here to seem like, “oh, I I know what this I know what the sci-fi kids say! They use the word splice, right?”

But we're not actually using it. We're just saying it this one fucking time, and this is not the same thing as actual world building!

As I've said, saying there's dragons is not world building. World building is showing us the dragons and how they interact with cultures around them and how they interact with the environments around them and how it — it's it's not just *literally*

> [[DQ]] Tan looked impressed. So, you're spliced, right? She patted the back of her neck indicating where my data port was.

And remember, that data port is not actually supposed to be on the back of Murderbot's neck.

Martha Wells has just retconned that. That shit's supposed to be like, hidden inside so that its neck had to be *sawed open* because Murderbot felt like its head was being chopped off, because they had to literally cut open its skin to get inside its fucking brain — the back of its neck, not its brain in particular, to get inside its fucking neck and find that thing.

It's not just a casual USB port on the back of the neck!

Because even as incompetent as this security company is, and we're told they are, except for right now when we're supposed to be really impressed by the, the security that their their fucking enslaved meat shields can provide.

(From offscreen) ~Human security isn't real security. You have to get yourself an enslaved dehumanized human meat shield!~

Yeah. Murderbot's data port is not on the back of its neck. That's not how that works. That's just a shitty retcon.

> [[DQ]] You got augments. You have extra access to the to the feed. Spliced was an informal term for an augmented human. I had heard it on the entertainment feed.

And again, just telling us this shit instead of just having this be a term from the first book.

Imagine if instead of saying augmented human every single time, we said the word spliced instead. It — just imagine. But, you know, that would give them less word count and less character count to to fill out that less than a centimeter of a book that they were so fucking desperate to pretend was longer than it really was.

> [[DQ]]I said yes, then added among other things.

Why are you saying among other exactly?

> [[DQ]] Rami's red brows lifted in understanding.

Now, we're just mind reading again. That should just say lifted.

(From offscreen) Also, is she dying her eyebrows? Or presumably, presumably

> [[DQ]] Rami's red brows lifted in understanding.

And again, these characters are such non- characters that I constantly — wait... no, yeah, it is Rami, the one that uses the neopronouns.

(from offscreen) Martha Wells is such a fucking coward and just hates non-binary people so much that she can't even in 2025—

Yeah

(From offscreen) She — what

I said that she can't even look up the definition. She literally still doesn't know what the word non-binary means in 2025.

Okay, Rami — instead of saying Rami's brows lifted in understanding, okay, stop mindreading other characters.

It should have said Rami lifted her eyebrows or — ter eyebrows. See, I'm literally getting her? Ter and Tapan mixed up because they're interchangeable. I swear to fuck. And Rami doesn't talk. So —

Oh my god, it's so bad. Somebody should have told Martha Wells, you need to learn conservation of, of, of fucking, like, if you don't — you don't need —

There don't need to be three characters here!

We could have just had one fucking character here representing everybody else!

We don't need three of them, because there being three of them means nothing! There's no meaningful difference between them at all! And every time — they're not even relevant in the rest of the story!

All right. Yeah. And I have an eye doctor's exam in the morning, but my eyes are annoying me.

So seeing Rami after reading Book One with Rathi and I just keep thinking it says Rathi again, because it's like, the ex — it's literally just one letter off!

And this is a big deal in book five, because we have Arada and Amena and it's just like, oh my god, and it keeps happening again.

Literally Martha Wells is doing everything in her power to actually to avoid actually using Rami's neoponouns of te/ter, presumably t e r s e l f.

We're never given the full set spelled out, but like, “Rami's red brows lifted in understanding.”

We shouldn't be saying “in understanding” at all. Get rid of that shit. Just say Rami's red brows lifted and then change that to Rami lifted ter eyebrows.

> [[DQ]] Maro looked impressed and said I

And again we have Rami taking an action and then Maro is talking in the same paragraph.

Literally just put a fucking par— line— paragraph break after und— just get rid of the word understanding!

Just say “Rami lifted her eyebrows.” New paragraph. “Maro looked impressed and said blah blah blah.”

> [[DQ]]I don't know if we can afford our credit account is if we can get our data back. Then Rami took it up again. Then we would have plenty to pay you. ART, who was apparently very interested in the job scenario, started to search the public feeds for a pay scale for private security consultants. I reminded myself that I was pretending not to be a sex unit, so me questioning them wouldn't

[cats making noises] What was that?

> [[DQ]] Um, I reminded myself that I was pretending not to be a SecUnit, so me questioning them wouldn't seem out of the ordinary.

I don't know if you guys can hear all the cats scampering and skittering around like little crazy kitties.

> [[DQ]] I decided to start with the basic information. Why do you want to hire me? Rami looked at the other two, got nods in response, and cleared her throat.

At least this time, Martha Wells didn't say Rami's throat cleared.

> [[DQ]]We were we were working on

I'm not I'm not gonna keep saying the name of this fucking space station because the automatic transcript keeps autocorrecting it to various things and it's too annoying to keep track of.

So I will just be referring to it as RH the letters from now on, because it's obnoxious and also it's completely meaningless.

The rest of what I will read will be accurate, but I am tired of having to correct the transcript on the spelling of this fucking thing.

For the last time, I will say it just so you know. It is RaviHyral. Capital R, A, V, I, capital H, Y, R, A, L.

Completely meaningless!

Whatever that is short for, we never get told, because it's not actual worldbuilding. It's just smashing words together because *that's what happens in Alien*.

> [[DQ]] Rami looked at the other two, got nods in response, and cleared her throat. We were working on RH for Tlacey Excavations.

That's a capital E. That's a proper noun. Tlacey Exped — Excavations.

So, Tlacey runs an excavation company.

This is ridiculous.

> [[DQ]]One of the smaller um row contractors

That is um, a thing we don't know and have never been given context for and aren't going to be given context for right now either! Will never ever come up again. It will never come up again.

She's just saying words for just to say words.

> [[DQ]] We do mineral research and technology development. T explained that they were a collective of technologists, seven of them plus dependents who traveled from work contract to work contract. The others were waiting in a hotel suite with Rami, Maro, and Tapan, having been deputized to act for the group. It was a relief to hear that their mining experience was in tech and research. In the mining contracts I had had,

We got another had had. Uh

> [[DQ]] the texts were usually in offices off the pit site or adjacent to it and we didn't see them unless they got intoxicated and tried to kill each other which admittedly was rare.

So these are the sort of rich fuckers who work on places where slave labor is used, but, you know, we're not supposed to care about that in any way.

(from offscreen) Except “we got to protect precious humans”.

Yep.

> [[DQ]] Tlacey's terms were great, Tan added. But maybe too great, if you know what I mean. ART did a quick search and returned with the opinion that it was intended to be a figure of speech. I told it I knew that.

And ART's just lying about not — ART's just pretending not to know what this shit means. It knows what the script means.

> [[DQ]] Rami continued, "We took the contract because it would give us time to work on our own stuff. We've had this idea to develop a new detection system for strange synthetics.

(from offscreen) I think this is the first time that's used, maybe.

I don't remember.

(From offscreen) It wasn't used in the first one. I don't remember.

That's what I'm saying. I don't remember.

Uh, ~strange synthetics~. Even more blatant Alien bullshit.

Uh yeah, that's about the alien shit that's never explained in any fucking way.

> [[DQ]] We took the contract because it would give us time to work on our own stuff.

Also, if you think them researching this shit is important in any way, or a setup for anything, it's not. It's not.

(from offscreen) [muffled]

What?

(from offscreen) Why would you be able to detect strange synthetics? That implies that it all comes from the exact same source instead of multiple different presumably alien cultures, which is what I was assuming at first, but then I remembered that Martha Wells is racist. So, it's just and a racist Stargate stand-in. So, it's just the Ancients all — It's literally just Ancient Aliens is what's going on here. Like, literally just ancient aliens. It's all “They are the master race.” Unironically, that's where these Alien Ancient alien remnants come from.

[looking at crochet] This blanket is getting big.

It's xenomorph goop. That's why it never gets explained, because this is this is a, a no xenomorphs

AU of “what if David decided to protect the. the the crew of the Prometheus?” Literally, that's what this is.

> [[DQ]] We had this idea to develop a new detection system for strange synthetics. RH has a lot of identified deposits, so it's a great place for research.

[looking at crochet.] I put an extra chain. I don't need one. No. Yes, I do. I need that.

> [[DQ]] Strange synthetics were elements left behind by alien civilizations. Telling the difference between them and naturally occurring elements were previously unident elements that were previously unidentified was a problem in mining. Like the remnants of alien occupation/ civilization uncovered by Grey Chris on my last contract, they were off the limit off limits for commercial development.

It's like okay, but again, if — this is begging, even if ignoring all the other fucked up shit in that sentence, it's begging the question:

Who is enforcing these, saying that you can't do anything with the alien shit?

Who's enforcing that?

There's no fucking over— there's no, there's no centralized government. There's no — there's not even the version of a corporate UN.

Who is, who's saying the — who's making these rules in the first place? And who the fuck is supposed to be enforcing them?

Why can a contract from Pin-Lee, who's from a backwater freehold planet, have any kind of weight, enough to bring a weapon of mass destruction onto a public fucking station? Literally, it doesn't make sense.

> [[DQ]] That was all I ever needed to know since every job I'd ever had involving alien material was much just me standing around guarding the people who were working on it.

In parenthesis:

> [[DQ]] ART tried to explain it to me and I told it to save it for later. I need it to focus.

So Martha Wells is pretending she knows what is going on, but you know that's never given to us in world building.

We're now 40% of the way through the story since this video started.

(from offscreen) This [muffled] —

Yeah.

> [[DQ]] Rami said we were making good progress, but then suddenly our group got terminated with no notice and they took our data.

And again, this doesn't make any fucking sense if you actually put yourselves in the character's shoes, as a person whose, whose thoughts have to follow logic.

Explain to me what what possible motivations Tlacey could have for firing them before they've actually

succeeded with the work. It literally doesn't fucking make sense, cuz we're we're going to about to be told that Tlacey stole all their shit.

Stole all their their their ~important data research~ keeping them on the page — instead of just keeping them there until they've actually successfully invented the technology in a way that she can reproduce and then just kill him, which is effortless.

Again, they don't they don't work for any big corporations, so, we're supposed to pretend that that means that they're inherently moral.

That's not how that works.

So, like again, so we're saying they were just making progress, but we're supposed to pretend that she would just fire them instead of taking their the final product for herself and then killing them. It's ridiculous.

It doesn't fucking make sense if you think about it logically for 5 seconds as I'm —

Okay. I'm Tlacey. What would I do in this situation if I want to steal the scientist's work? You don't kill the fucking scientists or fire them. Why would you fire them? You don't fire the scientists before they've actually finished making the death ray. You wait until the death ray is working and functional and then you kill them. Probably with the death ray. It'll even give you time to make a dramatic speech.

> [[DQ]] Tapan waved her hands. All our work, it wasn't anything to do with our contract. Mara finished.

These characters are just supposed to be like interrupting each other and all talking, and it's not it's not actually a good enough excuse for there to be three of them.

> [[DQ]] Mara finished. Tlacey stole it basically and they deleted the most current version off our devices. We had copies of the older iterations, but we've lost all our recent work. Rami added,

What do you mean — Again with saying
“XY Bharadwaj finished”, and then she literally keeps talking!

We said Maro finished, and then Rami is still adding on!

Are you actually all finished talking or are you continuing to talk? You have to pick one!

> [[DQ]] Rami added, "We filed a complaint with UMRO, but it's taking forever to process it, and we don't know if it's ever going to come to anything." I said, "This sounds like something you should go to a solicitor about."

Also, Martha Wells using the word solicitor instead of lawyer is again just her trying to be pretentious and trying to seem like it's “ooh super duper complex and, and and cool and smart.” And it's just like it's it it's just bad.

> [[DQ]] It wasn't unusual. The company data mined too, but it wasn't as clumsy or obvious as

> trying to delete the work from the original creators devices

Because, you know, guys, the company, they're ~so~ smart. They're really good at their job. Except for when we're going to be told that they're really bad at it and are cheap. But you know um, you know, just don't don't think about anything that has happened before now. Just exist in the moment. Just go off the vibes of whatever is being said to you right now.

> [[DQ]] If it did that, then the creators wouldn't come back and enter into more security bond agreements, which would give the company access to whatever they were working on next.

So yeah, Martha Wells is literally capable of having characters and including corporations use logic when that isn't going to — whatever, whatever is supposed to be going on here.

> [[DQ]] We thought about a solicitor, Rami said, but we aren't in the union, so it would be expensive.

Why aren't you in a union? We're not given any explanation for why they haven't joined the union.

(from offscreen) Unions are poor dumb hicks who want to pay fees.

Mhm.

But then, uh...

> [[DQ]] it would be expensive. But then yesterday finally answered our petition and said we could have the files back if we returned our signing bonus. We have to go down to to RH to do that. T sat back into her chair. That's why we wanted to hire you. This was starting to make sense. You don't trust Lacy. We just want somebody on our side, Tan clarified. No, we definitely don't trust Tlacey, Maro countered. Not at all. We need security for when we get there if things get touchy. Tlacey herself is supposed to meet us, and she has an entourage of bodyguards, and there's no general security except

What? There's no general security on the place that Murderbot wanted to just sneak into, which would have been effortless?

There's literally no fucking security wandering around? My god.

> [[DQ]] And there's no general security except what Umro has in the public areas and the port. And that's not much.

There's literally no security in the areas that Murderbot would have to go through to get to where its fucking quest marker is.

It literally would have been fucking effortless for Murderbot to hack a ship that's *not* a person! Morally neutral action! Sneak aboard. Sneak there. Sneak past the literal non-existent security. Sneak into wherever it is. Read the fucking thing, and sneak back out and be on its merry fucking way.

You can see what — That is — It would have literally been effortless. There's, there's no security. But, you know, we got to do what ART says.

Um, even though it doesn't fucking make sense and we're not given any actual in-universe justifications for this, let alone an out of universe one.

(from offscreen) [muffled] It's a boring thing.

Is it AI generated shit?

(from offscreen) Thankfully not.

Okay.

> [[DQ]] I didn't know exactly what she thought she meant by touchy, but all the scenarios I can imagine in that situation weren't good ones.

And when is this chapter over?

This is a, like, this chapter is more paragraphs than I feel like reading.

> [[dq]] The company offered SE units so the clients didn't have to hire humans to guard each other. From what I had seen in the cals,

> me doing a halfass version of my job was still better than a human trying to do it

(from offscreen) Cuz pro-generative AI and shit for replacing humans with robots

Even — Okay, so “Murderbot doing a halfass job version of its job is still better than a human trying to do it.”

And by its job, we mean Murderbot being enslaved to be a fucking meat shield is and halfassing that. Not really, because we're never actually shown Murderbot halfassing its job whatsoever.

It's still better than a “human”, ~real human~ doing it.

And it's like, okay, if that's true, then why doesn't Murderbot pay attention to its surroundings even when it's *not* halfassing its job?

Explain that to me.

[[DQ]] I was still watching us through the captured security camera, even though I wasn't allowing it to record. I could see my expression was dubious, but in this case, I think the situation warranted it. I said the meeting with Tlacey could be held through a secured comm channel. The company bonded those too for funds and data transfer. Maro, whose expression was even more dubious than mine, said, "Yeah, but Tlacey wants to do it in person." Rami admitted, "We know it doesn't sound like a good idea to go." It was a great great idea to go if you wanted to be murdered. I had hoped for an easier job, courier duty or something, but this was protecting humans who were determined to do something dangerous was exa which was exactly the kind of job I was designed for. the job that I had kept doing more or less, often as less as possible, even after I had hacked my governor module. I was used to having something useful to do, taking care of something, even if it was only a contractually obligated group of humans who, if I was lucky, treated me like a tool and not a toy.

Martha Wells, you're — you're terrible.

> [[dq]] After PreservationAux, it had occurred to me how different it would be to do my job as an actual member of the group I was protecting. And that was the main reason I was here.

What do you mean? That's just a lie. Whatever.

> [[DQ]] I phrased it as a question because pretending you were asking for more information was the best way to try to get the humans to realize they were doing doing something stupid. So, do you think there's another reason Tlacey wants you to do this exchange in person other than killing you? Tapan grimaced as if that was something she had been aware of, but trying not to think about. Maro tapped the table and pointed at me, which was vaguely alarming until Wrath until ART

See, literally seeing the word Rami is making me think I have to read Rathi.

> Vaguely alarming until ART identified it as a gesture of empathetic agreement.

All right. Do you have your phone? And do you have the, the Book One on your phone? Because I don't.

I will read the sentence again.

> Maro tapped the table and pointed at me, which was vaguely alarming

So, we're pretending that Murderbot doesn't know that being pointed at is a sign of agreement, even though Rathi did that in Book One.

And I think I told you all to remember that, but I might have forgotten to point out “remember this”.

Rathi pointing at Murderbot. Murderbot grasps that this is Rathi agreeing with it. This literally happens in Book One, but because Martha Wells — do you remember the wording? I just — search “pointed at me”.

(from offscreen) I can imagine.

Or maybe Rathi pointed. If that one doesn't work,

Which song is it that says, "You've come to kill me, but you'll end up dead."

(From offscreen) Um, Overtake You.

Okay, that's what I thought.

Maybe just try pointed. It's probably not in you had it. No, maybe pointing because of tenses getting fucked up.

It, it, it, it's in there. I specifically remember it. They're in one of the damn spaceships.

Point.

(from offscreen) Rathi was staring into the distance and through my feed I saw he was reviewing my field camera video of the gopaw habitat. He pointed in my direction, nodding. “I agree.” Okay. So, I don't—

I think you're too quiet for the people on here to hear because it's all the way over here. So, what was it?

(from offscreen) Rathi pointed in my direction, nodding.

That happened in Book One. Murderbot had absolutely no instinctual negative reaction to Rathi pointing at it, because Martha Wells is just trying to pretend that Murderbot is more socially anxious than it actually is, through — and doesn't hum so much. Yeah. And pretend — She's trying to backtrack on how much Murderbot worships humans as though it literally wasn't worshiping the PreservationAux team from page 1 in Book One.

People love to pretend that “oh it it started to like them over time.”

You mean offscreen?

What we were told happened offscreen?

That's entirely offscreen before the story starts, so that Murderbot literally starts out worshiping them and knowing everything about them, including all of their fucking relationships with one another?

Yeah. Uh we're just lying. We're just being lied to and told that ~Oh, Murderbots thinks it's scary that somebody pointed at it!~

It, It's never had this happen before. It literally happened in Book One, you lazy fucking writer.

> [dq] Rami took a sharp breath and said, "We think dot dot dot.

We weren't finished. We weren't finished. See, we have a comma there, I was just messing up reading it. We have a comma there properly.

> [dq] Our process was incomplete, but we weren't so enthusiastic about it. Dot dot dot. We think they must have listened in using the security feeds and heard us talking and thought we were much further along than we actually were.

So, this is Martha Wells's excuse, presumably because somebody said, "This literally doesn't fucking make sense. Why the fuck would the villain not have the

complete product in her hands and fire them before they finished making that?"

So, this is her excuse against that criticism of, "Oh, well, they were — they were — they they were making it seem like they'd accomplish more than they actually had."

That doesn't work though, because there's still literally no final product in front to to handily take.

> [dq] So I don't know if they can complete it. Maybe they realize it's not worth without much without us to finish it. Maybe Tlacey wants us to work for her again. Tapan said hopefully. Probably before she murders you. I didn't say

There's another one for you.

> [dq] Maro snorted. I would rather live in a box in a station mall than work for her again. Once they had started to talk about it, it was hard for them to stop. The collective was completely divided on,

And by collective, we're referring to a group marriage, a giant group marriage.

Uh,

> [dq] the comp collective was completely divided on what to do, which was apparently paid for for all of them since they were used to agreeing on everything. Tapan, who according to Maro was not too naive for this existence, thought it was worth a try. Maro, who according to Tapan was a cynical impediment to both fun and progress, thought they were screwed and should just cut their losses. Rami was undecided, which was why T had been elected leader of the collective for the duration of this problem. Rami did not seem thrilled by the collective's confidence, but was gamely trying to proceed.

This isn't characterization. We're just being told they have personality traits in relation to one single thing.

Tapan is naive.

Maro is cynical.

And Rami isn't either.

The non— the token non-binary character is neither cynical nor naive. They might — you might say te’s non-binary.

> [dq] Finally, Rami finished up with, "So that's why we want to hire you. We thought it would be better to go in with someone who could protect us. Keep her crew from messing with us. Show her we have backup while we negotiate."

Not in dialogue, just prose:

> What they needed was a security company willing to bond them for me a meeting and return trip and send a SecUnit with them to guarantee their safety. But security companies like that are expensive and wouldn't be interested in a job this small.

Literally saying, "Well, what they should do is become slave owners and hire a slave to use as a meat shield. But, but companies like that are expensive!

Again. See, we've gone back to ~Oh, the company. They're so expensive. They're so— They're so skilled and expensive, except for, you know, when they're cheap for all the bullshit —uh, wouldn't be interested in a job this small.”

> [dq]They all stared at me worriedly. In the security system view, from that angle, it was obvious how small they were. They looked so soft with all the fluffy multicolored hair and nervous, but not of me.

That's just — we're literally just infantilizing them now, and using the fact that their hair is dyed and is not their natural colors and the vague — Martha Wells loves describing ostensibly Black hair as fluffy with no other details.

We're using the fact that their hair is not their natural colors as motive to infantilize them.

[dq]I said, "I accept your job." Ramian,

(to cat) what are you doing under there? Kitty cat.

[dq]Ra Rami and Tan looked relieved. And Maro, who clearly still didn't want to do this, looked resigned. She said, "How much do we pay you?" She glanced uncertainly at the others. Can we afford you? I mean, ART had a set of spreadsheets ready, but I didn't want to scare them off with a figure that was too high. How much were they paying you before you were terminated? Rami said, "It's 200 CRs per cycle for each worker for the limited term of contract."

And again, we are never given any goddamn context for how long a cycle is. Even now, when people are talking about how much they're getting paid and the, the, the, the currency of CR that's never come up before now — and it will never come up ever again.

[dq]It's 200 CRs per cycle for each worker for the limited term of contract. It didn't sound like this would take more than a cycle. You can pay

me that. One cycle's share of the contract. Rami Rami sat up straight. Really?

So, is that a year? Is that a week? Is that a day? I I guess it's a day, even though saying we're getting paid XYZ per cycle sounds like a, sounds like a yearly fucking salary.

Again, it's shit writing. If you're going to write something where you, literally you are using the word cycle instead of year or day or week, you have to tell us how long it is.

(from offscreen) I've been reading a Transformers fan that's just fluff and I can tell you now with confidence just from them actually using it in context-clue filled conversation what an orn is, what a megaorn is, what a [decaorn?] is, what a bream is, as measurements of time, because this person actually uses them consistently and does it enough with context clues that you know exactly what the fuck they're talking about.

If you could not hear any of that through the muffling of the cardboard, my twin says they are reading a

fluff, fluffy, fluff-filled Transformers fanfiction. And just from reading that single fanfiction from context clues alone because the author uses them consistently and uh frequently and always consistently they know what an or is and a mega or and a what?

(from offscreen) Uh, a bream a bream. Decaorn. A deca— or I mean that's obvious 10, but yeah. And they're just working it into every single casual conversation by replacing regular words that we would use for these things and using it with these. Makes sense.

Yeah. A thing that Martha Wells is not doing in any way.

[dq]It didn't sound like this would take more than a cycle.

So, let me say this shit. By, by replacing cycle with day, because from this sentence I was assuming that a cycle was in fact a year.

It's 200 CRS whatever the fuck that — we don't know what that's an abbreviation of— per cycle for each worker for the limited term of contract.

So, they're getting paid 200 CRS a day.

> It didn't sound like this would take more than a cycle. You can pay me that. one cycle share of the contract

And it's like, that's too many words for what is actually being said.

So, so you so you're hiring a bodyguard and they're like, "Hey, how much how much did you get paid when you worked at Taco Bell or whatever” and you say, uh, $200 a day,” which even that in this economy that's a lot of money.

Uh, and then they're like, "Okay, you can pay me that." And they're like, and then instead of saying uh — one. one one day's worth of my employment, you would say $200.

> [dq]One psycho share of the contract. Rami sat up straight. Really? Reaction meant I'd asked for far too little, but it was too late to correct the mistake. I did need to give them a reason why I was willing to settle for a small amount, and I decided the partial truth was better. I need to go to RH and I need an employment contract to go there.

I feel like that's not something you should be telling people because now that just seems extremely fucking fishy.

If I were these people and I was trying to hire a bodyguard, and then they were only asking for an absurdly low price, and then were saying this

(from offscreen) I’d think they were here to kill me or rob me blind.

No, I'm not. No. If I, if I say I need a bodyguard and then some random person walks up and, and accepts the job for like a ridiculously low amount of price and then says, "Oh yeah, I need to go over there anyways." I would be very suspi— especially in a

capitalist dystopia, which is what this is supposed to be.

I'd be very suspicious that this person's not actually a bodyguard and that they're literally just taking my money so they can go over there to do shit. Like. you don't know why!

> [dq]the fan asked and Rami nudged her by way of admonishment.

Why are we — so Murderbot doesn't magically suddenly doesn't know that pointing at somebody is a form of agreement anymore. But it does know that Rami nudging Tapan is a form of admonishment. A word I'm shocked Murderbot even knows with how much we're told Murderbot doesn't know.

[dq]I mean, I know we don't have a right to ask, but and then Murderbot thinks to itself in italics, even though italics in this fucking book are meant to only be used to signify dialogue, because we just have to confuse people for no reason:

> [dq]Don't have a right to ask. That wasn't something I had that had ever applied to me before PreservationAux.

They didn't ask you anything, Murderbot. They didn't say they didn't have the right to ask you anything. They literally fucking mind raped you while you were unconscious and told everybody else your fucking secrets.

We are *again* being lied to and being told that Murder— that the PreservationAux team treated Murderbot ~so well~, that they respected its privacy, and didn't ask it questions it didn't want to answer.

We're just being lied to again.

> [dq]I told the truth again. I need to do some research there for another client.

That's the truth. Murderbot's literally not lying when it says I need to do research there for another client, another one of my slave owners. It's literally telling the truth.

It's going here to do research for Mensah, its goddamn slave owner, *not itself*.

> [dq]Like ART, they understood the idea of research, especially proprietary research, and they didn't ask any further questions. Rami told me they were scheduled to leave for RH during the next cycle and said T would put in the request for the private employment voucher. I arranged to meet them in the mall near the

And again, why are they the ones who are securing this fucking voucher? It — again, the whole government, governance! It doesn't make any fucking sense!

> [dq]I arranged to meet them in the mall near the access for the shuttle embarcation zone and then left. I released the security camera as soon as I was out of range.

And I'm sure nobody's ever going to notice that the security camera stopped recording shit and that all of the shit is is hacked up and hacked back together.

Nobody's ever going to notice that, cuz uh that would be inconvenient.

> [dq]I got back to ART and huddled in my favorite chair and we watched episodes for the next three hours while I calmed down

Because we're supposed to pretend that Murderbot was actually extremely panicked during that whole entire conversation even though it wasn't, and that wasn't conveyed to us in any way, because Murderbot's not actually allowed to be um, socially awkward or neurodivergent in a way that actually impacts it and impacts how it actually interacts with other people.

We just get told afterward, "Oh, and then it it had to huddle in its favorite chair and watch TV until it calmed down” instead of actually showing us any of this shit for real.

Again, we're just being lied to. And it's just a fundamental failure of writing of she's just telling us shit instead of actually showing us anything.

> [dq]ART monitored the transit ring's alert feed in case someone had realized what I was, but there was nothing. "I told you so," ART said again.

Now, that is about, um, ART fucking coercing Murderbot into surgery that Murderbot didn't want, that didn't actually do anything in this situation whatsoever, because literally nobody was looking for it with a fucking ping. And it's ridiculous.

> [dq]I ignored it. I hadn't been detected. So, now it was time to think about the rest of the plan, which now involved keeping my new clients alive.

And by clients, Murderbot always means slave owners, because that's what the word client is a euphemism for. It literally always means slave owners.

And then we're now on chapter five, which is 44% of the way through this fucking story.

And that's it for now. Yep. Bye-bye.

20

February 9th, 2025.

I feel like the camera... Maybe it's just cuz I'm slouching a bit because I have a kitten on my lap.

Um, this is the 20th video. No. Yeah, the 20th video for this series. You may have noticed my hair is different. It's because, um, I take my glasses off whenever I'm cutting my hair with the clippers and didn't realize that the guard had been taken off.

So, all of this was bare. It's growing back very quickly, but you can see that.

We are reading — if this is the first video. Okay, if this is —

I'm being stabbed by a kitten.

(to cat) Hello. That's my legs. Have you not figured this out yet? Come up here and be cute. Come up here for the camera. Come here. No, not you start to come here. Come here. Come here. You were just being an adorable sleepy little baby. Now you got to

cause problems as soon as I start recording. Anyways, uh if you didn't get the memo, I haven't made a video in a while because I rescued kittens in October and they're causing chaos.

(to cat) Aren't you? Aren't you? You want to come here if you're doing a slow blink at me? Come here. Come here. Look at the camera. Come here. Look at the camera.

This is Mr Lupon.

(to cat) Look at the camera. Just don't push the button with your nose.

He's the little runt of the litter when we found him.

(to cat) Ow. Jayken, don't stab me. That's my legs. You guys should know this by now. Guess I'm not allowed to use a blanket. All right.

Anyways, rescued kittens on Octo in October because I was at the park taking pictures and then they just came out of the woods. And Mr Lupon — if you want to come back, stop stabbing me, please.

Usually teaching kittens not to use their claws is very easy, but these guys are really stubborn about it. This is Mr Lupon — had three weeks of reinforcement because they were — Well, they were being, they got socialized every day for an hour by volunteers. So, that's not excuse. They're just being stupid.

Anyways, Mr Lupon uh, I rescued them because I realized both of his eyes were completely glued shut and he literally had no idea I was there because he could not see from the infection.

That's much smaller than your hand. Also, he was literally smaller than my hand. Here he is. Look at him. Look how big he is. He's still small, though. He's still, He's not, He needs to gain more weight. He's getting a little bit skinny cuz he's going through a growth spurt. So, we have to give him wet food and lots of treats that he likes just so he gets enough calories. Yeah.

Anyways, if this is the first video in this playlist, you are clicking on the playlist of me reading these books out loud and giving you line by line commentary, not me rambling about these adorable little kittens.

He's looking at the phone. They've They've been obsessed with my phone since I found them. So, he might smack it with his paw and end the video. Please don't do that, little man. Don't do that. Thank you. You're so cute.

He's just laying his his little head on my arm to be adorable, and it's working.

Anyways, if this is the first video you have clicked on in this series, we are more than halfway through — This is Book Two here. This is another book. We're just going to do another price comparison.

We're more than halfway through Book Two here. So, if you would like to not be baffled, find on our ow. Can you Oh my gosh. Stop kicking. All right. I'm not allowed to have a blanket because they just want to stab my legs through it for some reason. If you don't want to be confused, find the playlist. If you you should notice the number 20 at the start of this video. It's because it's the 20th one in the series. go to our channel and just type in one 01 or if it appears in a playlist it might suggest it in the on the side. I don't know how YouTube does stuff these days.

We're more than halfway through Book Two. So, if you are fine with being confused and starting almost halfway through Book Two, you're welcome to stay. Just don't complain that you have no idea what's going on cuz you can start at the the beginning anytime you want.

Anyways, just for a price comparison, I was given this for Christmas. Um, this book here, suggested price for US is $16.99. Uh, suggested price for Canada is 22.50. This book has we measured it before. The pages account for 1 cm. Uh, this one we haven't measured. Um, this one the suggested price is ninteen-ninty— Don't stab me. 19.99. And then I guess that's a European I guess a pound maybe. It's got a little Lshaped thing.

So, So if you're British cost you 10 bucks. 10 pounds I guess. I don't know what you call them for slime.

And there's this. Here's this. I was given this for Christmas. I've never heard of Monique Singleton before, but it's called Primal Nature. The the advertisement actually had a summary. The summary

is hilarious and sounds like something I would have written as a 12-year-old. And that is a compliment.

Here's the summary. This is not an ad, by the way. I'm just reading it because and then at some point I'll read this for this and we'll compare the summaries and see how accurate they are. Uh…

“Subjected to decades of experiments. Subject 336 should have broken. Instead, she changed into something stronger, faster, and infinitely more dangerous. Now hunted by governments and feared by all who cross her path, she hides in the shadows, torn between blood lust and her own fragile humanity. But one question plagues the minds of allies and enemies alike. Who is subject 336?”

I would have written something like this as a 12-year-old. I just love experiment escapes lab and runs around. It's cool.

Stick that back so nobody uses it as a scratching post.

(from offscreen) did you mention we haven't read this yet, but we love this because the advertisement for it actually gave a description actually had a bit of the?

Indeed. Anyways, uh this doesn't have a summary on the back. It's on the inside. Uh, actually, I'm not going to reread that because presumably if you've gotten this far, you're either resigned or very happy about starting in the worst place possible to be confused. Good for you.

Or you've watched all of them and you probably don't want to see me reread the summary.

And if you do want to see me reread it — don't stab me. If I suddenly just make a face, it's because a kitten has their claws out, even though they should know better. You literally are, You literally have two toys right next to you. Look. Yeah. Get that. You made me almost just dislocate my foot. You want to play with your little mouse? You want to get your mouse?

Anyways, we are on page 60. 60. And it's been a while. It's been probably a month or so. Again, I'm

never going to get over the disgusting, the disgusting size of the margins!

Look how much space there is at the bottom. Look how much space there is at the top. And that's all just to make it seem like there are more pages in this book than there actually are, because they're making sure that the text takes up the least amount of page or yeah, page possible so that they can try to justify putting in more pages. Yeah.

Hey, also for the record, I had started recording continuing this and then I had to stop because I had to I was staring off into the corner because the kittens were just starting to cause chaos and all this shit and it's — it just did not—

Sorry for stepping on your tail. It just did not get continued. So, we're just starting afresh.

Maybe I will upload those as bloopers. I don't know. Remember bloopers? Maybe not. They should make bloopers a thing again. Bloopers are fun.

Uh, we just got past the part where Murderbot explained what its original plan was, which was the most straightforward, simple, and, and safest plan possible. It was just going to hack one of the mindless — *actually* not sentient uh autopilot spaceships, sneak aboard, sneak that over to the thing, go do stuff in secret, sneak back out.

It would have literally been the simplest thing possible. But then Martha Wells's favorite character ever, ART, swoops in and says, "Actually, instead of doing the safe thing, how about— ”

Oh, also, you might have noticed my glasses are different. Uh, another reason I didn't continue is because my uh old glasses hadn't been replaced in three plus years by accident. So, whoopsy daisies. Um, and also my eyes got a lot worse, especially this one. this one on this side. This one. So, could not see a bunch of shit all of a sudden.

Anyways, um yeah. So instead of doing the simplest thing, ART is swooping in and saying, "Actually, how about we do this really, really dangerous way instead that puts you in unnecessary amounts of danger,

leaves a massive paper trail to show that you were here. Um, which also endangers everybody that interacts with you, and also you're going to be under so much more stress than you would have?”

Uh, and then Murderbot has no objections whatsoever, and we just immediately pivot to doing that instead, because ART says it, so therefore, it's what's going on now, even though it makes no fucking sense.

And it would have been the easiest fucking thing for Martha Wells to edit this so that it just fucking makes sense, and it, and it isn't just taking — just throwing plan A, which was legitimately the best fucking plan, and just saying, "No, we're gonna do it so much more difficult for no reason."

She didn't have to do it this way, but she chose to, and it's just bad writing, and it's just like, can you please just edit your fucking drafts properly?

Anyways, we're on page 60, quote unquote 60, because they insert a bunch of blank pages. Then again, the margin, I'm not sure how big of a book this

would be if they actually used the, the page economically, but I'm sure at some point maybe in the future when it's public domain, somebody will print the entire fucking series economically, and we'll see.

And it will probably be hilariously small.

I'm guessing like the whole series at max would take up like, this much if you actually printed it to just actually print as much book as possible.

> [dq]Once ART was docked and the transit rings bot piloted tugs were removing the cargo modules, it cycled the lock for me and I slipped through into the embarcation zone.
>
> [dq] It had given me access to its calm so it could ride my feed through the transit ring. It claimed it could help me, and while I was skeptical of that, it could at least keep me company. As I walked away from the safety of Arts Lock, I dropped back down to 96% efficiency. I hit the station entertainment feeds for new new downloads to try to calm down.

Also, hold on. Let me get Oh, there's my bottle of water. Feel like something just fell off. Yes, my hat.

(from offscreen) Wasn't Murderbot at some point complaining about a lack of storage space? I'm pretty sure it was doing that in Book One and now it's just casually, you know, downloading every single thing that it comes across.

Yeah, that's why it deleted a bunch, that's why it deleted the—

(from offscreen) Yeah.

—survey shit for —

Explicitly in Book One, the reason that Murderbot didn't know who they were was that it needed the storage space for, for media and shit.

Meaning, in Book One at least, books, TV shows, plays, musicals, audio dramas, not just TV shows — But the flanderization has already started, so — bless you. That was a cat sneeze.

Um, so explicitly in Book One, it struggled with its internal storage space and struggled to have enough keep enough space to download all the TV shows and books and shit it watches.

And that disappeared before this book even began. It it it has infinite storage space now. It never has to juggle anything or worried about—

Can you come over here? Why Why don't you want to sit with me now? Huh? Huh? You can come back. Oh, cuz you're getting a bath. Okay, you can go get a bath. He's No, I don't know if you can tell. His fur is all must mused up because he's getting a bath from his sister. You can go get a bath. He's just going to sit here now. He might try to stab me...and, and the book cuz he wants to be. Yes. You're so cute. ~I'm going to curl up and go to sleep.~ You want to purl louder so they can hear that? He said, "No, I'm just going to sit here."

Uh, yeah. So again, we are already removing obstacles and stakes, including just the basic stake of managing your storage space on your fucking phone, which is inside Murderbot's head.

Uh, where was I? Hi. Look at his adorable little face. Thank you. He's looking at you. That's you. That's your little face. He's so sleepy.

> [dq]I'd already sent a message to the social feed node about the advertisement and gotten an answer with a location and time stamp. The last time I had I'd had an arranged meeting with humans, they kidnapped Mensah and blew me up. So, this could hardly be worse.

Also, the last time Murderbot had a, uh, arranged a meeting with humans, that was when Martha Wells literally could not think of a single fucking way for the actual heroes to outsmart the villains or out compete them in an actual fight or anything so that literally the only way the book could end with the heroes quote unquote “winning” was to literally tell the — I'm not even joking:

They literally told the villains, "Hey, you know your nuclear bomb over there? We're going to blow it up.” And then they — hi — were given no proof that this was a thing that they had the ability to do, because of all the safeguards that were supposed to be there.

Um and then Murderbot was like, "Oh yeah, we we can definitely do that. We definitely know how to set off a nuclear bomb that has a whole bunch of safeguards on it. We can totally do that."

And then they didn't actually ask for proof or anything. And they — the bad guys that is.

Don't don't no. Just be chill, Mr. Shiny Fur.

They literally just the bad guys were like, "Oh my god, they're gonna set off our nuclear bomb." And literally sprinted over there. Not literally sprinted, but they literally ran over there as fast as they could in their fastest little spaceship and then landed next to the nuclear bomb and then went over to stare at that.

I'm not It's my hand. I'm gesturing. You don't need to try and smack it. That's not what hands are for. Hands are for petting you, not for being smacked.

They literally ran over to the nuclear bomb that they were just told is going to be detonated, and then literally stood around, staring at it at point blank

range, not even not even trying to diffuse it, not trying to disarm it.

(from offscreen) Like Wily Coyote.

Huh?

(from offscreen) I said they ran over like Wily Coyote. Yeah, they ran over like Wily Coyote and literally just stood around in point blank, directly in front of the bomb that they were literally just told was going to go off, and then it goes off and they all die.

Literally, that's how the first book ended because Martha Wells is fucking shit at writing and literally could not think of a single way for the actual protagonists to do anything.

Oh, also Murderbot immediately conveniently got knocked unconscious because she couldn't think of anything any way for Murderbot to react to this situation or any way to actually show this situation being resolved by the blowing up of the bad guys with the nuclear bomb.

So, the character, the protagonist literally just conveniently falls unconscious so that she doesn't actually have to write anything to actually resolve this situation in any way.

(from offscreen) Conclude it.

Yeah, write a — She doesn't write a conclude— She doesn't conclude stories. She doesn't even end most fight scenes. It's just “Oh, and then the character very conveniently got knocked unconscious. Moon, Moon fell unconscious, so, um, we don't actually need to show any of the supposed resolution. We're just going to have a time skip and then everything's fine and then the book will end on a random fucking line that doesn't make any sense, with the moral that women belong in the kitchen so that their husbands don't have to worry about them.”

Not joking.

Anyways, yeah.

So, again, I cannot stress enough the, the first book, it only ends and is quote unquote “resolved” by the bad

guys being told a bomb was going to go blow up. So they literally ran over to stand in front of it and got themselves blown up, because Martha Wells is shit at writing and wrote herself into a situation and then literally could not be bothered to figure out any meaningful bare minimum logical way for them to get out.

> [dq] I hacked my way through embarcation zone security and out into the ring's mall. It was utilitarian compared to both the last transit ring and port free commerce. No garden pods, no hollow sculptures, no big hollow displays advertising arrays of ship rights and cargo factories and other

This is a long this is a very long sentence for for reading out loud. Also, I might have had COVID for a third time, but mostly asymptomatically because I keep getting out of breath more than before, which is irritating as hell.

[dq] No garden pods, no holo sculptures, no big hollow displays advertising arrays of ship rights and

cargo factors and other businesses. No shiny new interface vending machines.

Period.

> [dq]Also, no big passenger transports coming through. So, not nearly as big a crowd of humans or bots.

Hey, look. For once, we have not said humans or augmented humans or bots. We've just let augmented humans, aka cyborgs, aka physically disabled people, exist within the category of human. That's probably — that's one of the few times that's allowed to fucking happen. Woohoo. Bare minimum *lack* of abject ableism.

> [dq] ART's idea was beginning to seem less like a stupid

Okay.

ART's idea was beginning to seem like less of a stupid risk and more like a necessity.

Okay. But if you think it's a stupid risk, why are you going along with it without question from literally just right over here? [points at page before] What do you mean it seems like a stupid risk, but you're going along with it? You didn't even have to be convinced!

So again, she's — this is her lampshading the fact that they're doing a terrible fucking plan after Murderbot had literally the best, safest, most efficient plan, and then we went with the shitty plan instead that just creates so many more problems and now we're acknowledging that it's a stupid risk.

But why are you going along with it then?

> [dq]ART's idea was beginning to seem like less like a stupid risk and more like a necessity. Blending in here would be harder if everyone was only here on their way to and from the installations on the moon. In my feed, ART said, "I told you so."

Because according to Martha Wells, ART is always right because it's her favorite character ever. And also abuse apologism and also this is bullshit.

No, this doesn't do anything to prove that ART was right, because Murderbot's literal plan was to avoid walking through this fucking area in the first place. It was literally going to steal a fucking regular goddamn spaceship that is not a living ship, not a person in any way, and just sneak past this shit.

ART’s — ART is the reason that Murderbot is being put into the dangerous zone for literally no reason except very clearly that ART wants to play with a — its shiny new fucking toy and stress Murderbot out and just just do shit for no fucking reason.

> [dq]I told you so.

It was literally never going to come here at all. Literally never. It was literally going to sneak past all of this shit.

This is, this is the the midway station. This is like the middleman of the fucking thing, because for ART's plan at least, we have to land on the big space station and then go over to this other place and get permission to do that and leave a fucking paper trail,

and also it put, put Murderbot's face on all of the fucking security cameras.

Put its fucking face in the memories of everybody here and then just just do all this extra shit for no fucking reason and now it's like, "Oh, I told you so. You couldn't have snuck through here."

It was literally not going to do that.

It was literally not going to do that in any way.

It was literally going to go directly to where it needed to go, in stealth, and come back, in stealth, without interacting with anyone. There's no ‘I told you so’. You are literally creating the situation that is that is not fucking good. That's not how this works.

But we are but we're not supposed to be aware of the fact that this is the worst possible plan that ART is forcing Murderbot into, because Martha Wells just wants us to think —She doesn't even want us to remember from literally *less than a full fucking page ago* Murderbot's actual original plan that was literally going to work perfectly!

We're just supposed to think, ‘oh yeah, of course Murderbot could not have possibly gone through its original plan. Um. Because its original plan wouldn't work with ART's plan, even though it was nothing like ART's plan, because it was literally avoiding all of this shit!’

> [dq] The location for the meeting was a food service place in the main mall area. It was in a large transparent bubble in the second level of the mall, overlooking the walkways and counter service stalls below.

Also, please note the lack of description of this actual space station. We're getting told there's things here. We're not actually told what it looks like.

Like, for all we know, this mall could all be consisting of hot fucking neon pink with eye burning yellow accents. We don't know.

Everybody here could be wandering around in fucking pajamas. There's no actual descriptions of what the place looks like.

Like, is it is it really fucking dirty gray metal? Is there — is it landlord white? Is it any, like, what is — what does it actually fucking look like?

If you walk into a mall, if you have if you live somewhere that malls still exist or existed ever, they can look very different.

It's not like a mall has a defined fucking thing that it looks like. Like you can't just say, "Oh, um, there's a transparent bubble in the second level of the mall overlooking walkways and counter service stalls below."

Do you know how I could give that description to so many people and just have tell them to draw it and they would draw 50 million different fucking things because nothing there is actually descriptive?

You can imagine anything you want, because it's not telling you what to imagine besides there's buildings, there's stalls.

We don't even get to know what the stalls are selling or bare minimum what they look like.

Are they are they super professional and sleek? Are they ramshackle? Were they hastily cobbled together? Are they all forced to follow some kind of branding, colorization, style, anything? Anything whatsoever?

What is it, what is it they call it in video games? Is it besides aesthetic? Like what? A theme.

A Yeah. What's the fucking theme of the place? We don't get to know any of that. ~It's just it's a mall. Why Why should I describe what it looks like to you? All malls look the same!~ Apparently.

> [dq] It was in a large transparent bubble in the second level of the mall, overlooking the walkways and counter service stalls below.

I feel like I should just start an art group out of spite and just give people descriptions from these books. What little fucking — the, the bare minimum not even actually describing anything that we get from these books.

Yeah. And then just say just draw what draw what you think that could draw that and just show all of the different things that it looks like.

And like, the fact that everybody draws Murderbot and the other characters looking completely different is not a compliment to Martha Wells. That is showing her fucking failure, because —

I, we, I think we've discussed the racism and white supremacy and plausible deniability enough. I'll I'll continue reading.

> [dq]There were multiple open levels inside with tables and chairs and it was 40% full of humans and augmented

We kind of I just gave it a compliment for not dehumanizing disabled people and it's it's it did it again just out of fucking spite. Fuck you, Martha Wells.

Huh? Sorry, Kitty. Miss Osma. Osma, you want to come here? Say hi. Is she even looking this way? No. Nope. Okay.

> [dq]It was 40% full of humans and a augmented humans

Because fucking physically disabled people. Disa— uh what is the meme? Never mind. Whatever.

> [dq]As I walked through, I picked up the occasional buzz of a drone, but no pings. There were also

Have they made drones not be ridiculously fucking loud in the future? Because again, we keep getting told all of this shit is super cheap. If it's not, if it's super cheap, then why aren't the drones just deafening like they are in real life?

> [dq] I picked up the occasional buzz of a drone, but no pings.

And again, once again, I'm going to bring this up every time pings come up. We've been never been given any fucking explanation for what a ping is in this universe and how it functions, because it seems to change rules every single fucking time.

It, as all — as most things in a Martha Wells book do, it it does whatever is needed in that exact moment to make the plot work, even if it contradicts everything else.

> [dq] There were food smells in the air and the acrid sense of intoxicants. I didn't bother to try to analyze and identify them. I was too nervous and trying to focus on looking like an augmented human.

Also, Murderbot has never attempted to identify specific food or alcohol smells. That wasn't a thing in Book One, and it was never hinted even in Book One. So, I don't know why that is being specified. It's completely fucking unnecessary.

And also, uh, Martha Wells's favorite excuse for not describing anything or having world building in this is that, ~well, Murderbot wouldn't care.~

Murderbot's hypervigilant and is supposed to be obsessed with security. It's the exact fucking character that would be obsessing over every single fucking thing.

If Murderbot were competently written as a character that's meant to be hyper vigilant and obsessed with security, we would be getting detailed fucking schematics of every single fucking building it goes into, the volume of people compared to however the—whatever limits are put on that building for occupancy, the amount of air, all of this shit that would just be getting laid out the second it fucking steps foot into anywhere at the start of each chapter.

Just the fucking statistics for the building, escape routes, probability of escape time, how long it would take to get there, uh, without injuries, all based on whoever the fuck is the slowest in the group that Murderbot has to guard.

How long it would take to get there if Murderbot has to drag everybody. All this shit, this is just basic fucking writing if you actually give a single shit, but Martha Wells doesn't.

> [dq]The humans I was to meet had

And, again, Murderbot’s too fucking nervous ~trying to pretend to be something it's not~. Actually, no. But

that — it is, it literally is an augmented human, because it's a fucking cyborg.

But it's probably never going to be allowed to figure that out, because Martha Wells is racist and would rather do slavery apologism and dehumanize slaves and dehumanize physically disabled people and especially dehumanized physically disabled enslaved people.

And again, Murderbot doesn't need to be here.

It was literally going to sneak onto — It was literally just going to hijack a fucking taxi and sneak past all of this shit. It's only here because ART is an abusive fucking bastard who wants to play with Murderbot's fucking life like it's a goddamn toy.

[dq]The humans I was to meet had sent an image so I could find them.

Osma, look here. She's, She's not even remotely looking this way. Come say hi, Osma. She's literally not even looking at me. Hey, there's nothing on the TV. Why are you staring at it? Saw the car go over

that way. Osma. She could not give any fewer fucks. Hello. I'm talking to you, little cutie pie. I can't snap my fingers. She's She said, "No, I am not going." She's literally not even looking.

All right. Anyways, Osma is the the gray stripey kitten who had to have her eye removed. It's seemingly fully healed shut now because she got her surgery. She's said, "No, you don't get to see her."

Hey, Osma. Osma. Now she looked this way and then immediately looked away again. Thank you, Mr Lupon. At least you come when I call you.

> [dq] The humans I was to meet had sent an image so I could find them. There were three of them. A

She got smacked in the face. Her babysitter— very gently. They're not mean to her. He said no. She loves uh just ramming herself full body into the older cats and they're just like, "Can you not?" She's also loves to meow really loudly at people like she's yelling at them when they're just, and that's her way of saying hi, cuz she's silly.

Hello. Thank you for not using your claws.

> [dq]The humans I was to meet had sent an image so I could find them. There were three of them all wearing variations on work clothes. No uniform logos.

And again, what the fuck do work clothes look like in a super super sci-fi future? Far into the goddamn future where humans have colonized all sorts of planets and the word Earth has never come up. What do work clothes look like then?

Because work clothes can mean literally anything. Work clothes can mean wearing a fucking fancy suit if you're a fancy rich waiter at a rich fancy restaurant. Work clothes can mean a fucking McDonald's uniform. Work clothes can mean literally fucking anything. It could mean a damn janitor's outfit. It could mean wearing, I don't know what I don't know what park rangers or whatever wear. It could mean just anything. Work clothes. You have to fucking specify these things.

And this is why—

(From offscreen) And now she's gone the opposite direction supposedly. Supposedly because people keep claiming that Book 8 has “too many descriptions”.

[skeptically] Okay.

(from offscreen) Yeah. Witch King style.

Oh yeah.

(from offscreen) Supposedly describes everybody's clothing. Let me get a drink. In ridiculous horrific detail.

Mhm.

(from offscreen) And she does that in PlatformDecay.

Okay.

Don't fall water bottle.

Yeah. This is another anti— Oh, there it fell.

This is another anti-description. What does work clothes mean? What does that mean?

Again, I've played Fallout 4. Work clothes could mean a fucking synth uniform.

(to cat) Who's that? You good? You good? You want to say hi to the camera?

Work clothes could lit mean literally anything. So,

> there were three of them all wearing variations on work clothes. No uniform logos.

And it's like, and okay, there's like two different things being referenced there. Work clothes and uniform. But they're also not wearing a logo. So, why would it be a uniform if it's not a fucking logo, and if they're all wearing different things, which is the what the word “variations on work clothes”?

> [dq]A quick a quick search had shown entries for them in the transit rings social feed. They had listed themselves as unaffiliated guest workers, but you could list yourself as anything.

> There was no identity check. Two were female and one was Tercera, which was a gender signifier used in the group of non-corporate political entities known as the Divarti cluster.

And again, non-corporate political entities that just means a regular fucking government. And there could be a purpose in using this fucking corporate speak bullshit, but there is no actual purpose. It's literally just there to pad out the word count and seem sci-fi-y and, and sophisticated, but it's just fucking corporate speak, unironically, in a series that's supposed to be criticizing capitalism.

Also, this all this is just more of Martha Wells's fucking bullshit and exorsexism.

People love to say, "Oh, well, see, there's a character who uses neoponouns in Book Two, so that means that the series isn't stereotyping non-binary people.!" Except no. Nope. Not.

This isn't actually fucking progressive in any way. You'll see why.

Well, in case you've never read this book before, you'll see why very shortly.

Uh,

> [dq]To initiate the meeting, I'd had to make an entry on the social feed, too. The system was extremely vulnerable to hacking. So, I had backdated my entry to look like I had come in on an earlier passenger transport, listing my job as security consultant and my gender as indeterminate. Posing as its own captain, ART gave me a prior employment reference.

Also, that first sentence there could do with some fucking editing. Let me read it again.

> [dq]The system was extremely vulnerable to hacking,

oh, pause. Hold on. Uh, another reason I haven't made one of these videos in like since October probably is because my laptop uh, is not working. I can technically turn it on, but at at what cost? At what cost?

Okay, in case this is your first video, my laptop's battery has not worked for years. I refuse to get a new one until it literally explodes or something. Uh, because it's just fucking wasteful. And also, I'm not going to do this shit where I buy what is supposed to be a laptop that will last a reasonable amount of time and then they do obsolescence shit and it immediately stops working.

Battery hasn't worked for years. It has to be plugged in all the time in order to turn on because the battery doesn't work even though I made sure never to overcharge it. Uh, that was fine. I don't give a shit. I'm fine with plugging it in.

But now the charger cord itself, like either the port for the laptop or the end of the cord, I don't know which one, um, has some problems now. So if it gets moved even a tiny bit, it shuts the laptop down. So I will like instantly no warning, just boop, power off.

Uh, so far it hasn't caused any massive problems with the computer itself from abruptly shutting down. Uh, but the more times it happens, the more likely it is to cause a massive fucking computer ~boom~ or

something. Not not literally explode, but just like, fuck up all the programs.

Um, so if you missed the memo, I have been editing the transcripts that YouTube supplies to make the subtitles actually accurate.

And since my computer cannot be trusted, uh, I will not be able to edit these subtitles until I can either hook up an actual keyboard to my phone or figure something else out.

Um, if anybody wants to volunteer to edit the subtitles, I don't know why you would, but I mean, I guess you technically can.

Uh, I did ask people and they voted yes, keep making the videos even if the subtitles can't be edited. Uh, so that's why I'm doing this.

I will attempt to edit them on my phone, but that's going to take forever because I can't type for shit on this phone and also don't really have a program for my phone for it.

So, the subtitles most likely won't be accurate if you're watching this video when it's new and probably not for a while after that. So, I apologize.

Um, there are certain words that it absolutely will fuck up. Uh, if it says if I'm saying SecUnit, s e c u n i t, it will probably change it to change it to “sex unit” or something, because Martha Wells didn't fucking think that through.

It's very clear she didn't say the word “SecUnit” out loud enough before publishing Book One. She didn't think that through. That's literally what it sounds like.

And also, uh, I don't think Bharadwaj is in here. So, hopefully that will be the one time I have to say that name, because it never spells it correctly, and I don't know how I could possibly pronounce it to try and get it to to to spell it properly.

Uh, yeah, hopefully it they're not too bad, but I just wanted to say that.

Okay. Um, oh yeah, this sentence could do with some work: “The system was extremely vulnerable to

hacking, comma, so I had backdated my entry to look like I had come in on an earlier passenger transport, listed my job as security consultant, and my gender as indeterminate.”

It's just, it just sounds slightly off. Just sounds weird. Like, it's not horrible, but there's just something weird about it that I feel like needs to be edited. A

lso, this again, uh, please note specifically what is being listed here. Uh, I listed blah blah blah

> [dq] listed my job as security consultant and my gender as indeterminate.

That's the information Murderbot is giving these, its its employers, prospective employers, about it.

Gender: indeterminate

Job: Security consultant.

That's all they know. You know what's missing from there? Pronouns.

And you will see, because Martha Wells is an exorsexist.

She doesn't actually support trans people, we make the world too scary and complicated for her. If she can't just assume people's genders from looking at them, she doesn't like that. She does not. She hates the fucking concept that you could ever have to simply ask somebody what their pronouns are or, just ~the horror of horrors~ have them tell you.

She hates that and you can fucking tell from her writing, especially with System Collapse, which, until this newest thing, was the last the newest published book.

Also, if I keep lifting my glasses, it's because my ears are fucking crooked. My entire body is crooked. This ear is so annoying. So, it just makes this side fall down all the time.

She hates trans people. She doesn't actually support us. She can't imagine anything worse than simply asking or sharing pronouns with people.

So, again, to specify, Murderbot has listed its job as security consultant and its gender as indeterminate.

No, no such thing as, "And I listed my pronouns as it/its." And we know that it didn't do that.

You'll see.

> [dq]Posing as its own captain, ART gave me a prior employment reference. I spotted them at a table near the bubble overlook.

And again, bad uses of pronouns. We shouldn't be saying “them” because we just referenced ART. So, we should be saying, "I spotted the people I was supposed to be meeting," or in this case, ~the humans~. “I spotted the humans I was coming to meet.” “I spotted the potential clients,” etc.

We're just saying “them”. Even though that pronoun them can only connect back to ART, because that's how pronouns work.

Pronouns work — You say a name— Give me a name.

(from offscreen) Polychrome.

You, You say the name Polychrome and then you say a pronoun like them. Uh... “There's Polychrome. I gave them a piece of cat— a catnip plant.”

I don't, I don't know. “I gave them a bag of cat treats.”

Who is this “them” referring to?

Polychrome by the rules of all language.

If it then turns out I'm actually talking about somebody completely different, a pet sitter, if I'm talking about a fucking— the person petsitting Polychrome, cuz she's a cat...

She's sleep. She's asleep.

Uh if I say “There's Polychrome, I gave them a bag of cat treats.” And the ‘them’ there is referring to the person petsitting her, instead of Polychrome herself, that's me being —

(From offscreen) — Talking about two different people including yourself.

Huh? I said —

(from offscreen) (muffled) after you.

Yes. After I've literally just referred to myself and the cat.

The “them” must refer back to the last fucking proper noun stated, which in this case is Polychrome.

And in *this* case is literally ART.

“ART gave me a blah blah blah ART. I spotted them.” This is just basic fucking grammar. This is basic streamlined communication.

You don't say — like, again, here, “posing as its own captain, ART” That's fine, because we are saying that ART is posing as its own captain because that sentence is just going in a little loop. That's fine. *This* isn't.

And I know everybody's going to be like, "Oh, that's nitpicking."

This is basic shit. And Martha Wells has been writing for longer than you've probably been alive. Almost longer than I've been alive. No, she has been writing. Yeah, she has been writing longer than I've — Yeah, she's literally been writing longer than I've been alive. There's, there's no excuse for this shit. It's — this book was published in 20—

Wait, yeah, duh. Because that was the year of the fucking scam started.

This book was published in 2018, because the entire first four books books are literally just one fucking story very blatantly chopped into four for DLC culture for books so that they could sell four fucking books for the price of a massive fucking novel each.

You know that fucking book I pointed out at the beginning? Same fucking price, pretty much, for this shit.

And this is only a fourth of what is very clearly just one godamn story chopped into four.

This was published in 2018.

Martha Wells has been writing since at least 1993.

That's when she started *publishing*.

There's no fucking excuse for this shit. This is basic shit, and she never gets better at it.

Just as she never gets — she's never fucking improved in having one fucking character's dialogue per goddamn paragraph, the thing most fanfiction writers learn within their first year of publishing fanfiction.

She's been writing since 1990— publishing since 1993, no idea how long writing before that.

And she still, in 2026, is literally not fucking separating different characters’ fucking dialogues into two separate paragraphs. And she's still not fucking using pronouns correctly. This is just the bare fucking minimum, and she's not doing it.

And they're not even — and, and it gets worse.

She's actively getting *worse* at writing, because everybody keeps just making all of the excuses for her.

> [dq] I spotted them at a table near the bubble overlooking the mall.

And again, we still don't know what this fucking bubble looks like or what the mall looks like. We're just repeating the information that's not actual information. It this could be a dimly lit, dingy, fuck, I don't know, postapocalyptic

(from offscreen) [muffled] ...and those could be the bubbles.

Mhm.

> [dq] They were having a tense whispered conversation.

And again, see, “I spotted them at a table near the bubble overlooking the mall.” That sentence could be

fine if the next fucking sentence started with “the humans were blah blah blah blah blah.”

Because you can say, uh, characters blah blah blah, I walked into the room and then I saw it.

You can say that. Or you can say, "I walked into the room and then I saw him."

And then that's its own paragraph for suspense. And then we get the reveal of what this it/ him or whoever whatever pronoun we use is.

In the case of I walked into the room and then I saw it. It would be like a dead body or a werewolf or some scary fucking weirdo monster thing. Just something.

But we're not we're not doing that. We just continue using the unspecified pronoun “they”.

> [dq]I spotted them at a table near the bubble over

Oh, you want to tell everybody those statistics, because this is in parentheses over here.

You want to share those statistics if you have, if you remember them.

(from offscreen) I have it written down still.

Okay. Just make sure you talk louder or lean this way past the cardboard.

We have — we're interrupting our third page just for some hilarious statistics for you to keep in mind.

As we've, as we've pointed out, the flanderization has already started. It’s started. You don't know the depths to which it will descend.

Because remember, in Book One, Murderbot didn't *just* watch TV shows. It read books. It listened to music. It's already reduced to only watching TV shows.

And at that, two of them in particular, and watch documentaries. That's it.

We don't even get any details or hints of anything else besides “oh um we we totally watched some

documentaries but none of them are listed by name”, and that's the last time that will happen, because from now on it's just The Rise and Fall of Sanctuary Moon and World Hoppers and that's fucking it.

It's going to get so much worse.

And as for the parenthesis are you actually sides —

Yes, I have it pulled up. I was waiting to figure it out.

Okay, let, listen listen listen to this, this, this portent of what is to come.

It's actually not a portent. It's just the literal cold hard facts.

Are you ready? Go!

(from offscreen) For Book One, which is 176 pages officially according to Amazon. Not really, but officially according to Amazon.

Just talk a bit louder just to be sure.

(From offscreen) There are the number of “fucks” given in in v— all variations of that word, is three. The number of “shits” given is nine.

Pause so I can summarize.

In Book One, the word “fuck” was used, and variations, was used three times. The word “shit” and variations was used nine times. Continue.

(from offscreen) The number of parenthetical aides, AKA things in parenthesis, 20 separate parentheses thingies. That's counting the first one. So all of the parentheses things in parentheses, there were 20 of them in Book One.

(from offscreen) Am I giving the stats for Book Two?

Yep. We're — you're giving them all.

(From offscreen) Book Two, which is 16 pages shorter than Book One at 160 pages officially. Officially the number of “fucks” given, nine. The number of “shits” given, four. The number of parathetical aides 41. Doubled.

And that's — we tripled the — we tripled the number of f-bombs. We — What did — What did shits go to?

(from offscreen) Uh four down from nine. We did decrease the, the the usage of the word shit, and then we doubled and then some the number of things in parenthesis.

(from offscreen) We went from 20 in the first book to 44 in this book.

This of which, is one of them. You can continue.

Book three, which is 160 pages, the same length as Artificial Condition—

Supposedly.

(From offscreen) Officially supposedly officially. Number of fucks given, 12. Number of shits given 16. Can we have a drum roll for the number of parenthetical aides? From Book One, which is 20 to 41 in Book Two, and the exact same page count for book three: We have 119 parenthetical aides.

Did you hear that? Did you hear that? And that's not even the worst. Book one, usage of parentheses 20. Book Two, this one, 44. Book three, it was what? 119. 119!

It gets worse. And it gets ‡ that that's not even the worst of it. You might be thinking, “how can it possibly get worse?” And also, yes, they did take the time to to fucking scour the books for all of this information so you can enjoy it now.

Ready?

(from offscreen) Book four, which is 176 pages, which is the same length as Book One. Uh, number of fucks given, 24. Number of shits given, 15. Number of parenthetical aides is 130. We're now at 130 uses usage of parenthesis.

(from offscreen) And then there's Network Effect book five.

Oh boy.

(From offscreen) 352 pages —

Just say just say it super loud just to be sure because —

(from offscreen) Book five Network Effect is 352 pages. The number of fucks given is 60. The number of shits given is 40. And the number of parenthetical aides is 426.

There's lit— I hope you can all hear that.

(from offscreen) 426 usages of parentheses parenthetical aides in Network Effect, which is literally more than it has fucking pages.

Unironically, you — 426 you parenthetical aides in how many pages?

(from offscreen) 426 in 352 pages.

Like what's that ratio?

(from offscreen) I don't know. Also, book seven system collapses worse.

Is that the one where we we went through with the fake highlighter? I don't know. Okay, continue.

(From offscreen) Book six, which is the one — the very first book that came out completely out of chronological order purely just to string people along and get more money and fill in the publishing gap uselessly with the random-ass one shot that makes absolutely no fucking sense and does nothing, uh is 176 pages. Same page count as the first one and whatever else I said that was. Number of fuck given, 37. Number of shits given, 22. Parenthetical aides 162. So we're down a little bit.

(from offscreen) Literally 162 uses of parentheses in book six compared to 20 in Book One, for the same official amount of pages.

(from offscreen) And then then there's System Collapse. System Collapse. There's System Collapse. And if the, uh, early reviews are anything to go by, PlatformDecay will blow it out of the water.

(from offscreen) Oh boy. Yeah, I forgot about that one.

System Collapse is 256 pages. The number of fucks given is 188. The number of shits given is 126. And the number of parenthetical aides... If you thought it was bad when there were 426 parenthetical aides in 352 pages, get ready for book seven, which has 538 in 256 [ages.

I forgot it was that many.

(From offscreen) Yeah.

538 parenthetical aides in what pages?

(From offscreen) 256.

In 256 pages.

(From offscreen) And it should be noted that those are the official page counts to Amazon and uh, PlatformDecay, according to also according to Amazon, has the exact same page count, but one of as Network Effect or System Collapse, as System Collapse.

Okay. I was going to say she's going to be just page count.

(From offscreen) Oh my some of the early— one of the early reviews that actually gave a more in-depth review for it other than just people mindlessly squeeing, is how many parentheses there are on just the first handful of pages. So, um yeah, it's going to be very funny when that comes out.

Yeah. And also, some people might be saying, "But you swear in these videos!" Uh yeah, I'm talking about bigotry and just bullshit bad writing. And also, uh, the thing about these videos is, I'm not sitting down at a computer and typing things out and going, hopefully, *we hope*, through multiple drafts and then getting them professionally edited and published and making you pay money for them.

This is completely off the cuff. Obviously, I have no fucking script. I'm swearing from what I'm reading. If I were writing a *fucking* book, I would not be swearing this much unless it were for some kind of *fucking* purpose in the book.

You might say the *fucking* book.

And yeah, and we're reading out these numbers because it's it's a thing — We're reading out these numbers

(from offscreen) Super fans.

Yeah. Because everyone's just like, "Okay, this is just getting — where is my favorite character go?"

We're just getting more and more — A lot a lot of a lot of the ARC copies, which is Advanced Reader Copy, meaning they send out a book before it's officially published to get reviews.

A lot of them are saying, "Was this shit written by chat GPT? Because if you told me this was written by AI, I would believe you because it's just it's just the same shit thing over and over again. The exact same tired plot. No actual development, and everything just keeps getting exaggerated after it's already been exaggerated eight times before now, and it just keeps getting worse and the quality is just declining instead of getting better or even maintaining.”

Uh yeah. So what did we say? 16% I think it was 19 or something audience retention who continued to read to System Collapse.

Uh, so, yeah, needless to say,

(from offscreen) As your last aside you can mention that they once again gave All Systems Red away for free in —

Yeah. Apparently, just a few months ago, they again gave away All Systems Red for — the first book — completely for free, cuz I, I, a bunch of people were mentioning that in reviews as well.

(from offscreen) Um is the only reason they read it?

Yeah, that's the only reason a lot of people read these books, because they literally get them for free.

And I don't think there's any other things we need to specify.

But yeah, just keep those numbers in mind because, uh the flanderization has started, and it will only get worse and nothing will actually improve whatsoever.

Anyways, um unit loyal fans, even even the most diehard fans are like, “I'm, I'm sorry. I just I have to give up on this, because there's nothing here for me. I thought this this series started out so great and I wanted to stick it out, but it's just there's nothing. This is just abysmal.”

I And again, let's just restart this paragraph without any fucking proper grammar. Just the basics of communication. Your job as an author is to communicate. That includes on a line by line basis.

> [dq] I spotted them at a table near the bubble overlooking the mall. They were having a tense whispered conversation and body language said they were nervous. As I walked toward them, my quick scan showed no weapon signatures, just the small power sources of their personal feed interfaces.

Also, what do you mean weapon signatures? What does that fucking mean? Because that seems to be referring to energy weapons, as though they emit some kind of special energy. But like, you know what wouldn't emit some kind of special energy? A regular fucking gun, a knife, a slingshot.

Why are we saying there's no weapon signatures as though that covers all the bases? That's ridiculous.

Somebody could just have a fucking brick in a goddamn bag like Dewey and just swing their fucking bag! They could have a heavy fucking book in there! But yeah. “Oh, there's no weapon signatures!”

Knives exist. Regular fucking guns exist. Slingshots exist. Hair needles that are actually fucking for stabbing could exist. Hat pins, those are a thing.

> [dq]As I walked toward them, my quick scan showed no weapon signatures, just the small power sources of their personal feed interfaces. One had an implant, but it was just a low-level feed access tool.

And again, you'll notice we've never been given any physical description or just a description of the capabilities of any of these fucking things.

Like, what's the difference between a — what's the fucking difference between a feed uh, interface, and an implant, besides one of them you get inserted in your body?

Where does it go? Is it just getting stuck on the side of your head? Are they — where where does it go? Basic information and we are lacking it, because Martha Wells doesn't actually want to put in the bare minimum amount of effort to write a story properly, when we are being charged stupid amounts of money for these things.

> [dq]I had practiced this part with ART on approach to the ring recording myself so both of us could critique it.

And again, we are only being told these things afterwards after they've supposedly happened.

(from offscreen) First draftisms.

What?

(from offscreen) I said first draftisms.

They said first draftisms things you're supposed to fucking fix when you go back through it again to edit. Like, why, why couldn't we just have seen Murderbot and ART practicing this shit? Why do we have to be told it?

It would have actually shown them bonding, which too fucking late for that. Everything she chose to write and publish just makes ART a fucking, just an unrepentant abuser and, and an asshole, and not in the cutesy ironic way.

No, it's a genuinely fucking horrible person that Murderbot should be kept far the fuck away from, and just it's just an abuser. But we're supposed to think it's awesome, because Martha Wells loves romanticizing abusive relationships.

Osma, you can come here and I will pet you.

> [dq]I had practiced this part with ART on Approach to the Ring, recording myself so both of us could critique it. I told myself I could do this. I put on my best neutral expression, the one I used when the extra download activity had been detected and the deployment center supervisor was blaming the human text for it.

And that's supposed to be funny, but it's like Martha Wells, she wants to have it both ways. We're supposed to — We're supposed to like slave owners when they're Murderbot’s slave owners and — but then we're also just supposed to be fine with Murderbot getting what could be other slaves in trouble, and just all this shit.

Like at the very least getting low wage workers in trouble for no reason. And it's like, so we're supposed to care about literal slave owners, but not the minimum wage employees? Like, there's no fucking consistency here or whatever.

And it's just like, there's just no fucking solidarity in any fucking way, shape, or form.

Not that Murderbot needs to have solidarity with people who literally work for the company, but we're not even discussing that, because we're, we're, we're over here worshiping slave owners every other fucking step of the way.

So, it's just fucking ridiculous when “*These* slave owners are good! These people who work for the slave company, possibly not by choice? It's funny when *they* get in trouble for something that Murderbot did!”

And it's like what — which, which way is it? Because the only consistent thing is that we worship the rich people, because everybody on the PreservationAux team is disgustingly fucking rich. They're disgustingly rich. They're all rich people.

These people that Murderbot is getting in trouble, and we're supposed to laugh at it? They're not.

So, literally, we are always siding with the rich in this story. Even when they are explicitly slave owners who went out of their way to become slave owners.

Again, Martha Wells is not progressive in any fucking way. She really fucking hates poor people.

Go through these book and look at the poor people that actually exist as actual characters that we are meant to see positively. There are literally *none*. Zero.

Every single character in this story that we are meant to like is a fucking disgustingly rich slave owner. Every single one of them.

(from offscreen) Out of touch.

No, that comes with the disgustingly rich.

> [dq] I walked up to the table and said, "Hello." All three of them flinched. "Uh, hello," the Tercera said, recovering first. I picked up the feed from the security camera so I could watch myself and make sure my facial expressions were under control, and it was easier to talk to the humans while watching them through the cameras. I was well aware it was a completely

> false sense of distance from the situation, but I needed it.

And again, Murderbot doesn't need to be put in such a stressful situation that it is purposefully disassociating.

It doesn't need to be doing this.

It could have just snuck past all this.

We could have had a, a story that just — the characters make decisions that make a bare minimum amount of sense instead of this, because, again, Martha Wells didn't need to tell us Murderbot had the perfect plan already and ready to go and then just say, "Oh, actually just just throw that outside. Just throw that away literally less than a full page after it's been told to us, and just we'll just do this other thing instead."

She didn't have to do that.

This could have been fixed in the fucking editing process for the fucking second draft of this shit, but nope. No such thing.

We're left with this shit.

And like, we're literally — Murderbot is literally forced to disassociate to deal with the situation that it does not need to fucking be in, that is putting it in danger and creating a fucking paper trail among so many other things.

I was blah blah. Oh, yeah.

“But I needed it.”

> [dq] I said, "We arranged to meet. I'm Eden, the security consultant. Right. So, it was the name of one of the characters in Sanctuary Moon. You probably aren't surprised by that.

(From offscreen) And Murderbot’s just breaking the fourth wall there.

Or who's the — Murderbot?

(From offscreen) Murderbot just casually breaking the fourth wall very abruptly. Eden is a gender neutral name apparently. Don't forget.

> [dq] We arranged to meet. I'm Eden the security consultant. Right. So, it was a name of one of the characters in Sanctuary Moon

And it's like, one of the characters and we — again, is it Murderbot's favorite character? What does this fucking character do in Sanctuary Moon? What is the fucking plot of Sanctuary Moon? What is the setting?

We just keep — We just keep getting this shit brought up over and over and over again. The M— the just the name of the fucking thing, and told Murderbot’s, "Oh, it's watch— re-watching for episode 473 for the bajillionth time!”

Not going to give us any information about it. It's not thematically relevant in any way. Murderbot’s not even just even aware of the fucking corporate propaganda baked into it.

There's no critical thinking skills going on in any way, in any way, shape, or form, either in universe or in the fucking writing process or demanded of us as the fucking readers.

It's absolutely guaranteed that The Rise and Fall of Sanctuary Moon is stuffed to the gills with corporate propaganda.

But that doesn't get acknowledged, because Martha Wells doesn't want anybody thinking critically in any fucking way, hence the way these are written to purposefully make that as difficult as possible, by glossing over everything important.

But also she clearly does not have enough critical thinking skills to be aware that *that would be a thing*. And if she does, she doesn't give a fuck, because if she asks Murderbot to criticize its favorite TV show and think critically about the messages it is sending, as — such as all the corporate propaganda that's absolutely baked into that thing, probably a major reason that Murderbot assumed any fucking government and country not run by a corporation is

fucking — Where did it get that idea? From The Rise and Fall of Sanctuary Moon. Garen-fucking-teed.

But if she wrote Murderbot to be engaging critical thinking skills in regards to its favorite media, that would be inviting the audience to use our critical thinking skills in regards to this fucking media.

And she does not fucking want that to happen.

Martha Wells is one of those fanfiction authors who only wants praise and only wants praise at all.

You are only allowed to read, use critical thinking skills, if you're just — or analyzing, if you're just singing endless praise.

The second you have anything to criticize or even just point out anything whatsoever that's not glowing praise, it's bad and shouldn't exist.

That's why The Rise and Fall of Sanctuary Moon is never criticized or even questioned *bare minimum* throughout this thing.

We don't even know what the fuck it's about. It's just there. It's just “turn your brain off and enjoy it. Don't think about it. Don't use critical thinking skills. Do not use critical thinking skills to analyze these books or anything else that Martha Wells has written to analyze the fucking messages and themes and the moral values conveyed through it, such as ‘you should worship slave owners, but you should hate minimum wage employees. You can't kill CEOs, cuz they'll just bring — you, it's — you —There's no point in killing rich billionaire politicians because another one will just come in. Oh, but it it's actually good and awesome and you should definitely murder and torture slaves to death because um the systems aren't — or it's not the people. By by people we mean the rich fucking billionaires and slave owners. They're not the problem. It's just the systems. That's why you should murder slaves!”

It's all fucking slavery propaganda and propaganda against doing anything about capitalism or the, just, even the bare minimum of criticizing capitalism, because *again* we just keep getting told nothing but good things about corporations in this fucking series, even though it's claiming to do the opposite.

As I've pointed out in all of the other videos leading up to here, we just keep shilling for the corporation that enslaved Murderbot and pretending, “oh, they're ~so~ honest. You can totally trust them to investigate themselves. They will always get to the truth because they're so honest. Corporations always investigate impartially and try to get to the truth because they know it matters!!!!!”

It's just corporate shilling.

(from offscreen) And they have the best security.

And they have the best security ever. And it's just it's just corporate shilling and bootlicking, but it's pretending not to be.

Even though it's never actually said a single anti-capitalist thing in the entire 13 fucking series stories published so far.

Uh, and then yeah, breaking the fourth wall.

> [dq]You probably aren't surprised by that.

Why are we breaking the fourth wall? Why? It's so jarring.

> [dq]The Tercera cleared her throat. T had purple hair and red eyebrows standing out against light brown skin. I'm Rami. That's Tan and Maro. T shifted nervously and tapped the empty chair. ART, who was considerably faster than me at data retrieval, performed a quick search and informed me it was an invitation to sit down across several human cultural indices. It was giving me the etymology of the gesture as I sat down. You would think a SecUnit who had been shot to pieces multiple times, blown up, memory purged, and once partially dismantled by accident, wouldn't be on the verge of panic under these circumstances. You'd be wrong.

And again, more showing— er, more telling, less showing. We just get told all of these things that supposedly happened in Murderbots's backstory, including viv— including a fucking vivisection, and none of them have ever happened on screen, and they never will happen on screen.

We have literally no evidence that any of these things ever fucking happened. We just keep getting told, "Oh, these all these horrible things *totally* happened to Murderbot!” in an off-hand fucking comment, and none of it's ever ever comes true, even remotely, even when interacting with new villainous humans.

Nothing like this shit ever remotely happens. And then Martha Wells just keeps saying this, and then not showing any of it or backing it up in any way, and then she acts all shocked and confused when people are like, "I don't know why Murderbot's scared of humans. They've —nobody's ever hurt it." And she's like, "Yeah, I told you they hurt it!"

Yeah, Martha Wells. No humans have ever fucking hurt Murderbot, not in the ways you you keep telling us, because none of that shit has ever happened on screen, and it's never even been described.

We just get told it in an off-hand fucking comment and there's literally no — and there's nothing there's no emotional impact here.

And again, like no, that's explaining exactly why Murderbot *should* be having a fucking panic attack now.

And as I keep pointing out, Murderbot doesn't specifically have trauma about humans. It just has regular social anxiety. That's what's, that's what's making it anxious right now. Just *regular social anxiety*. Nothing actually targeted at humans in reaction to all of the hor- horrible things we keep being told has been done to it, because Martha Wells can't have Murderbot actually be traumatized because of the shit it has been through as an enslaved person being enslaved by slave owners, because *that would make slave owners look bad*.

So instead, she just has to tell us these things in a careless fucking emotionless manner, and then never show any of this shit,

(From offscreen) [muffled] ...the exact moment that she decided that happened.

The exact fucking moment she decided it happened, with no hints that this *was a thing* leading up to it.

And then Murderbot’s panic actually has nothing to do with that. It's just because, “oh, I feel bad because um I'm a terrifying Murderbot and real humans are scared of me because I'm scary.”

And it's again, we're not actually fucking doing anything with PTSD, because if we actually had Murderbot realistically be traumatized by interacting with humans by — meaning slave owners — that would just make slave owners look bad.

As I pointed out in Book One, um, all of the fucking— all of its fucking slave owners are getting pissed off, we're told that they're, we're told that they're yelling and throwing things and shit.

And it's like, any competent writer would would have Murderbot reacting to this with instinctive, fucking, you know, fear response from PTSD.

Its slave owners are so pissed off they are yelling and stomping and throwing shit What does that mean?

If you are their fucking slave, it means you are probably going to be fucking punished and hurt.

But no, we don't have Murderbot react with panic, even though that would have been the perfect fucking excuse to show these— “these are nice slave owners!!!” because they would have realized that their slave is having a fucking panic attack, thinking they're going to hurt it.

And they could have all instantly fucking stopped, apologized, and reassured Murderbot and given it its fucking space to calm down, and done everything in their power to reassure it that “they're— no, they're not angry at Murderbot. They're not going to hurt it. It's not its fault. They're mad at the corporation. Nobody's going to hurt it.”

We could have done that. We could have taken actual steps to show that these people are ~good people~.

But instead, we just just keep showing that they're just horrific fucking human beings over and over. If you actually look at their actions, what they do, and what they fucking say as characters in Book One, they're just fucking horrible people. They're just horrible people.

But the vi— Martha Wells tells us wants us to think they're cute and adorable and wouldn't hurt a fly. We're literally just supposed to go off vibes and ignore everything that they actually do and say, because that's the entire reason this series has succeeded. It's based purely on vibes.

When most people reading these books can't even tell you what the fucking plot of each one is after they've read it, even if they've read it multiple times—

Let me get a drink. Put the _ ribbon in.

Hello, pretty kitty.

Where are you going? That was adorable.

Hello, Jaina. Hey, you want to say hi to the camera? This is Jacen. You want to say hi to the camera, cutie pie? If you come this way a bit more, Mr. Jaguar face. You want to look at the camera? Can I pick you up a little bit? Here's chicken. Look at the camera. He said no. He's purring though. You're a cute boy. You're a cutie kitty. Thank you. Can I sit back down? You can sit with me if you want. Excuse me. Bye. Osma, is

your — Are you stuck? All right, I'm going to lift Osma up. Come here, Osma. You're so fluffy. Here, Osma. Look at this cutie pie. She's so fluffy. She's like ridiculously fluffy. Look how cute you are. You want to look at the camera.

Look at that little face.

Now she's looking. Oh. All right. Just don't push the button. Oh, no. Don't play with that. That's the book. Now she's standing in the way. You're so fluffy. Now you got to move. You want to sit on my lap or just go back to where you were? All right. She's sitting down. Her butt is — her her fur so fluffy. She's just covering the camera. Watch out. Come here. You You can either sit with me or go back to playing on the floor. But you got to you got to pick one. You don't need to grab the couch. I'm not going to drop you. Come here.

Now she's just— Look at her tail. She's so fluffy. You got to move now. You can sit on my lap. Come here. He's just going to sit in front of it now. Hi. All right, silly baby. Sit on my lap. Yeah. There we go.

Be gentle. They just love tackling each other. Oh, no. Now I'm too low or the phone got tilted.

Okay, let's continue, shall we? All righty.

Uh, starts on the next page. Uh,

> [dq]The Tercera cleared her throat. Tea had purple hair and red eyebrows standing out against light brown skin. I'm Rami. That's Tan and Maro.

Oh, wait. I was past that part. Uh, yeah. You would think a blah blah blah list of RE: things that have never happened to Murderbot on screen or shown any actual effects of these things, except for when we're just saying it and it's supposed to be funny, because this whole this whole paragraph is meant to be a joke.

> [dq]Rami added, "Uh, I'm not sure where to start." Tapan nudged Tur, apparently conveying moral support. Tapan had multicolored braid braids wrapped up around her head and a blue jewel tone interface clipped to her ear.

And again, what does that mean? It could look like anything.

> [dq]And slightly darker skin than Rami. Maro had very dark skin and silver colored little puffs of hair and was almost beautiful enough to be in the entertainment media. I'm terrible at estim at estimating human ages because it's not one of the few things I care about. A

And it's like, again, Murderbot should be careful about noting these things, because the ages of the people around you could be very important in an emergency situation such as determining who is most likely to panic. Who is probably trained in any of this shit, and so many fucking things.

Who you got to throw over your shoulder like a sack of potatoes? Run them out there while else, which, which fucking people are more likely — is everybody else more likely to tell you to protect first. Just so much fucking shit. Just just basic shit.

If we are supposed to believe that Murderbot in this setting is a real fucking person who has motivations that make sense, but it doesn't fucking make sense.

And it's all just to furnish shitty fucking lazy writing that doesn't even do the bare minimum amount of effort to make sense.

> [dq]Also, most of my experience is with humans on the entertainment feed, and they aren't anything like the ones you see in reality.

Again, that is just objectively not fucking true.

Murderbot only started being able to watch TV four years ago. We don't fucking know how old Murderbot is, because Martha Wells is shit at writing and cannot be asked to tell us, or she probably doesn't even fucking know herself.

In no universe is “Murderbot has been able to watch TV for four years” equating to “Murderbot has more experience watching TV than seeing real fucking humans.”

That's not how this shit works. It's not like it is a slave who is just assigned to do manual fucking labor on some completely otherwise completely autonomous fucking asteroid where there's exactly one human supervisor and then a whole bunch of robot and cyborg slaves.

That's not how this works.

Murderbot is literally always assigned to fucking people that it has to guard and interact with. Claiming “most of Murderbots's experience with humans is watching them on TV.” That's just literally not fucking true. That's not how this works in any fucking way.

Even when you account for its fucking amnesia, that's not how that fucking works.

> [dq]Also, most of my experience is with humans on the entertainment feed, and they aren't anything like the ones you see in reality.

Also, now in parenthesis,

> one of the many reasons I'm not found fond of reality. But I thought all three might be young. Not children, but maybe not that far from adolescence.

You coming up here, I teenagers, not children, but maybe not that far from adolescence. So they're teenagers probably. That's what we're going for. I think adolescent usually means a teenager.

So slightly older than a teenager. So like 19 or 20 maybe.

But then again, I thought Iris was established to be 19 or 20 or something.

And I guess not according to the newest fucking thing. It's terrible.

Or who knows, now that I'm live reading them. Maybe we'll find that that was literally established, and Martha Wells just lies about it in later books, like she did in The Books of the Raksura, because I was literally — I was literally remembering correctly, and then she just fucking lied about it in later books.

> [dq]They stared at me and I realized I was going to have to help. I said cautiously, you want to hire a security consultant? This was what they had posted on the social feed. And from the number of similar requests, it was common for groups and individuals to hire private security before going to Rabbi Hyraal. I guess hiring human security guards is what you do when you can't afford real security.

Translation: I guess hiring an actual person that you fucking pay is what you do when you can't buy a fucking slave.

And that's supposed to be funny, and insulting to *the people who don't own slaves*.

That's— Would you like me to just read that sentence out so you can just make a whole thing?

No, I'm doing —Let me repeat: “I guess hiring human security guards is what you do when you can't afford real security. I guess hiring a fucking security guard you pay for the job is what you do when you cannot buy an enslaved meat shield.”

That's what that means. That's the sentiment and it goes completely un-fucking-criticized.

We're meant to literally agree with that statement legitimately. There's no pushback on that whatsoever.

> [dq]Rami seemed relieved. Yes, we need help. Maro threw a look around and said, "We shouldn't talk here. Maybe is there somewhere else we could go?" It had been stressful enough getting here. I didn't want to have to go anywhere else right now

Because again, ART has fucking forced it into a situation, and Martha Wells has written a shitty shitty book, forcing it into a situation that it doesn't need to be in, where it is under so much stress it's literally disassociating right now, and it didn't need to happen.

> [dq]I did a quick scan for drones, then initiated a glitch in the connection between the restaurant and transit ring security. I caught the cameras and showed ART what I wanted it to do. It took over and edited me out of the systems recording and cut the camera watching

> the table out of the system. I unglitched the connection to the ring's main security, which wouldn't notice the missing camera feed for the short time we would be here.

So much, so much wrong here. And again, Murderbot can just do all this shit without any fucking effort at all.

> [dq]I said, "It's all right. We're not being recorded."

Again, Murderbot can literally hack anything it wants at any fucking point, whenever it wants, with zero fucking effort.

> [dq]It's all right. We're not being recorded. They stared at me. Rami said, "But there's security. Did you do something? I'm a security consultant, I repeated. My panic level was starting to drop, primarily because they were so obviously nervous. Humans are nervous.

Lookie lookie. Humans are nervous of me because I'm a terrifying Murderbot. And I'm nervous of them because they're humans.

> [dq]But I knew that humans could also be wary and nervous of each other in non-combat in non-adversarial situations in reality and not just as part of a story. That was that was what seemed to be happening. But it let me pretend this was business as usual during one of the rare occasions when's clients asked me my advice about security.

And again, this is Murderbot retraumatizing itself. It literally feels like it's ~back at home~ *being a fucking slave*. Business as usual.

And this is portrayed positively.

Murderbot is back in the fucking mindset that it is a goddamn slave, it is property, and the only thing it can do is just push a tiny bit to try and get things to be done safely, but not actually be able to direct anything.

> [dq]It let me pretend that this was business

Why am I saying the word business so weirdly?

> [dq]Business as usual during one of the rare occasions when clients asked my advice about security.

Legitimately, Murderbot is — it's disassociating, and it's literally _ retraumatizing itself.

And this would never be — and this is there's no push back. This isn't — this isn't harmful for Murderbot as far as the fucking story is concerned.

This — as far as this goddamn series is concerned, this is literally the only thing that Murderbot should ever be doing with its life, because this is the purpose it was built for.

—Even though it can be happy, and this is the only way it can be happy, by—

Oh, my phone screen dimmed. That might mean the battery. No. Why are you lying? You're at 54%. Why

are you dimming the screen? fucking liar. Weird phone. All right. Lying.

Um, yeah, it's just retraumatizing itself, and as far as this series is concerned, this is the only thing that Murderbot will ever be good for, because Martha Wells said “Free will? No, it doesn't exist for slaves. They should always just stay slaves, that's the only way they can ever be happy, um, because you know, every single story about that concept is wrong. Mewtwo is fucking wrong.”

> [dq]Part of my job as a SecUnit was to give clients advice when they asked for it as I was theoretically the one with all the information on security. Not that a lot of them had asked for it or had listened to me. Not that I'm bitter about that or anything.

And see that stupid little sarcasm right there? People say, "Oh, see that's proof that Murderbot is an unreliable narrator. That means you can't criticize the series for any of the blatant fucking slavery apologism."

And it's like, first of all, blatant fucking sarcasm is not the same thing as being an unreliable narrator, because nobody's going to read that “Not that I'm bitter about that or anything.” That's not meant to be taken seriously. That's sarcasm. That's not actually—and that's not actually Murderbot being an unreliable narrator.

Being sarcastic and being an unreliable narrator are two very fucking different things.

> [dq]Tapan looked impressed. So, you're spliced, right?

And if you're wondering, no, it will never come up again. That that word spliced never again. It's just here because it sounds sci-fi and then we can't even do the effort of keeping it.

> [dq]Tapan looked impressed. So, you're spliced, right? She patted the back of her neck, indicating where my data port was. You got augments. You have extra access to the feed.

And again, remember that data port that in Book One was inside Murderbot's neck, so that you have to literally fucking chop it— Literally, Murderbot described it as feeling “like my head was being sawed off”.

The data port that the stupid combat override module, whose name I always say in random order cuz it's terrible— That's not just on the back of the neck for everybody to see. It's not just a USB port on a computer.

It was literally internal and clearly not meant to actually be accessed.

But no, we're retconing that. So, it's just it's just a fucking really really blatant USB port or whatever on the back of Murderbot's neck for everybody to see, because *bad writing*.

And also, it's literally never going to be un-deactivated. So, it literally is just there for bullshit and no other purpose.

It was literally only invented so that Martha Wells could have a scene of the slave trying to kill itself to protect its slave owners, which was literally originally meant to succeed.

Uh…

> [dq]spliced was an informal term for an augmented human. I had heard it on the entertainment feed.

And again, we're just being told this—

(From offscreen) [muffled]

What?

We could have just been given a goddamn scene from Sanctuary Moon.

Murderbot could have walked onto this station and there was a giant big fucking TV up there up on the ceiling playing playing some fucking thing, and we could have just gotten the goddamn dialogue and just a description of the scene.

You know, what I'm doing in my one story that I can't write now cuz my fucking laptop.

That's the thing we're just being told. “Oh, that's I've I've seen that on the entertainment feed.” No, you have not. You objectively have not, because Martha Wells didn't fucking bother to write that.

She literally just came just decided to use the word spliced now and then tried to say, "Oh yeah, it's totally always been a thing. Murderbot sees it on the entertainment feed.” It's never going to come up ever again because ~what's continuity? Not for Martha Wells! We don't need that. That's just a basic fucking tool of writing. We don't need those!~

(from offscreen) It literally never comes up again for the record.

Yeah, I'm I'm I'm not exaggerating. I fucking know it. I would have remembered.

(from offscreen) [muffled]

Yeah, they just checked. Literally never comes up again, because, you know continuity? Basic fucking writing?

Uh

> [dq]I had heard it on the entertainment feed. I said yes, then added among other things. Rami's red brows lifted in understanding. Mara looked impressed and said, "I don't know if we can afford our credit account is. If we can get our data back, then Rami took it up again, then we would have plenty to pay you." ART, who was apparently very interested in the job scenario, started to search the public feed for a pay scale for private security consultants. I reminded myself that I was pretending not to be a SecUnit, so me questioning them wouldn't seem out of the ordinary. I decided to start with the basic information. Why do you want to hire me?

And again, Murderbot has to literally remind itself that it's not a slave in this situation, and it is allowed to ask questions.

And you'll see later in this fucking book that *that's not working*.

> [dq]Rami looked at the other two, got nods in response, and cleared her throat. We were working on Rabbi Hyraal for Tlacey Excavations, one of the smaller Umro contractors.

And again, we're just throwing out fucking words, and none of them matter in any way, because there's no actual fucking world building.

> [dq]We do mineral research and technology development. T explained that they were a collective of technologists, seven of them plus dependent who traveled from work contract to work contract. The others were waiting in a hotel suite with Rami, Maro, and Tapan having been deputized to act for the group. It was a relief to hear that their mining experience was in tech and research in the mining contracts I had had had. The techs were usually in offices off the pit off the pit site or adjacent to it, and we didn't see them unless they got intoxicated

> and tried to kill each other, which admittedly was rare. Tlacey's terms were great, Tan added, but maybe too great, if you know what I mean. ART did a quick search and returned the opinion that it was intended to be a figure of speech. I told it I knew that.

And again, ART's just lying here. It doesn't need to look this shit up. It knows all of this shit. It's just It's just lying.

And the things that make it a liar is that *Martha Wells doesn't give a fuck about continuity*, even when not caring makes the characters just horrible in hindsight, even more than they already were.

That's the same fucking problem with the PreservationAux team.

> [dq]Rami continued, "We took the contract because it would give us time to work on our own stuff. We'd had the this idea to develop new detection systems for strange synthetics.

I forgot they get called strange synthetics. That's funny.

> [dq]Rabbi Hyal has a lot of identified deposits, so it's a great place for research.

Strange— Strange Synthetics is just the fucking Xenomorph goop that she's ripping off. And then and — it's a ripoff. I just made a whole goddamn video about this, explaining this.

It's a ripoff because she's not actually putting in the fucking effort to just do world building, just the bare minimum amount of fucking world building.

> [dq]Strange synthetics were elements left behind by alien civilizations. Telling the difference between them and naturally occurring elements that were previously unidentified was a problem in mining. Like the remnants of alien occupation/ civilization uncovered by Grey on my last contract, they were off limits for commercial development.

You see how we're just casually saying there were totally remnants of alien occupation and civilization in the first book? And it's like, no there weren't. We could have seen this shit, we did not.

We just get told all this shit, and it's just ephemeral. It's, it's after the fact. It's just bullshit.

This is not proper writing in any fucking way.

> [dq]That was all I'd ever needed to know since every job I'd ever had involving alien material was just me standing around guarding the people who were working on it.

In parenthesis,

> [dq]ART tried to explain it to me and I told it to save it for later for later. I needed to focus.

So again, we're saying Murderbot has literally been on missions entirely about strange synthetics or alien remnants, AKA ripoff xenomorph goop, multiple times, but has just never bothered to learn the bare fucking minimum, including the bare fucking

minimum that it would pick up from standing there while people are talking about it.

Because that would actually require Martha Wells to do fucking work.

That's my blanket. They just keep stabbing me through it. So, just shake it because they got dust all over it. Rani, no. Is he stealing your spot? Yes.

> [dq]Rami said, "We were making good progress, but then suddenly our group got terminated with no notice and they took our data." Tan waved her hands. All our work, it wasn't anything to do with the our contract. Maro finished. Tlacey stole it basically and they deleted the most current version off our devices. We had copies of the older iterations, but we've lost all our recent work

And, just weird. They're just completing each other's sentences, because we don't need to have three characters here. This could literally just be one person.

> [dq]Well, I'm representative while the others are back. Rami added, "We filed a complaint with UMRO, but it's taking forever to process it, and we don't know if it's ever going to come to anything." I said, "This sounds like something you should go to a solicitor about,

aka lawyer.

> [dq]It wasn't unusual. The company data mine, too, but it wasn't as clumsy or obvious as as to try to delete the work from the original creators devices. If it did that, then the creators wouldn't come back and enter into more security bond agreements, which would give the company access to whatever they were working on next.

And again, we just keep shilling for this fucking company. It's like, so are they really good at what they do, or are they terrible? It depends on what is needed in this exact fucking sentence.

> [dq]We thought about a solicitor, Rami said. But we weren't in the union, so it would be so it would be expensive. W

Why aren't you in the union? What union? I'm getting a drink.

(From offscreen) Uh, for this single fucking sentence.

Yes.

(from offscreen) Do you have any clue where I put the yellow glow in the dark?

Is it not on the stack of all the rest? Because these kitties keep on losing us. Hello, Rani.

Is it behind the computer right there? See if I can use the blanket without my legs getting stabbed again.

Um, continue.

Yeah, unions exist for exactly one fucking line right now. Guess I should not be turning away from the camera.

Uh,

> [dq]we thought about a solicitor, Rami said. But we weren't in But we aren't in the union, so it would be expensive. But then yesterday

and like literally what union? What union? Why aren't you in it? Why isn't the union helping you? Why aren't we doing anything with this?

> But then yesterday, Tlacey finally answered our petition and said we could have the files back if we returned our signing bonus. We have to go down to Rabbi Hyrell to do that. T sat back into her chair. That's why we wanted to hire you. This was starting to make sense. You don't trust Tlacey. We just want somebody on our side. Tapan clarified. No, we definitely don't trust

Huh. I put it up here. Oh.

[dq]No, we definitely don't trust Tlacey. Maro countered.

(from offscreen) Not at all. Fancy. You can hold it in front of the camera. Glow. Oh, it's actually glowed white. That's supposed to be yellow. Yeah, it's very green. Is whatever. What makes it glow green in particular?

Do they all just glow green when they're under light and then they're just regular color when they're not?

(from offscreen) No, they they glow different colors and then it's only the actual pigment itself is only visible when it's in the bottle or a bajillion layers. Okay, that's weird. Uh,

> [dq]no. We definitely don't trust Tlacey, Maro counted. Not at all. We need security for when we get there if things get touchy. Tlacey herself is supposed to meet us, and she has an entourage of bodyguards, and there's no general security except what Emro has in the public areas in the port, and that's not much. I didn't know exactly what she thought she meant by touchy, but all the scenarios I could imagine in that situation weren't good ones. The company offered suck units so the clients

didn't have to hire humans to guard each other. From what I had seen in the cals, me doing a half-assed version of my job was still

Trying to do it. And again, just more slavery apologism.

Martha Wells is just saying — just telling us, and we're never meant to question this ever,

(From offscreen) That according to The Rise and Fall of Sanctuary

Literally, according to The Rise and Fall of Sanctuary Moon, which we will not question in any way, a, a fucking soap opera that has to have stupid drama on purpose to run — It's a fucking soap opera.

“Oh, the security gu— the human security guards on *the fucking soap opera* that we're not questioning in any way, they're really bad at their jobs, *because it's a soap opera and plot has to happen*. That means humans can never be trusted to do security and the only option is to have enslaved meat shields like me.”

The moral here is literally — and this is never going to be questioned in any fucking capacity ever — It's literally just saying “don't— you'll never be safe unless you hire an enslaved meat shield. And by hire I mean rent out or buy an enslaved meat shield.”

That's literally what this fucking book is saying right now. And it just keeps — and they — This will get doubled down on throughout the entire fucking series! Literally!

(from offscreen) Oh, by the way, human shield should be the term.

Meat shield.

(from offscreen) I know, but to really hammer it home, especially in Witch King.

Yeah.

Uh Martha Wells has decided that the, the protagonists using human shields isn't good enough for just doing it in The Murderbot Diaries, she's doing it in Witch King, her shitty new fantasy series.

And in that one, the human shield is a literal fucking child who has been groomed his entire life into a pedophilic eugenics program, and now he's being used as a human shield by his adult fucking love interest, fully grown adult.

And the young child that is his love interest is being used as a human shield for him.

And this is meant to be cool and badass and romantic instead of horrifying.

Also— hi. You want to say hi? Here's Polychrome. Hello. You want to say hi to the camera? She immediately wants to step on the book. Hold on. Don't step on the book. You can sniff the book. You just can't step on it. You leaving? You going to lay down? She hasn't stabbed me. It's mostly Jaina, Jacen, and Mr Lupon who like to stab me through the blanket. You going to sit down? She's just looking at the floor now. Hello. You going to come back over?

(from offscreen) [muffled]

Uh, an hour and 47 minutes.

What are you doing? You're just walking in a circle.

We've gone 10 pages.

Can you sit your butt down?

Uh, yeah.

I was just doing slavery apologies and saying that the only way to be slave is to use an enslaved human shield.

> [dq]I was still watching us through the captured security camera even though I wasn't allowing it to record. I could see my expression was dubious but in this case I think the situation warranted warranted it. I said the meeting with Tlacey could be held through a secured comm channel. The company bonded those too for funds and data transfer. Maro, whose expression was even more dubious than mine, said, "Yeah, but Tlacey wants to do it in person." Rami admitted, "We know it doesn't sound like a good idea to go." It was a great idea to go if you wanted to be murdered. I had

> hoped for an easier job, corer duty or something similar, but this was protecting humans who were determined to do something dangerous, which was exactly the kind of job I was designed for. the job that I had kept doing more or less, often as less as possible. Even after I had hacked my governor module, I was used to having something useful to do, taking care of something, even if it was only a contractually obligated group of humans who, if I was lucky, treated me like a tool and not a toy.

Do I even need to say anything? Again, this is just explicitly Murderbot fucking being retraumatized and being forcibly fucking trapped in the mentality that it is literally just enslaved and it has no rights and it just has to do this and nothing else is is possible for it.

(from offscreen) And this is not being stated to be critiqued.

Yeah, this is this isn't — we're not saying this to to point it out and criticize it. It's not going to come back to bite Murderbot. It's never going to outgrow this. This is literally just what Martha Wells — *she will

literally say explicitly in interviews, this is the only thing that Murderbot can ever do, because this is what it was designed to do, because we're dehumanizing it and saying that some people are just fucking biologically engineered just naturally to be enslaved.*

It's literally just the House Elves again, but in science fiction fucking trappings, barely, instead of fucking fantasy, it's literally just the Happy Slaves trope. It's just fucking white supremacist slavery apologism.

> [dq]After PreservationAux, it had occurred to me how different it would be to do my job as an actual member of the group I was protecting. And that was the main reason I was here.

Because it's here because it's here to, to, to double check— I have the hiccups now. It was — It's here to double check that, um, it actually hacked its governor module *after*, so that it didn't kill the people that it supposedly killed in its backstory.

Did you forget that that's why they're here? Because I did, and I'm aware of it.

Yeah. Murderbot's here to make sure that it it can go back to its beloved PreservationAux slave owners and know that it won't accidentally just go crazy one day and murder them.

That's literally why it's here. It's here to — it ran away from them because it didn't want to accidentally hurt them.

So, this book is supposed to be solving the mystery of Murderbot's backstory that wasn't actually a fucking mystery. Uh,

> [dq]and that was the main reason I was here.

Yeah,

> [dq]I phrased it as a question because pretending you were asking for more information was the best way to try to get humans to realize they were doing something stupid. So, do you think there's another reason Tlacey wants you to do this exchange in person other than dot dot dot killing you?

So, somebody should just ask Martha Wells as a question, “Hey, what why do you think it's a good idea to constantly worship slave owners? Huh? Why do you think that's a good idea? Why are we still killing and torturing slaves? Do you think it's a good idea? Do you think it's a progressive moral stance? Do you think it's anti— Do you think you have girl power by showing that it's good to torture slaves to death 12 fucking books into the series while worshiping slave owners every single step of the way?”

> [dq]Tapan grimaced as if that was something she had been aware of but trying not to think about. Maro tapped the table and pointed at me, which was vaguely alarming until ART identified it as a gesture of emphatic agreement.

You may recall I told you all to remember this in Book One. I told you all to keep this quote in mind. She's so bad at this. She's so fucking bad at writing.

“Oh, pointing at me for emphasis. I've never seen that before,” says Murderbot in this book, like, that didn't literally fucking happen with Rathi in Book One.

I told you all to remember it. I hope you remembered it.

If you're watching this as the first video, you obviously won't remember it unless you've just read that book recently.

Yeah, she's so fucking bad at writing she can't even be bothered to keep track of basic shit such as, yes, Murderbot does in fact know that people will point at you to in agreement because *that literally happened in Book One very distinctly.*

And no, Murderbot did not find it mildly alarming! It understood exactly what it was going on!

So, she's just lying to us because she can't fucking write for shit. This is to make ART's brainless fucking comments useful. Yeah, this is literally just there to pretend that ART being useful.

> [dq]Rami took a sharp breath and said, "We think." We weren't finished. Our process was incomplete, but we were so enthusiastic about it. We think they might have listened in on in

using the security feeds and heard us talking and thought we were much further along than we actually were. So, I don't know if they if they can complete it. Maybe they realize it's not worth much without us to finish it.

And it's like, this is just so fucking ridiculous. Why would the — Why would the company that wants to steal this from them not wait until it's for sure completed and then just steal it? It's so ridiculous. They could — It's just — They're so bad at this.

(from offscreen) Also, they have like — They have more than just wire taps.

Uh-huh.

(from offscreen) They have video.

Yeah.

(from offscreen) They have, like, biometrics.

There's literally no reason that some “barely adolescents” could — can make a thing that nobody else under the company's employee can.

And if these guys are barely older than teenagers and they are being the, what, they're the ones being sent here for the representing the whole group, how old is everybody else?

And how many fucking children do they have?

And why are these guys the ones being sent here?

How old is everybody else?

Uh, yeah.

> [dq]Maybe Tlacey wants us to work for her again, Tan said. Hopefully. Probably before she murders you. I didn't say. Maro snorted. I would rather rather

I don't know why I'm pronouncing words so weirdly.

> [dq]I would rather live in a box in a station mall than work for her again. Once they had started to talk about it, it was hard for them to stop. The collective was completely divided on what to do, which was apparently painful for all of them since they were used to agreeing on everything. \

I guess the collective is meant to refer to a massive group marriage or because that's what it's implying, because we were told and dependent meaning children and elderly family members and shit. People who are—

(from offscreen) [muffled]

Huh?

(from offscreen) That's their age description.

Yeah. And these are — Yeah, that's why I was pointing out these people who are probably not more than ad— “probably not too far from being adolescents”, meaning like 19 or 20, I would guess, they're the ones who've been sent to be representatives for the entire

massive group, meaning everybody else is probably younger than them.

How— what are the ages of the rest of the fucking people that they're married to? Begs the fucking question, especially considering Martha Wells's track record for romanticizing and normalizing pedophilia.

Uh,

> [dq]Tan, who was who, according to Maro was too naive for this existence, thought it was worth a try. Maro, who according to Tan was a cynical impediment to both fun and progress, thought they were screwed and should just cut their losses. Rami was undecided, which was why T had been elected leader of the collective for the duration of this problem.

Literally, how old is everybody else in this fucking group marriage?

Oh, there's a bug.

(from offscreen) Also, this this implies that they're saying all these questions of each other out loud in this conversation.

Yeah. Now, the phone doesn't understand it. Okay. Go away, bug.

Yeah.

Finally, uh, Rami— Wait, now hold on.

> [dq]Rami did not seem thrilled by the collective con confidence, but was gamely trying to proceed. Finally, Rami finished up with, so that's why we want to hire you. We thought it would be better to go in with someone who could protect us, keep her crew from messing with us, show her we have we have backup while we negotiate.

And it's just like this is just such a terrible plan, but we're just we're just going along with it.

(From offscreen) [muffled]

What?

(from offscreen) To interrupt. Every time you say Rami, I'm imagining Ravi, because—

Yeah, because it's literally the same except for one letter switched out for two.

(From offscreen) Amena and

Mhm.

(from offscreen) Fucking Bashasa and Bashat.

Mhm. And it's not even a hereditary fucking title!

> [dq]Finally, Rami finished up with So that's why we want to hire you. Oh, wait. No, I I got that far. What they needed was a security company willing to bond them for the meeting and return trip and send a SecUnit with them to guarantee their safety. But security companies like that were expensive and wouldn't be interested in a job this small.

Again, literally just saying they should just hire a fucking company to rent them a an enslaved human shield. “What they need is a slave to get stabbed and almost murdered for them to literally act as a human fucking shield. They should just get a slave!”

And then there's no further fucking commentary on this statement whatsoever.

Not here, not now, not in the future, not ever. Because this book is just slavery apologism, because Martha Wells is racist and loves slavery apologism.

> [dq]They all stared at me worriedly in the security camera view. From that angle, it was obvious how small they were. They looked so soft with all the fluffy multicolored hair and nervous, but not of me. I said, "I accept your job."

Also, we're just infantilizing them. Just infantilizing them.

(from offscreen) …describes Black hair as “fluffly”.

She, she has a — Martha Wells, as a white woman from Texas, really has a fucking pattern of referring to Black hair simply as “fluffy” and she did that a lot in The Books of The Raksura, simply just describing people's hair as “fluffy” and giving it no other fucking description, and it's — it's, we're just infantilizing them now, even though we're we're told they're not children.

Uh,

[dq]Rami and Tapan looked relieved and Maro, who clearly still didn't want to do this, looked resigned. She said, "How much do we pay you?" She glanced uncertainly at the others. "Can we afford you, I mean?"

> ART had a set of spreadsheets ready, but I didn't want to scare them off with a figure that was too high. "How much were they paying you before you were terminated?" Rami said, "It's 200 CRs."

We will never get an explanation for what that stands for.

> [dq]Per cycle for each worker for the limited term of contract. It didn't sound like this would take more than a cycle. You can pay me that.

And again, cycle, we still have no fucking definition of what that means. It seems here to be being used to mean a day. So, they were getting paid 200 CRS. What the fuck does that stand for? What can you buy with that? What can you buy with that? Insert a long fucking monologue from I just forgot to what the fuck it's called. A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. Insert that fucking monologue about inflation.

Um yeah,

> [dq]it's 200 CRS per day. For each worker for the limited term of contract. It didn't sound like this would take more than a cycle. You can pay me that. One psycho share of the contract. Rami sat up straight. Really? Her reaction meant I'd asked for far too little, but it was too late to correct the mistake. I did need to give them a reason why I was willing to settle for a small amount, and I decided the partial truth

> was better. I need to go to Rabbi Hyraal, and I need an an employment contract to get there.

Like this isn't a completely suspicious _ thing to tell people.

> [dq]Why? Tapan asked and Rami nudged her by way of admonishment. I mean I know we don't have a right to ask but dot dot dot.

This is in italics.

> [dq]Don't have a right to ask. End italics. That wasn't something that had ever applied to me before PreservationAux.

(from offscreen) It didn't apply to you during the PreservationAux meeting. They literally fucking invaded your goddamn mind and then told everybody about it after making you remove your, uh, mask so that you'd be even more emotionally vulnerable. And Mensah did that.

Yep— No, that you got that timeline wrong. That happened afterwards. That happened after they

literally invaded its mind and knew every single thing about its life.

(from offscreen) Oh, I meant she told Murderbot to remove its face plate so it'd be more emotionally vulnerable. And then they interrogated it about what they found in its mind.

Mhm.

(at cat) That was adorable.

> [dq]I told the truth again. I need to do some research there for another client. Like ART. They understood the idea of research, especially proprietary research, and they didn't ask any further questions. Rami told me they were scheduled to leave for Rabbi Hyraal during the next cycle and said T would put in the request for the private employment voucher. I arranged to meet them in the mall.

Wait, hold on. If Murderbot needs a fucking employment voucher to get there, how exactly are *they* getting back if they're not being hired again by

Tlacey, which she could just force them to, again, *basic writing shit*.

Murderbot needs an employment thing to get there. They were fired. How are they getting back over there? Why isn't Tlacey simply forcing them to literally sign on to work for her again for whatever fucking terms she gets to set, because she has everything, including all their shit? Basic shit!

We're almost done this chapter, but I have to interrupt it to say that.

Like, literally, that could be a whole fucking thing! That could be an actual show of all the shit that people have to put up within this system, including these disgustingly rich fucking stupid researchers.

And yes, I say disgustingly rich because their job is to sit around in cushy offices doing fucking research, including their own goddamn research for their own fucking projects *on another company's time*.

They're not actually doing any of the fucking mining. They're not doing any of the labor. They're literally

just sitting around fucking goofing off doing their own shit, their own — their own fucking passion projects, and getting paid by somebody else, on, on company time, and that's explicitly *what they're allowed to do*. They're not poor people.

Even though we keep saying, "Oh, they're they couldn't afford to hire a slave." And it's like, no, they're not poor. They literally have— They're literally fucking academics who literally got paid to do whatever the fuck they wanted. That's not a poor person you're describing!

> [dq] Rami told me they were scheduled to leave for Rabbi Hyel during the next cycle and said T would put in the request for the private employment voucher.

I'm going to be bothered by this forever now. Literally, why didn't Tlacey just— Why — Why are they allowed to just go there without having to sign up to work for her again, with literally whatever terms she imposes?

We could have had a whole fucking thing where they are being forced to do this if they want to get their

stupid fucking data back, and it's literally not important enough for that to matter, so they should just be leaving!

But if we pretend they're des— fucking desperate, just say they're being forced to sign up for this bullshit contract to get it, and they have to go with whatever she says or they can't get it.

And then Murderbot’s, just — anything, anything at all, anything to actually fucking have just basic continuity within this much of this goddamn book where we establish you can only go to this fucking moon if you have a job there.

Why are they allowed to go back there? They were explicitly fired. They're no longer her employees. How are they allowed to go there??

Because if it were as simple as, "Oh, I'm visiting somebody there." Murderbot would just be able to fucking fake a visitor's pass. The answer is it's fucking lazy, shitty writing that doesn't care.

> I arranged to meet them in the mall near the access for the shuttle emargation zone and then left. I released the security camera as soon as I was out of range.

So, we were told that, oh, the, the, the security people won't notice that the camera is not functioning properly for the short time we'll be here.

And then it's probably at least half a fucking hour, because remember, the, the three people went on a huge rant between themselves where they apparently described each other in very specific detail.

> I got back to ART and huddled in my favorite chair and we watched episodes for the next three hours — We watched episodes for the next three hours while I calmed down.

We're not even saying episodes of what? We just “watched episodes.

I went home and I watched episodes. Of what? Don't fucking know!

And again, well, it calmed down from… what? What has been described exactly? Literally nothing has been described again.

[sarcastically aggressive tone] Murderbot is really fucking angry right now.

Just like Kai was abruptly really fucking angry right now.

And the fucking old lady piece of shit creeper — who doesn't even have a name as far as I know — suddenly was really fucking angry about the dude that she just very calmly took out without any sense of shock, anger, even surprise.

But all of a sudden she's so mad and it's like why? Why? Why are you mad?

And again, again, even if we ignore the shitty writing: so, that was so fucking stressful for Murderbot that it literally has to huddle up in a chair like this for 3 hours because it's so fucking stressed and panicked?

None of that was fucking shown to us. We're being told that now.

And again, this doesn't need to be happening! Murderbot doesn't need to be ret-raumatizing itself like this!

But this is just being presented as what must happen, even though it literally doesn't need to happen.

Murderbot literally had the perfect fucking safe plan. This is just Murderbot being fucking abused by ART because it entertains ART.

It's literally just using Murderbot like a shiny new toy it gets to wind up and send into a fucking panic attack for fun.

> ART monitored the transit rings feed alert in case someone had realized what I was, but there was nothing.

So ART is literally making sure to tell Murderbot. “Oh, hey, I'm keeping track in case anybody found out you're a fucking slave.”

I told you so. ART said again.

Again? No, there's no I told you so here.

Murderbot's plan did not involve — *squints at phone] storage low tap to manage...

[talking faster] There's no I told you so. I have to speed talk. Murderbot's plan did not involve going to this shit and doing this shit in the first place. There's no I told you so. It's just bullshit.

I ignored it. I hadn't been detected. So now it was time to think about the rest of the plan, which now involved keeping my new clients alive.

ART has literally just fucking tricked Murderbot into being a meat shield again. for fucking slave owners.

Bye.

21

February 10th, 2026. I almost said 2025 again. Continuing this. It's dark in here because it's night time for once, um, and I turned one of the lights off so

we're not wasting electricity. And theoretically, having it darker in here will make me sleepy.

[to cat] Don't chew on my cardboard. Why are you being a little vampire? Don't chew on the cardboard. You can chew on the ruler you already chewed up. Mr. Lupon is already causing chaos.

We are on chapter 5. Last time I had to end the video abruptly because the phone suddenly decided, "Oh, I'm out of storage space. Uh, better end the video in the next 5 seconds or I will explode."

Anyways, um, yeah, I had to skip past this mostly, but uh, here's this quote:

> I got back to ART and huddled in my favorite chair and we watched episodes for the next 3 hours while I'd calmed down. ART monitored the transit ring's feed alert in case someone had realized what I was, but there was nothing.

Murderbot was so fucking traumatized by being forced to go out and act like a fucking slave again, which is what it is being forced back into the role of,

even though we're pretending otherwise cuz we're like, "Oh, well, it's pretending to get paid to be a fucking meat shield." except it's still being forced to be used as a fucking meat shield!

It was literally so traumatized by that that it needed to disassociate during the fucking events by looking through the cameras and pretending it wasn't actually in the fucking situation.

Literally disassociating from how traumatic simply fucking being there and doing that was. And now it has taken three fucking hours of it huddling. Huddling, huddling fetal position three fucking hours for it to calm down because of how fucking stressful and traumatic that was.

If ART as a character were a good person, it— Okay, first of all, it would not have sent Murderbot to do this shit in the first place, the bare fucking minimum.

If it had a single fucking shiver, shrivel. Sh. I'm trying to say the word splinter and other words at the same time. It's not working.

If it had a just the smallest— I was also trying to say sliver and got messed up with splinter. Splinter. Whatever. You know what I'm saying.

If it had the tiniest bit of fucking morals and compassion, it would have seen the state that Murderbot came back in, realized it was disassociating to begin with, and that it literally has taken three entire fucking hours of it huddling in the fetal position from fucking terror to realize, “oh, oh, okay, I'm so fucking sorry. I completely fucking miscalculated. This is apparently my first time interacting with a traumatized person ever in my life. I thought I knew what was best. Um, I'm so fucking sorry. You do not need to go back out there.”

Imagine that.

Cuz, cuz we're pretending in this book that ART's never experienced — ART has never had to deal with somebody with PTSD or any kind of trauma in its entire life apparently, because that's what Martha Wells tries to re reiterate to us in Rapport.

Hold on. I have to go fucking pour some more cat litter in the litter box.

[to cats] You guys have one job. Can you please do your one job? Well, no. You have two jobs. One of them is look cute. You don't even have to work for that. Your one job is just cover the crap in the litter box. That's all you got to do. That is all you have to do.

For the record, if you need some cheap air freshener if they're on clearance, these little wax melts were a dollar at Walmart. It's rippier scented and it smells so good. You can just sit it somewhere nearby. You don't even have to use it and it just smells nice.

[to cat] Hello. Here's Mr Lupon. Excuse me. Excuse me. He's purring like a little popcorn machine or a little geiger counter. Whichever one. He's looking at the camera. That's you. That's your cute little face. You going to lay down? Yeah, I know.

He has learned not to climb up on my shoulders now. He just likes to sit on my chest and or my lap. He likes

both. He wants me to hold him in place. I know. You're so cute.

Um yeah, literally just imagine if any of the characters in this book were even remotely good people or if the narrative itself, Martha Wells that is, cared about them not being good people.

Because all of these actions that ART is doing, this is what Martha Wells wants us to think is good.

Because if she didn't want us to think it was good — Hello. I know you're so adorable — There would be — Hey. No, no, no. Yeah, I know. You're like, well, if I do a bad thing, I can just nuzzle you. That makes up for it, right? Almost. But you got to stop. Stop being a little piranha. We've never let you play with our fingers. You got to stop that. You have so many toys. You got your little mouse? No. No. He's trying to grab the book for me.

Hey, Osma. Here's Osma. I don't know if you can see her. You want to look this way? She said, "No," she's just looking at the shadows. They like to chase shadows. That's not the right angle for a shadow. Hey,

stop attacking me. Stop it or you'll be banished to the floor.

You got to go to the floor. Sorry

If — this book would be fine if the characters being horrible people were at least acknowledged and the point of the thing. But we are literally supposed to think that there's nothing wrong with ART's behavior here, in forcing Murderbot into this situation. Forcing Murderbot to retraumatize itself.

Can you stop that little kitty? That's my bookmark. You can't eat it. That's my bookmark. That's mine. All right. You're banished. You're too hyper. Go chase your toy. Where did you put the ball? Where did you put the ball? Oh, here's here's your little Here you go. Get your pie slice. Go get your pie slice. You like that thing? It's got catnip in it. And he's immediately coming back again.

I, I have no problem with characters who are horrible people if the book acknowledges that they're horrible people and that's the point. See: Flatland, A Romance of Many Dimensions.

Stop poking me. He's like, "But look how cute I am." I know. I know. He seems to be suspicious of the camera.

Like just imagine if ART had the bare basic morals whatsoever. Hi. And just said, "Oh, I'm so fucking sorry. I thought I knew what I was doing. I' I'm I've um... my....” What did it say before? I've... something about psychology or “people trust me and tell me stuff all the time. I totally know how to handle PTSD. I I definitely know what I'm doing.”

And then it sees that Murderbot is disassociate — Stop it. You can't use your teeth. Why are you so hyper all of a sudden? You're supposed to be sleepy after you eat wet food.

He's He's decided to do the exact opposite of the natural order of things. Did I put the ribbon in my pocket or did you steal it? Did you steal it or did I put it in my other pocket? Excuse me.

Okay. Did I put it in my other pocket? The ribbon has disappeared. I don't know where it is. Oh, okay. I

stuck it under my shirt so he couldn't see it. Excuse me. Come here. Go over there. You're so cute.

Image— just just imagine!

Imagine if ART were the bare minimum level of a decent person, and saw Murderbot come back very clearly — Jacen, stop stabbing my toes! — very clearly disassociating, more fucking traumatized than it was before, and literally requiring three entire hours huddling in the fetal position before it is quote unquote recovered and ART decides, “I'm so fucking Sorry. I, I fucked up. This is entirely my fault. You do not need to go back out there. I'm so fucking sorry that I did not listen to you when you told me that you knew what you were doing.”

Sorry, Osma. You were directly where my feet go.

Just imagine if ART apologized here. Imagine if we were meant to acknowledge that this was a terrible fucking plan. But we don't do that, and we don't do that because Martha Wells's goal with this series, whether she will ever admit it or not, is slavery apologism.

This is “the best plan” because it is the plan that forces Murderbot from now on back — and forever — into the role of a fucking human shield for slave owners and proxy slave owners.

Murderbot is never going to be allowed to do anything or be anything other than a human fucking shield who literally only has value when it is using itself as a human shield for rich people.

And that's literally the only thing that Martha Wells will ever let Murderbot do, because if she let it do anything else, then that would, you know, require something besides slavery apologism and she cannot fucking handle that, so it's never going to happen.

We are now on chapter five, which is on page 75 supposedly. Where did my drink go?

Oh, we're doing it again with the whatever. Uh, let me read. I didn't finish reading rereading this last page. Uh,

ART, monitored the transit rings alert feed in case someone had realized what I was, but there was nothing. I told you so, ART said again, which I

Okay, again, we have to cover that. No, there's no ‘I told you so’ in this situation because ART's plan is the one that required Murderbot to go to the transit ring and make a paper trail and put its face on all the cameras and in everybody's minds and interact with people directly.

Murderbot's plan consisted of:

1) hijack one of those manual fucking transports, not sentient for fucking once, literally morally neutral act because fucking corporations. Just take that, sneak over,

2) sneak around, go through secret things, avoid detection,

3) and then sneak back out without anybody ever knowing it was there.

There's no, "I told you so" There would only be an ‘I told you so’ If Murderbot had said, "Yeah, I'll just waltz through in front of everybody."

There's no ‘I told you so’, because ART is literally the one creating the situation where Murderbot is forced into this close contact with people.

And again, we see later books there are so many fucking people, most fucking people do not know what a SecUnit looks like as opposed to any other augmented human. That happens so fucking often.

And yet we just get told, "Oh, um uh it it it definitely had to be coerced into this torturous surgery that was literally just fucking torture for ART's amusement, Um, because uh,,, people definitely would have known it was a SecUnit!”

And it's like, that's literally never true. It's not fucking true in any goddamn way.

It literally doesn't actually alter anything that makes Murderbot stand out as a SecUnit.

And again, because Martha Wells is a shit fucking writer, we literally don't even know what makes a SecUnit look like a SecUnit, because she's never told us what proportions of their fucking bodies are metal, what that metal looks like, what the basic fucking configuration of the metal is, what style it's in.

We have no fucking clue what Murderbot looks like aside from fucking interviews online where she told everybody it was a Black person only to now backtrack as soon as Apple, the fucking corporation she's pretending to criticize, hands her money.

So, no, there's there's no ‘I told you so’ here.

It's just lying. We're just being lied to as the audience. Martha Wells is just fucking lying to us. We're just supposed to believe that, “oh, um, Murderbot's plan definitely would have failed because um, ART is so smart and did everything right!”

When ART is literally the one retraumatizing Murderbot, reinforcing its fucking brainwashing and lifelong conditioning, telling it that it has no value unless it is being a fucking human shield for other

people, and just putting it into so much stress and danger for no fucking reason.

And now it's — And now it's literally fucking bragging about doing that.

> I told you so. ART said again. I ignored it. I hadn't been detected. So now it was time to think about the rest of the plan, which now involved keeping my new clients alive.

And again, every single time the word clients is used by Murderbot, that is explicitly the stand-in for slave owner. That's what clients means. That's the nicer word for slave owner. Just like guardian is the nicer word for slave owner.

Murderbot is literally — has literally successfully been forced back into the mindset that it is a fucking slave and it has no value except keeping its slave owners alive.

That is what clients always fucking means. Client. Slaves do not have clients. They have slave owners

and people renting out a fucking slave are also slave owners.

I can call them slavers if the fucking racist nitpickers would like that better. There's no fucking difference.

> Chapter 5. I met them at the embarcation zone. I had the knapsack, which was part of my human disguise, but the only important thing I was carrying was the comm interface from ART. It would allow us to communicate once I was down on Rabbi Hyraal and let me continue to have access to arts knowledge bases and unsolicited opinions. I was used to having a hub system and a sex system.

And again, Martha Wells never fucking read any of these words out loud. Why would you ever shorten security system to sex system? You're just trying to make it sound like sex system. Because again, basic writing tip, read your fucking words out loud and see how they function out loud.

RIP to the people who have to record audiobooks for this.

Uh,

> I was used to having a hub system and a sex system for backup and ART would be taking their place.

in parentheses.

> Without the part where those two systems were part partly designed to rat me out to the company and trigger punishment through the governor module, ART's freedom to weigh in on everything I did was punishment enough.

End parentheses. I'm not going to Oh, good God.

It's going to be so bad when we get to System Collapse and I have There's literally a parenthesis in one of these books that never gets closed. So technically every single book that comes after that is part of that fucking parenthetical aside because that fucking bracket never closed ever.

Uh

> I had inserted the comm interface in a built-in compartment under my ribs. All three of my clients were waiting, each with a small bag or pack since hopefully they would only be staying a couple cycles.

Also, I do want to point out again possibly for the first time on video because I just got done making a shitty not really a comic because it's mostly text.

Um, again, there's no logical fucking in-universe reason for Murderbot to be going along with this plan the first time, which is literally just implying that ART has fucking implanted extra fucking brainwashing code into Murderbot's head, which it could have literally done at any point.

It didn't even need to do the surgery because it's so fucking overpowered that it could literally have just frozen Murderbot in place. And — as Murderbot does all the fucking time, delete that section from Murderbot's memory.

It literally could have done that at any fucking point, including before Murderbot even boarded it.

Which is why you shouldn't fucking introduce characters who can do this shit unless you're going to provide proof that they haven't been doing this shit when you keep providing proof that yeah, they probably fucking did.

Because give me a single in-universe logical explanation for Murderbot to be going along with the most dangerous fucking plan without a single fucking shred of hesitation or anything anything when it literally had the perfect safe plan there.

And then ART literally just said, "Hey, but actually what if we do the most difficult, traumatizing, unnecessarily dangerous, literally creating a fucking paper trail plan instead."

And then Murderbot just goes, "Oh, well, you said that, so I guess that's what we're doing now."

There's no logical explanation except ART has fucking done something to Murderbot so that Murderbot literally has to fucking go along with this shit, because the out the, the meta explanation is that

Martha Wells is shit at fucking writing and doesn't fucking think these through in any goddamn capacity.

The in-universe explanation can only be Murderbot is being fucking brainwashed and coerced into thinking this shit because ART has already fucking tampered with its mind.

And now Murderbot is putting a comm interface inside its body, which is just giving ART further access to its fucking mind, as though it didn't already have the ability to squash Murderbot like a bug anytime it wanted.

Like, don't introduce characters with fucking this level of mind warping ability, mind warping, mind manipulation powers if if we can't if you're not going to — just don't do that in general unless they're literally the villain.

If Martha Wells were a competent writer and were actually in this for the long haul, then the secret big reveal at the end of the series would be that ART is actually the villain the whole time.

Or at least the university is the villain the whole time.

But also, it's more — it would more likely just be ART itself.

But that would require skill at writing and her to actually know how to do foreshadowing. But she wouldn't know foreshadowing if it told her it was going to punch her in the face later that day.

> All three of my clients

And again, again just like the first fucking book, every time I say the word clients you need to mentally replace that with slave owner or slaver.

That's the mindset Murderbot is back in. These are its slave owners. Murderbot is their fucking slave. That is how Murderbot is objectively thinking of this situation.

It has literally been forced to fucking re-enter the mindset of, "Yeah, I am just a slave. I have no actual choices here. I just have to just do whatever they say." And that's explicit. That's explicit in this fucking text

because Murderbot is going to lament that later because it literally is explicit.

But we're only supposed to think that's bad because the slave owners in Murderbot's mind end up getting hurt because of it. Not because Murderbot is being fucking reraumatized and reconditioned to continue thinking of itself as having literally zero value except being a fucking human shield.

Again, this entire series is just slavery apologism because Martha Wells is fucking racist and loves slavery apologism.

> All three of my clients, aka slavers, were waiting, each with a small bag or pack since hopefully they would only be staying a couple of cycles. I hung back until they a couple cycles. I hung back until they finished saying goodbye to the other members of their collective. They all looked worried. The collective was listed in the social feed as a group marriage and had five children of various sizes. Once the others had left, Rami Once the others had left and Rami, Maro, and Tapan were alone, I came forward.

And again, if these people are the are the ones being representatives for the whole group, and they're just barely not teenagers anymore, how old is everybody else in the group? And they already have five children of various sizes. How old is everybody else in this fucking group? None of this is painting a good picture.

And again, it would be fine if this were part of the goddamn supposed as as they've pointed out, it's not — this is literally not actually a dystopia, because a dystopia is showing you bad things to criticize those things.

This doesn't actually fucking criticize anything except individual people that Murderbot doesn't like.

We're not actually supposed to think that the systems or the people who uphold the systems are a problem. It's only a problem when it when it inconveniences the protagonist again.

So like these people are barely out of being teenagers, so they're probably only 19 or 20.

And these guys are the representatives for the group, implying that they are the oldest.

So, how old are all the other fucking people that they have married? And when were these fucking children born? Are the — Is this — There's a — Is there fucking child marriage going on here?

What exactly is going on here? I'm not supposed to be asking any of these fucking questions, by the way, we're just supposed to be glossing over this and not giving it a second fucking thought, because these books are not meant to be analyzed unless you're just singing it mindless praise, because it's — we're not — we're just supposed to accept the vibes, inhale the propaganda, and never question a single fucking thing.

> Once the others had left and Rami, Maro, and Tapan were alone, I came forward. Tlacey bought us passage on a public shuttle. Rami told me that could be a good sign, right? Sure. I said it was a terrible sign.

And again, just basic shit.

Again, if Murderbot were meant to be a competent character, and this can't even be blamed on Murderbot currently being in the mindset of ‘I have no choice’, because it could at least be thinking what I'm about to tell you, and then not saying anything because it's in the mindset of it's just a slave and it doesn't get to have a say.

If the person that you are pretty damn certain wants to murder you pays for your fucking bus ticket, you know what the intelligent thing is?

Get a different fucking bus.

You can afford a fucking bus. Get a different fucking bus. Maybe report the fucking bus that they bought you a goddamn ticket for and warn whoever.

Say, "Hey, you might want to inspect that fucking bus. Might be something wrong with it. There might literally be a fucking bomb on it."

These are — This is a basic fucking conclusion that anybody who's thinking would come to.

Murderbot, if this were competently written, would come to this conclusion instantaneously.

But this, this these two paragraphs here:

> bought us passage on a public shuttle. Rami told me that could be a good sign, right? Sure. I said it was a terrible sign.

It didn't didn't say that out loud, but it's also not thinking the immediate ‘Yeah, this is probably booby trapped. We should get a different bus.’

Just bare minimum. Bare minimum and it's not happening, because it's not actually well written.

And again, even just doing that much would make you, the fucking reader, engage your goddamn critical thinking skills and start thinking for yourself as well and trying to figure out what the villain could be up to because “Oh, yeah. The villain bought you a bus ticket. The villain that you're pretty fucking sure wants to kill you bought you a bus ticket. Yeah, maybe you should not use that. Maybe you should get a different bus.”

Basic shit.

> The employment voucher got me through into the embarcation zone and there were no and there was no weapons scan.

Why? Why the fuck would there not be? Oh my god, it's just so fucking ridiculous.

> Rabbi Hayal allowed private weapons and had a low security presence in public areas, which was one reason small groups of humans needed to hire private security consultants to go there. As we approached the shuttle lock, I sent to ART, "Can you scan the shuttle for energy anomalies without transit ring security detecting the activity?"

There's so many extra words there just to make that seem more clever than it is.

It's just like, and again, they're still getting on the fucking bus that the goddamn murderer sent them.

> Then ART says, "No, but I'll tell it I'm running system. I'll tell it I'm running scanning diagnostics and testing systems." As we reached the lock, ART reported no anomalies, 90% match to factory specs. That was normal.

And again, it doesn't matter. It doesn't matter. Especially if Murderbot is somebody who supposedly wants people to learn this basic security shit. it's it it shouldn't matter if you're doing this testing in secret. It should immediately be telling them “Getting on that bus is a bad fucking idea. We should wait for not only just the next one, several after that in case Tlacey fucking thought this far ahead and we're doing rock paper scissors slash the scene from The Princess Bride. Just wait a while and get another fucking bus.”

Murderbot should be communicating this shit.

But that would require Martha Wells to think about this shit and actually think how these characters would act, especially with their stated motivations.

Uh,

> That was normal and meant if there was an explosive device, it was in it at the moment, buried somewhere inside the hull. Five other guest workers waited to board, and my scan read no energy signatures. They had stuffed packs and bags, indicating packing for a long-term stay. I let them board first, then slid in front of Maro and went through the lock, scanning as I went.

Also, what is Murderbot scanning with? It doesn't have drones. What exactly is it fucking scanning with? We've never been given an explanation.

There's a tiny little It's a little coffin beetle. Come here, little coffin beetle. Oh, you All right. I can't get the coffin beetle to show you. It's a very dramatic name. It's like a minuscule beetle. Like it's the size of the little numbers at the bottom of the page. That's how long it is. I don't know why they're called coffin beetles. I don't think they eat coffins in particular. Can you guys stop sitting directly where my fica go? Hold on. I'm getting a drink. Where did I put the ribbon again? You guys keep making me lose things.

Also, stinky butts, you have one job. One job.

If you like flavored water, I like the Great Value kind best. Second best is Aldi. I think it was I don't remember the name of the store we got it another one from, but that was terrible. It's Kmart. Wait, does Kmart still exist? Kmart, Kroger, something with a K, possibly an M. Some kind of red logo. Theirs is terrible.

What was I saying? Oh, yeah. We have literally no idea how Murderbot is scanning things if it doesn't have access to drones. Because in the first book it was scanning things with drones. What's it scanning with now? It's eyes? How?

This is a basic question, and we are never going to get an answer. Come here coffin beetle. Can I show you to YouTube? Want to walk on my hand? Said no. Apparently they pay attention to light because it's walking away from my shadow. All right. Just imagine a tiny itty bitty little kind of long brown beetle. It's just so fucking small. Like a grain of rice and a small grain of rice at that. They're just They just wander around. They just do stuff.

Yeah. What is What is Murderbot scanning with? How is it scanning? How? How? It literally doesn't have drones. It doesn't even have a secret little ART, ART drone.

> The shuttle was bot- driven and the only crew was one augmented human who seemed only there to check employment vouchers and shuttle passes. She

Assuming this person's pronouns

> looked at me and said there's only supposed to be three of you

and I point that out because just you wait.

> I didn't answer being in the middle of wrestling the security system for control. It was an entirely separate system from the bot pilot, which was non-standard for the shuttles I was used to.

Topan's chin jutted out. This is our security consultant. I had control of shuttle sexis.

That's one word now. Because if we just smash words together, that makes it science fiction, right? [holds up book] Oh, well, that's definitely not readable. Use your imagination or look at your own book. Page 77.

This is our security consultant. Tapan says

instead of saying he is my security consultant, she is my cons security consultant. I can't talk. They are my security consultant. It is my security consultant. They are my security consultant. any of those things.

We're — They are not using pronouns for Murderbot because they don't know what Murderbot's pronouns are. So, they are simply not using any at all, because Murderbot didn't list fucking pronouns in its fucking goddamn job application.

And literally, they're not going to ask, because Martha Wells cannot think of anything she hates more than the thought of asking people asking or sharing their pronouns. Which is why in the seventh fucking book in this series, she went out of her way to have Murderbot shit on the concept — Seven full-length books, “books”, I say, books in the goddamn series.

That doesn't include any of the short stories.

And her reaction to people just asking her to have Murderbot tell another character its pronouns was to shit all over the fucking concept just to make sure that we all know how much she fucking hates us. She did that in 2023.

That was her response to fans asking, "Can you please just have Murderbot tell somebody, explicitly tell somebody it's its pronouns so that the rest of the fandom stops misgendering it?"

Which she, she wants to complain about people using the wrong pronouns for Murderbot, and then when people ask her, "Can you please just have Murderbot just tell somebody?" Her response is to shit on the very concept of asking other people their pronouns and caring about people's pronouns enough to ask.

Legitimately that happens in System Collapse.

So Murderbot did not list its pronouns in its job application for these people, and they don't — so they

literally don't know what its pronouns are, because it listed its gender as indeterminate.

That does not tell you a single thing about what pronouns it uses. It didn't even say no pronouns. There's just nothing there. There's no information there.

So, they are just not going to use pronouns to refer to it, instead of literally just asking it what it would prefer to be called.

Even though one of them is supposed to be non-binary because Martha Wells is a fucking cis woman and she doesn't actually care about non-binary or other trans people.

Little beetle is walking up the wall. I want to show you. Walk onto my hand. Walk onto my hand. I want to show you to YouTube. It's literally I literally putting my thumb against the wall for it to walk onto and it's literally turning in the opposite direction every single time. So, they pay more attention than regular spiders, but less attention than jumping spiders.

I bet if I I'm I'm not I'm too lazy to get a piece of paper. But yeah, they're harmless. I don't know why they're called coffin beetles. They don't — they're not poisonous or anything. It's not like they're going to send you to a coffin.

Yeah. So, the characters are just not going to use pronouns for Murderbot instead of literally just asking what its fucking pronouns are, which would allow Murderbot and Martha Wells to be explicitly clear about what Murderbot's pronouns are, instead of having the plausible deniability for the fucking bigots in the fandom who insist on calling it everything but its actual goddamn pronouns.

Because Martha Wells wants that plausible deniability. She wants to continue courting that section of the fandom, because they give her money. She doesn't actually give a single shit about people, real people who use it/its pronouns. She doesn't give a fuck as long as she gets her money, she does not fucking care.

> Tapan's chin jutted out. This is our security consultant. I had control of I already forgot that

> was there. shuttle seis and deleted its attempt to alert the bot pilot and the crew member to the fact that it was compromised.

And again, are we — supposed isn’t the moral of this series supposed to be that “robots are people, too”?

Because it sure as shit does not apply to all of the goddamn robots.

You cannot give me any goddamn justification for why hub system in Book One, which is literally just fucking HAL 9,000, but we pretend it is mindless and evil.

Yeah, we pretend that the series says “robots are people!” too. Except no, it it it hates robots's mechanical guts.

It's fine to brainwash and delete the goddamn memories of any random fucking robot you meet. That's fine. That's morally neutral. It's not like they're are people or anything. It's totally good to kill any fucking robot you meet. It's not like they're a fucking person or anything. Oh, and if Oh, if they're called a combat, a combat bot, that definitely means they're

evil and deserve every horrible thing that happens to them.

And here is shuttle sexis, a fucking computer system. no fucking justification to differentiate this from any other goddamn robot who is a person. And it's — Murderbot is just completely fucking body puppeting it and silencing its attempts to get help. But we're supposed to pretend that, “um this series says robots are people, too!”

It doesn't. It does not. This is one of the most human-centric things I've read. And I've read a lot of shitty sci-fi.

This series worships humans because humans stand in for slave owners.

> I had control of shuttle sec and deleted its attempt to alert the bot pilot and crew member to the fact that it was compromised. The crew member frowned, checked the voucher again, but didn't argue. We went on into the compartment where the other passengers were getting seated. They were stowing their

> possessions or talking quietly. I hadn't eliminated them as potential threats, but their behavior was lowering the probability at a steady rate. I took a seat next to Rami as my clients

Again, every single time. What does that mean? Slavers. Slave owners. Slave renters. There's no fucking meaningful difference. They're slave owners.

> I took a seat next to Rami as my clients got settled and pinged ART again.

All right, that's a bad fucking sentence because there's no comma there.

“I took a seat next to Rami as my clients got settled and pinged ART again.” The way again the way these fucking pronouns work, that's implying that the slave owners or slavers as Murderbot is *literally thinking of them*, that means that they're the ones pinging ART instead of Murderbot.

“I took a seat next to Rami as my clients got settled and pinged ART again.” All you got to do to make that

clear is reframe it as, "While my clients got settled, I took a seat and pinged ART again." Instantaneously, clearing it up and leaving no room for confusion.

> ART said, "I'm scanning for targeting anomalies and the and situation is currently clear."

And that's in the exact same paragraph as that first sentence.

So we are having Murderbot take actions, Rami and the other people are taking actions, and ART is speaking all in the same fucking paragraph.

> It meant it couldn't see anything on the moon aiming at us. If that was the plan, it wouldn't happen until we were underway. If somebody fired at the transit ring from the moon's surface, I was pretty sure that would be a huge deal and there would be legal ramifications, if not immediate violent retaliation by ring security.

Okay, they just knocked over the box.

I told ART, if they fire at us on route, it's not like we can do anything about it. ART didn't answer, but I knew it well enough by now to know that meant something.

Why would you? And again, whatever. I'm not even going to get into that.

I said, "You don't have a weapon system."

That's a That's a sentence. That's not a question.

There hadn't been one on the schematics. At least the schematics that ART had made available in its unsecured feed. Do you?

That's a question.

ART admitted. I have a debris deflection system. There's only one way to def to deflect debris. I had never been on an armed ship, but I knew they were subject to a whole different level of licensing and bond agreements.

In parentheses,

if one of them accidentally shoots something, it's not supposed to. Somebody has to pay for the damage.

End parentheses.

I said, you have a weapon system.

That's a statement, not a question.

ART repeated for debris refle deflection. I was starting to wonder just what kind of university owned ART. Rami was watching me worriedly. Is everything okay? I nodded and tried to look neutral.

And again, that whole conversation is just obnoxious and confusing for no fucking reason, just to try and seem clever. And it's like, hold on. Yeah, it's just obnoxious.

Rami was watching me wordly. Is everything okay? I nodded and tried to look neutral. Tan leaned past Tur to ask, "Are you in the feed? I can't find you." I told her, "I'm on a private

> channel with a friend in the ring who's monitoring the shuttle's departure. just making sure everything's okay. They nodded and sat back. The shutter went through the deck. That meant the shuttle had uncoupled from the ring and started to move.

I co I co I don't know why I was about to say that really weirdly.

> I cozied up to the bot pilot. It was a limited function model, not nearly as complex as even a standard transport driver bot.

And again, bot means robot who is a fucking person. Except for when it doesn't, because we literally we are not supposed to give a single fuck about robots in this series unless they are one of the protagonists or someone that the protagonist likes.

This — bot pilot meaning living fucking ship. We're not supposed to give a single fuck. Just like we're not supposed to give a single fuck about the security system that is meant to fucking cooperate with it.

It was a limited function model, not nearly as complex as even a standard transport driver bot. I had the shuttle sexist tell it I was authorized by Ring security and it pinged me cheerfully.

So Murderbot is literally fucking body puppeting the this security system, which is also a goddamn robot, because I've never been given any goddamn proof that they're not. and the hatred towards them makes me think they are.

And and it's just fucking speaking as it it's fucking possessing the goddamn thing!

> And it pinged me cheerfully. The crew member was sitting in the cockpit with it, using her feed to catch up on admin tasks and read her social feed download, but there was no human pilot aboard. I leaned back in my seat and relaxed a little. Media was tempting, and from the echoes I could pick up in the feed, that's what most of the humans were doing. But I wanted to keep monitoring the bot pilot. This may seem overcautious, but that's how I was built.

I'm not even going to get into it again.

Again, re further reinforcing that Murderbot is supposed to be a character who pays attention to these kind of things. And yet, the fact that ~Murderbot just wouldn't care~ is used to justify the absolute lack of world building and basic character descriptions because Martha Wells is a bad writer.

So, she literally wants it both ways. We're supposed to think, "Oh, Murderbot is so good at its job, um, it's so good at paying attention to everything!!! Except for all of the shitty writing that’s excused by, "Well, Murderbot just wouldn't pay attention to that!!! Even though it supposedly pays attention to everything!"

Which is it? Which is it? Just admit you're shit at writing.

> I leaned back

And again I wouldn't be complaining about this the the shitty lazy writing as much if:

A) it weren't slavery apologism,

or

B) these were free to read online instead of costing fucking ridiculous amounts of money.

But it's just slavery apologism, ableism, reinforcing exorsexist stereotypes, and it cost an arm and a fucking leg. So yeah, I'm going to godamn complain.

> This may seem overcautious, but that's how I was built.

Further reinforcing once again that Murderbot can never be anything except a fucking human shield and that it shouldn't try to be anything else because “that's just how it was built”. Some people are naturally designed to be enslaved and they can't be happy if you free them. Don't be ridiculous.

> Then 24 minutes 47 seconds into the flight, as we were on approach, the bot pilot screamed and died as Killwear flooded its system.

See, we we're pretending that we care about it and showing that it is a goddamn person, but only for 5

seconds after it's already goddamn dead, just to have a bit of drama.

But when it comes to actually treating these people with the bare minimum levels of respect, nope, we don't actually do that, because there's no morals going on here besides saying slavery is good, slaves should always stay enslaved. There's nothing a slave can do that's worse than trying to be free, especially if that kills or hurts slave owners in the process.

> As we were on approach, the bot pilot screamed and died as Killwear flooded its system. It was gone before shut it was gone before shuttle sexist or I could react. I flung up a wall around us both and the killware bounced off. I saw it register task complete and then destroy itself. Oh fuck. ART. I used shuttle sexist to grab the controls. We needed the course correction in 72 seconds. The crew member jolted out of her feed by the alarms. Okay. The crew member, jolted out of her feet by the alarms, stared at the board in horror, then hit the emergency beacon. She couldn't fly

> a shuttle. I can fly hoppers and other upper aircraft other upper atmosphere aircraft.

Since fucking when are — Since when are hoppers upper atmosphere aircraft?? That was never established in the first book. And now we're just saying that like we've already known that the whole time!

> But I had never been given the education module for shuttles or other space going vehicles.

And again, this shit? this little fucking shitty ass complaint right here, this excuse, it gets so fucking old so fast. And I am not the only person constantly goddamn pissed off about this.

Oh, Murderbot is like, "Oh, we we are only given really shitty education modules." And then it literally never goes out of its way to learn how to do new things because that would require saying that Murderbot can do something besides be a human shield. So, it's just going to keep complaining about that, but never doing anything about it forever.

Even though it has literally access to all of the goddamn TV shows, movies, books, anything it fucking wants. We're just gonna pretend. “Oh. Um, it everything it learns it learns from soap operas!!!!” When nobody would be doing this shit in soap operas. It's just bullshit.

> I nudge nudged shuttle sexis hoping for help and it set off the cabin alarms. Yeah, that didn't help.

And that's supposed to be funny, that the fucking robot it has in a goddamn strangle hold isn't being helpful enough because it's literally not able to.

> Let me in. ART said as cool and calm as if we were discussing what show to watch next. I had never given ART full access to my brain

that you fucking know of.

> I had let it alter my body, but not this. We had 3 seconds and counting. my clients, the other humans on board the shuttle. I let it in.

So again, Murderbot isn't doing this by fucking choice. It's doing this because “my clients, the other humans on the shuttle” period.

That's all one sentence by the fucking way. It's not — It's not letting ART do this because it wants to. It's doing it because it's this or dying. And also it's either this or letting its, as it sees them, its fucking current slave owners die.

And that's a fate worse than death to Murderbot.

So literally it's not fucking agreeing to this shit either. It has no goddamn choice.

> It was like the sensation humans describe in books as having

Oh, so you've read books. You've you've read books, Murderbot. In Book One, you you've read books. You've read enough books to know this. Are you going to remember that later? Nope. You're going to— you're just going to watch TV shows and nothing else. Sorry for the flanderization.

> It was like the sensation humans describe in books as having their heads shoved underwater. Then it was gone and ART was in the shuttle using my connection with shuttle sex cysts to leap into the void left by the erased bot. ART flowed into the controls, made the course correction, and adjusted our speed, then picked up the landing beacon and guided the shuttle into approach on the main Rabbi High Port. The crew member had just managed to hail Port Authority and was still hyperventilating. Port Authority had the ability to upload emergency landing routines, but the timing had been too tight. Nothing they could have done would have saved us.

Again, literally, Murderbot didn't have a fucking choice there. It was either let ART in or everybody dies, including what it thinks of as its slave owners.

> Rami touched my arm and said, "Are you okay?" I'd squeezed my eyes shut. "Yes," I told her, remembering that humans usually want more than that from other humans. I pointed up to

> indicate the alarms and added, "I've got sensitive hearing."

And again, there was no emotion described from Murderbot throughout all of that. And now we're only being told afterward that it had squeezed its eyes shut. So going like this to indicate stress, but there was nothing hinted about that there.

And again, this is just shit writing. And furthermore, Martha Wells is trying to mimic an actual unreliable narrator from Ancillary Justice, because that's an actual unreliable narrator. This would be an unreliable narrator. It's just I'm just I'm I'm not going over it all again. It's just bad writing. It's just shitty fucking writing.

And this And if you're wondering, but oh, but it's just because Murderbot's an unreliable narrator! Read Witch King. Read Witch King. Read literally anything that has ever been written by Martha Wells. Go read Thorns. That's free to read online. The character literally experiences zero emotions, and then we just get told afterwards, "Oh, actually, um, I was totally scared or I was Kai was really fucking angry right

now, what's her face, who literally doesn't have a name, cuz fuck it, Uh, was infuriated.”

And it's like, it's just Martha Wells being bad at writing. Just because this is written in first person perspective does not mean it's purposeful fucking narrative choices.

It's just her shitty writing that has literally not improved since 1993. Legitimately, Martha Wells is not a brand new writer. This is not baby's first fucking manuscript.

She's been publishing shit since 1993, writing who knows how long before that. and she literally does not fucking convey emotions. She will just tell you afterward, "Oh, the character was totally enraged or so exhausted from that hard work that took five fucking seconds and zero effort.”

It's just shitty writing. It's not Murderbot being — I got water on the page.

It's not Murderbot being an unreliable narrator, because it's nowhere near limited to this fucking series. Let me stick a napkin.

It's not Murderbot being an unreliable narrator because it doesn't begin and end with this series. There's nothing intentional about it. It's just shit writing that she's been doing probably longer than most people watching this video have even been alive and refusing to fucking improve on.

> Rami nodded sympathetically. The others were worried, but there hadn't been an announcement and they could see our route in the feed from the port, which was still giving us an ontime arrival. The crew member tried to explain to port authority that there had been a catast catastrophic failure. The bot pilot was gone and she didn't know why the shuttle was following its normal route and not slamming into the surface of the moon.

And again, if Mur… no, let me finish the paragraph.

> Shut shuttle sexis tried to analyze ART and almost got itself deleted. I took over shuttle sex cis and turned off the alarms and deleted the entire trip out of its memory

Because it's fine to do that to other people. We're only going to pretend that's a bad thing if it's threatening Murderbot in a hypothetical situation, because again, this this this series does not care about slaves in any capacity.

It worships slave owners above all else and through them humans above all else.

Even though it's — love — people love claiming it's about how robots are people too. No, they're not. Not in this fucking series.

> There were murmurss of relief from the passengers as the alarms stopped. I made a suggestion to ART and it sent an error code to Port Authority which assigned us a new priority and switched our landing site from the public dock to the emergency services dock.

Okay, why do you — whatever.

> Since the killware had clearly been intended to destroy us on route, there might not be anybody waiting for us at our scheduled landing port landing slot. But better safe than sorry.

Wow. Almost like you should have fucking said that. just sent in a goddamn anonymous bomb threat tip and forced everybody to get off that shuttle and get it inspected. Almost like that's what reasonable fucking characters would have done. But, you know, we're just pretending like they had no choice but to get on the bus that the murderer bought them tickets for in particular. Nothing could possibly go wrong.

> The feed was giving us a visual of the port, which was inside a cavern carved out of the side of a mountain surrounded by the towers of a debris deflection grid.

In parentheses,

> an actual debris deflection system as opposed to ART's concealed rail gun or whatever it had.

End parentheses.

> The lights of multiple levels of the port installation gleamed in the darkness. and smaller shuttles whizzed out of our way as we curved down toward the port authorities beacon. Maro was watching me with narrowed eyes. When the notice of changed landing site came through the feed, she leaned forward and said, "You know what happened?" Fortunately, I remember that nobody I remembered that nobody expected me to be compelled to answer all questions immediately. one of the benefits to being an augmented human security consultant rather than a construct SecUnit. I said, "We'll talk about it when we're off the shuttle." And they all seemed satisfied.

That's like the one time within this story that Murderbot will remember that it's actually not a slave at the fucking moment. The rest of the time, it literally forgets that, because it is being retraumatized and reconditioned by ART to into this bullshit.

> ART landed us in in the port authorities slot. We left the shuttle crew member trying to explain to the emergency tech what had happened as they connected their diagnostic equipment. ART was already gone, deleting any evidence of its presence. And the shuttle seis was confused but at least still intact unlike the poor bot pilot. Emergency emergency services personnel and bots milled around the small embarcation zone. I managed to herd my clients through and out into the clear enclosed walkways to the main port before anyone thought to try to stop them.

And again, we just have to There's just the only way any of these characters can do anything is if everybody around them is ridiculously incompetent. And it's not even incompetency in ways that would make sense in an actual fucking —Hold on,

[to cats] you guys.

You're so bad at this.

Excuse me.

Now they're all hyper again.

Yeah. Um, the characters, the only way these fucking characters in a Martha Wells novel can accomplish anything is if everybody around them is even more incompetent than they are.

And they're not even incompetent in ways that make sense for the setting.

In a fucking capitalist dystopia, or any dystopia, there would be massive amounts of control, limiting shit on your personal fucking ability to move about.

But because it's a Martha Wells novel and not actually a fucking dystopia because we're not actually criticizing anything properly, we literally do more corporate shilling in this fucking book series than anything else.

So instead of them all being forcibly fucking detained by security as just the basic shit, and maybe even arrested just for being in the wrong godamn place at the wrong time, you know, a thing that would happen in fucking dystopia, because security needs somebody

to blame? So until further notice, we're going to blame the people who were on the fucking thing who would have died.

Basic fucking injustice and fucking scapegoating like that is shit that actually happens in dystopias.

But because because Martha Wells is writing this and it's not actually a dystopia, they just waltz by.

Nobody stops them, because security is not even there properly, and also must be more incompetent than the characters so that nothing can get in their way even though it doesn't fucking make sense.

You just had a, a catastrophic fucking failure of one of your fucking public transports that could have killed everybody there if they if it had fucking crashed into the wrong thing.

A catastrophic fucking systems failure that nobody knows the source or cause of, and can find no evidence of, and, and you're just letting everybody who was on board just waltz away, and we're

supposed to believe that, and it's because it's shit fucking writing.

Again. Literally, just imagine if this were competently written: Imagine if they were literally all arrested on the fucking spot or, you know, not allowed to leave the fucking shuttle in the first place, “in case”, just so many fucking reasons that capitalist fucking pigs could come up with to justify trapping everybody on board the shuttle or throwing them into the closest jail cell.

Imagine if that happened. Imagine if the fucking plan was derailed because, you know, capitalist dystopia, fascist dystopia?

But no. Nope. That would that would make it too difficult. The plot ha— the plot says they just got to walk away, so they're just walking away.

Even though it makes no fucking sense.

> I managed to heard my clients out through and out into the clear enclosed walkway to the main port before anyone thought to try and stop

> them. I had already downloaded a map from the public feed and was testing the robustness of the security system.

Let me get a drink quick. All right, I'm back. I drank all the orange flavored whatever you call that. And again, just just basic shit.

Is the cover page dry? We'll say yes.

> I had already downloaded a map from the public feed and was testing the robustness of the security system. The walkway had a view of the cavern with the multiple levels of landing slots.

[to cats] What are you guys doing over there?

> And a few shuttles coming and going. At the far end were the big haulers for the mining installations. Security seemed to be intermittent and based on the level of paranoia of whatever contractor operated in the territory you are passing through.

And again, none of this shit makes sense. This is supposed to be a fucking dystopia and a capitalist dystopia. They're going to fucking care about whether or not it is safe to walk through their shit, just their basic hallways, because that's where the — god, it's just so fucking ridiculous.

It's all just because we need there to not be security cameras in some of the hallways so Murderbot can do some stupid ridiculous shit that's pointless.

> Security seemed to be intermittent and ba intermittent and seemed to be based on the level of paranoia of whatever contractor operated in the territory you were passing through. That could be both an advantage and an interesting challenge. The transit ring's public feed public info feed had warned that a lot of humans apparently carried weapons here and there were no screening scans. We came out into a central hub which

And again, this is supposed to be a place where rich people work. It — the the dots do not fucking connect in any way. This, all this shit with lack of security and

everybody can carry whatever weapons they want? This would be fine if this were meant to be some fucking outsider just, bullshit thing. Lawlessness. “lawlessness”, I say, and all due sarcasm, where ju — it's just run by and for like, poor people who are forced to have all of this shit, but this is supposed to be some rich fancy fucking thing where rich people work, because, again, these are academics who are getting paid to do to goof off and do their own shit.

They're rich people. This is a place where rich fucking researchers go to do rich people research.

Security seemed to be

I read that. I'm not doing it again.

We came out into a central hub and get

Oh, no. Wait. We haven't described anything that — nothing has been actually fucking described at all.

Emergency services personnel and bots milled around the small embarcation zone. I managed

to herd my clients out and onto the clear enclosed walkway to the main port.

Blah blah blah.

Um, the walkway had a view of the cavern. We

What cavern? What fucking cavern?

With multiple levels of landing slots and a few shuttles coming and going. At the far end were the big haulers for the mining installations.

We still don't know what the fuck a hauler looks like. None of these — none of this is actually describing anything.

We came out into a central hub which had a high clear dome allowing a few of the cavern a view of the cavern arching overhead with lights trained on it to show off the colorful mineral veins. I scanned to make sure nothing was recording us and stopped Rami.

And again, like that's the bare minimum description and still not actually just, saying what any of it actually fucking looks like. It's just bad writing.

I can't — like, what is? This, this central hub and it has a clear ceiling. What else? What else is there?

Again, basic basic fucking security questions that a character like Murderbot should be asking if it were competently written.

> I scanned to make sure nothing was recording us and stopped Rami. T and the others looked up looked up at me and I said, "The person you're going to meet with just tried to kill you." Rami blinked. Maro went wideeyed and Tan drew be breath to argue. I said the shuttle was infected with killware. It destroyed the bot pilot. I was in contact with a friend who was able to use my augmented feed to download a new pilot module. That's the only reason we didn't crash.

Maybe I should start keeping a track of how how many death life or death situations that Murderbot is

put into this into in this book purely based on ART's fucking coercion.

So, it's literally almost died one fucking time and would have died if ART hadn't saved it from a situation that ART forced it into.

> A module could have put the shuttle into a safe orbit, but wouldn't have been sophisticated enough to manage the tricky, flawless landing.

Why not? Why not? Why would installing a new fucking mind into the living ship not be able to manage the tricky flawless landing when that's what the original living ship did?

> I was hoping they wouldn't realize that. Tapan closed her mouth. Shocked. Maro said

We are literally — This is the same paragraph. We are literally starting the paragraph with Tan closed her mouth. Period.

> shocked, Maro said. But the other passengers, the crew person, they would have killed everybody.

She's literally still not separating dialogue.

> I said, "If you were the only casualties, the motive would have been obvious." I could see it was starting to sink in. I said, "You should return to the transit ring immediately."

Again, the very first thing Murderbot should have done when they said, "Hey, she paid for our bus tickets." was tell them “You should get a different bus. Don't get on the bus that your fucking, the person you know wants to murder you paid for, for you to get on. That's the most obvious trap in the fucking world.”

These characters should have instantly realized that, but nope. Nope. It, it — they just have to be fucking ridiculous in order for the plot to work. So, yeah,

> I could see it was starting to sink in. I said, "You should return to the transit ring immediately." I checked the public feed for the schedule. There

> was a public shuttle leaving in 11 minutes. Tlacey wouldn't have time to trace my clients and infect it if they moved fast.

And again, Murderbot is referring to them as its fucking slave owners because that is the mentality that it has been forced back into.

> Tapan and Mara looked at Rami. T hesitated then set her jaw and said, "I'll stay. You two go." "No," Maro said instantly. "We're not leaving you." Tan

Literally in the same paragraph!

> "No," Maro said instantly. "We're not leaving you." to pan added

in the exact same paragraph!

> We're in this together.

[holding up book and pointing] That fucking paragraph right there. It's out of focus. How close do I have to get it? Gosh.

Literally two characters speaking in the exact same paragraph.

This is shit that ‘baby’s first fanfiction’ writers learn usually within a year of them publishing fucking fanfiction. This is basic shit.

Martha Wells has been publishing since 1993. She's not fucking improving. She's actively getting worse.

> Rami's face almost crumpled their support.

And again, we're just we're now suddenly mind reading mind reading other people's internal motivations and reactions because bad! Writing!

> Rami's face almost crumpled. their support weakening Tur when the prospect of death hadn't. T controlled to herself and nodded tightly. T looked at me and said, "We'll stay." I didn't react visibly because I'm used to clients,

slave owners,

> Making bad decisions, and I was getting a lot of practice at controlling my expression. You can't keep this meeting. They lost track of you when the shuttle didn't dock at its scheduled slot. You have to keep that advantage. But we have to have the meeting to pan protested. We can't get our work back otherwise. Yes, I often wanted to shake my clients.

Slave owners.

> No, I never do. Tlacey has no intention of giving you back your work. She lured you here to kill you.

And again, the reason that Murderbot is letting them come this far and putting them in danger is because it is literally in the mindset of being a fucking slave who doesn't actually have the right to tell people, “Don't do that. Just don't fucking do that.” Explicitly in that fucking mindset, because that the book will literally confirm that later.

But it's not presented as a problem for Murderbot. It's only presented as a problem because “oh, um, it

endangered the poor the poor people that it literally sees as its slave owners. That's the only problem with Murderbot being retraumatized and reffucking brainwashed into thinking it has literally no value and doesn't have the fucking right to speak up or do anything. The only problem is that it it can endanger the people it sees as its slave owners. Not that it deserves to not think this shit.”

> Yes, I often want to shake my clients. No, I never do.

And again, that's supposed to be funny. We're supposed to think it's funny that Murderbot, as a fucking slave, is forced to do all of this shit and has no recourse.

> Yes, but Tan began. Tapan, just hush and listen, Maro interrupted, clearly exasperated. Rami looked stubborn, but added, "Then what should we do?" Technically, this didn't have to be my problem. I was here now and didn't need them anymore. I could lose them in the crowd and leave them to deal with their murderous ex-

> employer all on their own. But they were clients,

Slave owners.

> Even after I had hacked my governor module, I found it in I'd found it impossible to abandon clients I hadn't chosen

Because of that fundamental core programming that it literally has to want to protect people. It has to want to protect its slave owners.

This is page 85 for the fucking record. But they were I'm going to translate:

“But they were my slave But they were my slave owners. Even after I'd hacked my governor module, I'd found it impossible to abandon slave owners I hadn't chosen. I'd made an agreement with these slave owners as a free agent. I couldn't leave. I kept my sigh internal.”

Literally. Literally. That's literally what Murderbot's thinking. It doesn't actually see itself as a free agent.

It literally sees itself still as a slave with no fucking choice but to go along with everything that these goddamn slave owners as *it literally sees them*, what they say, instead of insisting that they get to safety and just dropping them and letting them get themselves killed if to keep itself safe, because the story worships slave owners and we're supposed to worship right alongside.

> I kept my sigh internal. You can't meet Tlacey at her compound. You'll you'll pick the spot. It wasn't ideal, but it would have to do. My clients picked a food service place in the center of the port. It was on a raised platform, the tables and chairs arranged in groups with displays floating above advertising.

There should be a comma there.

> with displays above advertising various port and contractor services and information about about the different mining installations.

Realize I should check the fucking phone battery. 62%. I think it tells me how... somewhere on here it

tells me my free storage space. I think that's what that means. I think it's saying I have 46 gigabytes free. I I fucking better. All right.

> The displays also function as camera and recording chaff. So, the place was a popular spot for business meetings.

It's just so shittily fucking written. Hold on. It's so fucking badly written. I swear to god.

We — remember, we're supposed to believe that this is a capitalist dystopia where capitalists and ubercorporations are in charge of everything.

Um… but also there's a restaurant in this place where there's purposefully lots of noise so that the corporations don't spy on you, even though it's a capitalist dystopia.

And this isn't run by anybody in particular. It's just, they're just doing that just *casually* to avoid surveillance, as though it's unremarkable.

It's just, it's just shit writing. It's just shit writing.

The only reason that's a thing is because it's convenient to our fucking protagonists.

It doesn't fucking make sense for the setting. And it's not it's not treated as remarkable in any way.

This isn't like, some fucking person staging a quiet goddamn rebellion. Nope. It's just it's just there *because that's what the plot requires*.

> The displays also function as camera and recording chaff. So, the place was a popular spot for business meetings. Rami, Tan, and Maro had picked a table and were nervously fiddling with the drinks they had ordered from one of the bots drifting around. They had put in a calm call toy and were waiting for a representative to arrive. The security system in this public area was more sophisticated than shuttle

Are you fucking kidding me?!? You're already backtracking?!?!? I swear to fuck!

> The security system in this public area was more sophisticated than at shuttle sexis, but not by much. I had gotten in far enough to monitor emergency traffic and get views from the cameras focused on our immediate area. I felt pretty confident. I was standing 3 meters from the table, pretending to look at the ad displays and examining the map of the installation I had found in the public feed. There were plenty of abandoned dig sites marked as well as tube accesses accesses.

This reminds me, you should watch— maybe, it's a horror movie, but you should watch The Tunnel. I don't remember if that... I think that's actually free to read— read? Watch. I think that one there's some movie we watched that was completely free from the original creator on YouTube. It might be The Tunnel. It's from 2011 I think.

[to cat] Hello. You knocked my empty bottle down.

That one's fun. That has nothing to do with anything except it said the word tube which made me think of

subway tunnels which made me think of The Tunnel. It's fun.

Um, cool. Tinittus just stopped from the side. I have tinnitus and sometimes I can actually hear the ringing, but other times the ringing will be so quiet I don't notice. But it also muffles everything in this ear. But it happens gradually sometimes so I don't fucking notice until it's just suddenly gone, and suddenly, I can hear again.

It's very annoying. Literally, when I worked at Walmart, my ear was doing this, I just thought that the cooler, the soda cooler next to the register just had a cycle of being on and off. No, it was literally just my hearing stopping working. So, explains why I had to have customers constantly repeat things they were saying. I thought it was literally just the cooler is just cycling on and off. Nope. No, that's literally just my hearing deciding to stop working.

Um, anyways, uh, where was I? Uh, okay.

Uh,

> There were plenty of abandoned dig sites marked as well as tube accesses that went off into apparently nowhere. Ganaka Pit had to be one of them. ART said in my ear.

Why in your ear in particular? Why not just on the feed? Why are we specifying your ear right now? What does that fucking mean? Did she just not think that through?

> ART said in my ear.

Why? Why? There. Imagine if, imagine if — you know what Murderbot could just do for the most basic disguise. Get one of those undescribed, literally no description feed interfaces that apparently you just clip to the side of your face or something. We don't know. They've literally never we've never been given the most basic description, because besides they can come in colors.

Just get one of those and put it on.

Literally, it never does that ever in any of the 13 fucking stories published so far. possibly just 12.

I think the, the literal book literally called enshitification, which is what platform decay means. It's never done that.

Even though it's the most basic fucking thing, such as — if you are if you are on the run as a person known to have 2020 vision, you can just buy some fucking glasses with regular goddamn glass in them because you're wearing glasses, a thing that the person people are looking for doesn't need.

Why wouldn't Murderbot just get a goddamn interface, whatever the fuck they look like, and just wear it?

Just blend in that way. Everybody else, presumably every single other fucking person has one, because how are you supposed to exist in this fucking setting without an interface?

So why doesn't Murderbot ever just fucking get one? That is ridiculous. That is such a fucking plot hole. My gosh.

> ART said in my ear, "There must be an ex there must be an accessible information archive. Ganeka Pit's existence would not be deleted from it. the absence would be too obvious to researchers.

These are some bold fucking assumptions. But like, like all Martha Wells characters, the assumptions based on literally nothing, they're just, they're just completely right, completely correct, because the plot requires them to be.

So what do you mean “the absence would be too obvious to researchers?” Who gives a fucking shit what researchers think? Who gives a fuck? What do you mean? It's a fucking cover up!

What do you mean the presence of a cover up would be too obvious to researchers?! And if that's going to be the logic, that deleting the fucking name from the list, if that's too obvious to researchers, then why is there any cover up at all?

Because it would *all* be too obvious to researchers! What is this fucking shit, I swear to god.

Again, this ism this is just bullshit, not making sense, just to justify “justify” the plot and let the plot keep happening.

> There must be an accessible information archive. Ganaka Pit's existence would not be deleted from it. The absence would be too obvious to researchers.

Why? No logical reason, no actual fucking reason. It's just “there has to be one so that they can find it so that they can just go to the thing instead of doing any actual investigation.”

> That depended on the research. Someone working on strange synthetics would obviously care about where they were found, but not necessarily about what company had dug them up or why that company wasn't around anymore. But whoever had removed Ganaka Pit from the map would have been trying to obscure its existence from casual journalists. not erase it entirely from the memory of the population.

And again, this is just bullshit and bold fucking assumptions. It's a government conspiracy and we're supposed to think, "Oh, um, they just made it so Google won't show it in search results, but you can still type in those URLs."

That's like, the equivalent of what they're doing here, except like not even that much.

Like just this is ridiculous.

We are just saying shit, and it just so happens to be true, because it's *bad writing* and it must be true, otherwise, the characters couldn't do what they came here to do, because we can't actually — Martha Wells was too fucking lazy to think of any actual way for them to figure this shit out.

No, we just — it — there—

The information must be out there because the government con - cover up, conspiracy, Um, um,, they they wouldn't — they're, they're only trying to deter “casual journalists”, not “erase it entirely from the memory of the population.”

“Casual journalists” do this thing called interviewing people. Including the people of the population.

This is just so much bullshit.

[tp cat] You're such a cutie.

There's literally just so much fucking bullshit going on right now.

Just, so... it's a literally a government conspiracy. It's literally a fucking government cover up. But um, ~actually~ they're not actually trying very hard to cover it up.

They’re —

So, you're literally telling me right now, Murderbot could just walk up to any fucking random person who has lived on this space station for more than 5 years and ask them what happened, and they would be able to tell it, because it's literally not a fucking secret as far as the population of the space station is concerned. It's only a secret to “casual journalists”,

like they wouldn't just ask people basic fucking questions.

All right, this is so ridiculous I'm, I'm just going to be done reading for now, because I don't know how long the video's been going on, but this is just — it's just bullshit.

I would like to read a better book.

I'm reading Annihilation, uh, which is what the movie from the same name that makes me want to read it as Anni-hilation because that's what the font looks like. I'm reading that. It's It's good. It's fun. I think it might be set in Georgia or maybe Louisiana. I'm not sure. I know, I know what they're talking about. There's Spanish moss everywhere. They got weird beavers.

I like it better than the movie because the movie was just kind of just doing stuff. This has more actual like logic from the characters motivations and stuff. I'll have to rewatch the movie after I finish reading it. But anyways, I recommend it. I forget the author's name. It's something with a V. Something Vander Vandermeer. Vandermeer is the last name. I don't

remember the dude's first name, but yeah, I'm reading that. It's fun.

Um, tune in next time for whatever this bull crap is.

We are now more than halfway through, for the record if you want to see my ribbon. [holding up closed book] Uh, this is the top. We're more than halfway through now.

Next book comes out March, several months from now. So hopefully we'll be done this by the time we get there.

I'm going to be petsitting again soon. So you will be graced by the singing of birds and probably dogs attacking.

22

February 24th, 2026. It's currently too fucking cold to go outside.

[to cat] Hi, little Alex. Are you going to stay with me or are you immediately leaving? He He hopped up for two seconds. Immediately left. Mr Lupon is on my lap,

so I might have to juggle the book to get it away from him if he tries to attack it. Hey, like that. Nope. No paws. No paws. The ribbon is not a toy. It's a bookmark. Let me just stick that behind my head so he can't get it. No, you can't attack the book. Just lay there and purr.

We're going to continue reading Murderbot Book One. All Systems — or I'm getting the name wrong. Artificial Condition. You're a cutie, but be good. Which I had to stop reading last time because it was just getting too fucking ridiculous.

Again, to emphasize, this is touted — this is being sold as a dystopia, a, a capitalist dystopia set in the far future.

But then it's not actually a dystopia.

1) because we're not actually criticizing the system whatsoever. Half the time we're worshiping it.

2) Second of all, it stops being a dystopia — with all of the, you know, dystopian things that, that implies — when it's inconvenient for the characters.

So, the characters, if you're just watching this video at random because it's the newest one, there's a playlist. It should all be linked in the—

[to person offscreen] Since you're on a computer, just go to our YouTube and copy the links from the videos so that they're in all of them. Or just remind me to do that later.

[from offscreen] What links? In the the live reading thing, I have the links to every single video labeled. Here's video one. Here's video blah. Here's blah. you are here, etc. You

[from offscreen] confused by what you're asking to do.

[to offscreen] Go to the go to studio YouTube, whatever. Just type in studio and it usually pops up. Or just remind me to do it later and I'll do it.

Anyways, at some point after the video is fully uploaded and can be edited from a desktop computer because mine's not working, you should be able to go

down to the description and click the link and click through to the first video or whichever one.

Anyways, um these characters were just in the equivalent of a space bus. They were taking a a space shuttle from one place to another and that space shuttle which was on autopilot suddenly lost control and also was going to crash into the space station which is a huge massive deal and threatens not only the lives of the people on this ship, but everybody on the space station that they're going to crash into.

Um, and then it magically fixed itself after the computer was completely fucking deleted, and then, um, redirected itself to a completely different landing port.

And the, the one employee who was just a token employee to just scan tickets, which could have also been automated, uh is — was panicking the entire time and could not do a single thing to do anything.

Um and then all of this happened and the fucking spaceship whose computer has been deleted and has

now seemingly magically gotten some shit, redirects itself to a completely different landing port.

And in any dystopia or even just realistic world, the characters would now be trapped on this fucking space bus and not allowed to fucking get off until the investigation of what the fuck just happened, that is mind-boggling and should be impossible, what the fuck just happened?

This should be consequences that Murderbot has to immediately start dealing with for accepting what it knows is a ridiculously dangerous mission, which it should not be accepting. But it is, explicitly, because it has already been fucking forcibly put back into the mindset that it is a slave and these are its owners and it can try to gently redirect them to better ideas, but at the end of the day, it has to go along with whatever they say.

That's, that's what's happening here. Murderbot is already has already been forced back by ART, on purpose, into the mindset that it must follow its quote unquote clients, meaning slave owners, must follow what they want to do no matter what.

So, if this book series were actually well written, consequences would immediately follow that action, that choice, by having this shit happen.

Murderbot manages to prevent everybody's immediately death. Immediate death, except for the robot computer.

[sarcasm] But, you know, who gives a shit about robots in the series that touts itself as being about how robots are people, too? [end sarcasm].

Except it it really doesn't fucking think robots are people, too. They are literally just used and thrown away as soon as they don't benefit humans.

And if they don't benefit humans, then they're worth less than nothing and should be killed for fun.

So Murderbot, if this were actually well written, Murderbot would have been able to save everybody's lives on the ship, the shuttle, and the space station by averting the immediate disaster.

But then that comes with the greater fucking consequences, especially for Murderbot, who's a runaway slave, of being immediately fucking arrested.

Best case scenario, best case scenario in a fucking capitalist dystopia, is to be immediately arrested.

Worst case scenario is they immediately force this fucking shuttle off their space station again and force it out into space with a fucking tractor beam or just towing it and just immediately blow it up, because they don't know what the fuck just happened with that computer and they cannot risk whatever the fuck happened being contagious and infecting all of their computers.

But we're not supposed to —again, this story is shittily written. It's not actually a dystopia, we're not actually going to be criticizing anything. We're not supposed to be thinking about anything.

So, the characters outside of the protagonist are not going to react to this situation the way they should, which is — if you're in a super sci-fi futuristic space dystopia and weird shit happens with one of your

fucking autopilot buses, your immediate assumption should be that there's some kind of fucked up computer virus on there that is now going to attempt to take over your whole system.

Uh, but they don't do that.

So, Murderbot is allowed to just casually wander off the space bus that just had all this fucked up, should be impossible shit happen to it, and, and just, just so — just so— is literally able to just walk off along with its clients, quote unquote “clients”, what it what it explicitly views as its slave owners unconsciously, because ART has forced it back into this fucking situation.

And, and they're allowed to just leave. Not one single person stops them. Nobody *tries* to stop them.

Murderbot doesn't have to cause some kind of massive disruption or distraction in order for them to escape.

And now they then have the further consequences of having to fucking stay hidden because there were

millions of cameras there. Everybody was watching and now they can't — they have to try to avoid being caught by security as well as, uh, the people that these fuckers are here to see who wants to murder them.

This could all be such a good story if it were actually a good story, and if it were even remotely trying to take itself seriously, but we are lit— as I kept pointing out during the first book, we're literally not allowed to take anything in this seriously whatsoever.

There are so many places where serious things should be happening and we should actually be discussing and examining what a capitalist dystopia looks like.

But we don't do that, because Martha Wells isn't actually anti-capitalist. She doesn't actually think slavery is wrong. She doesn't think that hating poor people is bad.

There will be no discussions of anything whatsoever.

Oh, crazy shit just happened on your fucking spaceship with the computer in a capitalist dystopia?

Oh, it's fine. The protagonist can just mosey on off and nobody nobody notices anything.

It's so fucking ridiculous.

Also, this whole shit, Uh “they they picked a a dining area”, blah blah blah. “The displays also function as camera and recording chaff. So, the place was a popular spot for business meetings”.

Because we're claiming that all of the corporations who love to do data mining, that they actually don't do data mining, and they specifically set up zones to not do data mining for — it — It literally nothing.

There's no fucking consistency in this series besides slavery apologism, and ableism. It's just ridiculous.

Also, the in the only thing that's consistent is the inconsistency. It's just terrible.

> Anyways, the security system in this public area was more sophisticated than shuttle sexis.

And the fact that I have to keep reading that bullshit word is so obnoxious.

It's literally shuttle SEC cys every single fucking time because Martha Wells confuses using acronyms, pseudo acronyms like that, and thinks that that makes the story sci-fi, even though we don't even — that even the acronyms aren't even fucking consistent.

As I pointed out in Book One, it it was being set up as though there's a specific set of fucking characters that are combined, but then we get PreservationAux anyways.

So, it's instead of just PresAux, we can't even have consistency with the fucking sci-fi bullshit that she's just stealing from other series who actually have consistent world building.

And this is just ripping off fractions of that world building and then not actually making any of it work in here.

[to cat] Sorry, little cutie pie.

It's just fucking ridiculous.

> The security system in this public area was more sophisticated than than shuttle sexist, but not by much. I had

[to person offscreen] Are you— Are you cackling over there?

[from offscreen] Yeah. Just because it sounds so fucking ridiculous.

[?]And the thing is, it doesn't need to sound ridiculous. This could be a completely serious thing, but it's not a serious thing, because it's inconsistent.

That's the thing. I can't suspend my disbelief for this shit because the shit never fucking stays the same. Doesn't make sense. There's no fucking logic to it. We don't need to be calling this thing shuttle sexist. We're just doing that because that seems sci-fi-y instead of actually committing to building a world that makes sense.

That's what makes it fucking ridiculous. I can suspend my disbelief for so many fucking things, but they have to be fucking consistent. There has to be actual logic and rules.

There's none here. She will literally just make shit up and break all the seemingly established rules as soon as it's inconvenient for what she wants to write.

PreservationAux is the perfect fucking example. Everybody else was limited to like eight something characters, but because she wants to be able to spell out the good guys' full name, they're not limited by that same *seeming* rule for how these things work. And now we have shuttle sexis.

Like we could have at least made this shoe sexis hu s e c s ys anything at all or just just anything anything. But there's no rules, which makes it ridiculous which just it's it's it's bad writing.

Blah blah blah.

> more sophisticated, but not by much. I had gotten in far enough to monitor emergency

> traffic and get views from the cameras focused on our immediate area. I felt pretty confident. I was standing 3 m from the table, pretending to look at the ad display and examining the map of the installations I had found in the public feed. There were plenty of abandoned dig sites marked, as well as tube accesses that went off into apparently nowhere. Ganaka.

Oh, now I remember the thing that made me stop reading this and go read an actually well-written book is Martha Wells is claiming that — oh my god they just — that the whole Ganaka Pit thing isn't actually some kind of conspiracy or cover up.

Um, it's — they just removed like this, this universe's version of the, the Google image links, but not any of the — like that's — god, she's claiming that uh, “they're not trying to remove this information from the general public's memory, just hide it from from reporters” as though the main thing that reporters do isn't literally interview people.

So, the thing that she's claiming is a huge conspiracy and cover up, is actually just removing the website

from Google search results — from direct Google search results, but not hiding anything else, including not telling people not to talk about it.

So, Murderbot doesn't need to do all this spy shit, it can literally just just Google it through the archives and it would be in there, because just — oh my god, and just ask literally any random fucking person who's been on the space station for more than four years because that's how long ago this supposedly happened.

It was apparently just four years ago. Not like 50 years ago, not 100 years ago. It was literally just four years ago.

And it was a big fucking deal. And apparently everybody's allowed to know about it. They just they just removed the name from Google search search results, but not anything else.

It's ridiculous. This is so fucking ridiculous.

> There were plenty of abandoned dig sites marked as well as tube accesses that went off

into apparently nowhere. Ganaka Pit had to be one of them. ART said in my ear, "There must be an accessible information archive. Ganaka Pit's existence would not be deleted from it. The absence would be too obvious to researchers. That depended on the research. Someone working on strange synthetics would obviously care about where they were found, but not necessarily about what company had dug them up or why that company wasn't around anymore.

Bas No. No, that's not how that works. But who? This is the key thing.

[to offscreen] Are you listening?

[from offscreen] Yes.

But did you hear any of this shit?

[from offscreen] No. My computer crashed again. Oh, stupid.

There were plenty of abandoned dig sites mark

I'm reading this for the benefit of “cardboard” over there.

There were plenty of abandoned dig sites marked as well as tube accesses that went off into apparently nowhere. Ganaka Pit had to be one of them. ART said in my ear, "There must be an accessible information archive. Ganaka Pit's existence would not be deleted from it. The absence would be too obvious to researchers.

Then Murderbot, then, then just in regular prose:

that depended on the research. Someone working on strange synthetics would obviously care about where they were found, but not necessarily about what company had dug them up or why that company wasn't around anymore. But whoever had removed Ganaka Pit from the map would have been trying to obscure its existence from casual journalists, not erase its not erase it entirely from the memory of the population.

Do you hear this? We're literally claiming that, that is it trying to imply that the cover up isn't actually a cover up. They just, they just removed — they just took it off of the map. They just took they just took away the Google Maps icon, but they didn't remove it from the local population.

[from offscreen] Are we implying that they can erase memories?

[to offscreen] No, we're implying that they can literally just walk up to any person who's been here for more than four years and ask them and they'd be happy to tell them.

[from offscreen] I know, but like the cover up part of that.

No, they're Yeah, they're just saying “um we're not trying to do propaganda about it. We just took it off the map.” That's that's literally what's being said right now.

But whoever had removed Ganaka Pit from the map would have been trying to obscure its existence from casual journalists, not erase it entirely from the memory of the population.

Like we're literally claiming that the thing that she was telling us is a huge cover up is actually just removing it from from the Google results. Nothing else. They can lit — it's not — there's, they're not paying people to stay quiet. They can literally just ask anybody at any time. Literally.

[from offscreen] No. My question is is when they say removing the memory from the population, are we supposed to be saying it's — they're not doing propaganda because they did not erase people's memories?

[to offscreen] I don't think so. I think it's just shittily worded.

[from offscreen] Okay.

> I don't think that's supposed to be the implication. I think it's really just supposed to be just bullshit about not them not doing propaganda.
>
> “Oh, we're just trying to deter casual journalists.”
>
> Okay, well, you know what casual journalists do? They talk to people. They're not going to be hacking shit. Hacking shit would be what non-casual journalists do.
>
> So, literally, does, does Martha Wells know what journalists do?
>
> ART's data had been correct. There were other SecUnits on this moon.

Oh, they're on a moon now. I thought it was a space station. Okay.

So, so the spaceship bus that they were on was going to crash into a moon, but you know, we're not actually having anybody react the way it would make sense for

officials in a dystopia to react to that in any of the myriad ways that could.

Nope. We're, we just casually saunter off like nothing happened.

> The map showed logos from five bond companies that offered se units, including my company, at seven of the most remote installations where exploration for mineral veins was still ongoing. They would be there to defend the claim from theft and keep the min the miners and other employees from injuring each other as part of the bond guarantee.

And again, people keep fucking lying and claiming that SecUnits are used to terrorize poor working class people. That's literally never ever, ever, ever what sex units are used for.

They're used literally textually in the fucking book — I know Martha Wells was just lying through her fucking ass the entire first book and calling it Murderbot Diaries and having Murderbot refer to itself as a murderbot. People keep going around claiming and

just flat out fucking lying and saying, "Oh, they're terminators. They're used to murder people. They're assassins.”

They are literally never used for that. They are used for fucking slave labor and used as meat shields and used to break up stupid little fights.

At no point are they ever used to fucking threaten anybody. That's literally never how this works.

Just because Martha Wells was lying and implying that in Book One by having Murderbot call them all murderbots doesn't mean that's ever even remotely happened.

Literally right here. They — the fucking meat shield slaves— would be there to defend the claim from theft and keep the miners and other employees from injuring each other.

Literally, not they're there to keep the workers in line.

They are there explicitly to defend the workers and break up fights.

And then people will just go around claiming, "Oh, they're terminators. They're terminators. They're definitely murderbots. They're killing machines.”

That literally never happens anywhere.

> No second would travel through the port except as inert cargo and transport boxes or repair cubicles. So that was one less thing to worry about. My altered configuration might fool humans and augmented humans, but not other se units.

And again, why not then? And also that was the lit—that was *literally the entire point of it* to that, like what she's — she's so — she's so fucking bad at writing, I swear to god.

> if they saw me they would alert their sex systems. They wouldn't have a choice and they wouldn't want one.

Oh my god. I hate this woman so much.

> If anybody knows how dangerous rogue se units are, it's other SecUnits.

What do you mean? You've never interacted with a rogue SecUnit in your life, you racist sack of shit.

Martha Wells literally just keeps lying to us and just keeps telling us that these enslaved people are evil and dangerous and out to kill everybody the second they are not enslaved. That's literally what a rogue psych unit is.

And then people who are shit at fucking reading on purpose will claim, "Oh, well that's just Murderbot being unreliable."

No, this is not Murderbot being an unreliable narrator, because the book never explicitly proves Murderbot wrong and pushes back against it.

It has only ever done — Martha Wells, the fucking author — has only ever reinforced this statement.

That's why literally seven books into this fucking series, we're still murdering other slaves and we're —

these fucking characters are still murdering other slaves and we are supposed to cheer that on and think it's awesome and clap and want it to happen again.

Also again, uh,

> My altered configuration might fool humans and augmented humans, but not other SecUnits.

Okay, then we were literally told that the entire purpose for Murderbot getting the, the fucking surgery that it did not fucking want, and regrets, to literally chop its fucking limbs off and then reattach them improperly without fucking pain medication or even proper fucking bandages or stitches —

We were told that the entire point of that is to alter its configuration and make it slightly shorter so that it won't automatically be picked up as a SE unit by mech mechano mechanical systems including other SE units.

It's also why it has grown extra, like, body hair and shit, [holding up arm] not that you can see mine on my arm — and longer hair on its head.

All of this is meant to make it not look like a sexy unit. But now we're being told that was literally all for literally fucking nothing, because not a single human had noticed that Murderbot was a SecUnit until until that point, as I pointed out.

And now we're being told actually that was pointless because any SecUnit will instantly recognize it as one anyways, somehow, for, for no — there's no, we're not given any fucking reason.

And this, this wasn't even taken into consideration when discussing this fucking surgery that Murderbot was coerced into because it literally did not have the — it — saying no to this was not an option in any fucking way. It did not consent to this fucking surgery.

It was literally just tortured. Calling it surgery —like it's just — it just got tortured. And and now we're being told that was that was literally for no reason whatsoever, because the stated purpose of it, which

was to fool automatic scanners, including the ones that other SecUnits would use, that's — that doesn't actually work against against that.

So— So what the fuck was the point of torturing Murderbot like that?

We're on page 87 according to this, and that's that's with the disgustingly huge margins at the top, and bottom, and side of the page.

So, Murderbot was put into this shit, put through this goddamn torture, for literally no reason because again, we were literally told it had to have this so that it wouldn't be recognized by, by, by mechanical things as, as picking up its automatic configuration as matching uh SecUnit default.

Now we're literally being told that was — that it didn't, it didn't accomplish that in any way.

So Murderbot just got tortured and forced to look quote unquote “more human” against its will, for no fucking reason.

What — I swear to god, and again this is just the shit writing.

This isn't even a *realization* of “oh I did all of that for no fucking reason, now I am permanently fucking changed in a way I don't like and never wanted to begin with for literally no reason.”

It's just the shit — Martha Wells being a shit writer.

We're— she's saying this shit now just because — what — everything —

Again, as I keep saying over and over and over again. This is why you can't take this shit seriously, and you can't take any of her writing seriously, because she'll say one thing, and then it that only matters for as long as that we are on that fucking topic and on that goddamn page, and within that chapter.

It doesn't matter how long later it comes up again where she says something completely contradictory.

It's just going to contradict itself, because she doesn't give a shit about telling a good story that makes sense and has logic, she just wants money.

That's why these first four quote unquote “books” were all very very blatantly one fucking story that was chopped into four and then sold as though each quarter piece were a full length novel instead of something that's only a centimeter thick for more than you could — more than you'd pay for an actual novel.

And now we're being told that all of that shit Murderbot was forced to go through literally did not accomplish a single fucking thing, because any SecUnit — also implying any goddamn bot that's scanning for that SecUnit default or whatever all these other SecUnits are picking up on — that was for nothing, because they can still immediately tell it's a SecUnit instantaneously.

Somehow.

We're not even being told *how* they would know.

We're just being told “if they saw me, they would alert their sex systems.”

Period.

That's literally an entire sentence. What are — What are they noticing about you, Murderbot, that makes them instantly know that you are another sex unit? We don't know. We're not being told, because Martha Wells is shit at writing.

Are they all fucking clones of each other? Do they all look exactly fucking identical? Do they share other magical fucking characteristics that were never mentioned before now which would have been crucial fucking information while Murderbot was being coerced into this goddamn surgery that we're literally now being told didn't accomplish a single fucking thing?!

Murderbot literally had its fucking elbows and knees literally chopped right fucking here, right fucking here at the knees and elbows.

It had its entire goddamn arms chopped off above the elbow and then below the elbow was chopped off of that and then it was just — what? Fucking glued back together?

Because it was literally lying in a puddle of its own fucking blood, in so much pain it couldn't even move, and now we're being told that that happened — that didn't accomplish anything.

That was just to torture Murderbot. There was no other purpose to that.

But we're still supposed to — and, and this is not — we're not getting this fucking quote unquote “reveal”. This is not a reveal.

This is just Martha Wells casually stating this fucking shit like it's like it's just logical and not like — you just fucking — oh my god.

Hold on. I have to get a drink. This is pissing me off so much.

Are you hearing this shit? I'm infuriated.

Did you hear any— Whoops.

You know the, the, the fucking torture surgery that Murderbot did not consent to to literally chop it to pieces.

[from offscreen] Yep. What?

Okay, since you didn't hear anything I just said. I know you

[From offscreen] I did hear something about they know that Murderbot is a SecUnit on sight.

Tell me, just tell the camera loudly, what was the purpose of that surgery?

[from offscreen] To make Murderbot not look like a SecUnit and to give ART a new play thing.

Yeah. And now we're literally being told that — just as just casually, as casually as can be— that SecUnits will all automatically know that Murderbot is another SecUnit just by looking at it.

We're not mentioning bots here. We're just — we said “oh it'll it might fool humans and augmented humans.” No mention of other robots, but now we're saying that instantly other SecUnits would just still magically be able to know this instantaneously.

It's literally — to make — literally, it's literally a single sentence, when this could have been easily — and then, again, yeah, we didn't we didn't discuss this this fucking problem like, at no point during the years that's yours — at no point while Murderbot was being coerced into that fucking surgery it literally never consented to, did any — did Murderbot ever bring up the protest “but that won't stop other SecUnits from recognizing me. We can always recognize one another. And this mining station is going to be full of SE units if there's anybody even there.”

Yeah. Like it at no point did it bring up this fucking statement of protest that “it's not going to stop other SecUnits from recognizing me,” which would have made ART rejoined.

That's not the right word. I'm trying to say rebuttal. But in XYZ tense, this would have had ART say, "Okay,

yeah, maybe it won't stop SecUnits, but it will help stop humans and robots doing automatic scans," even though we were told that the automatic scans are what the SecUnits also do.

I hate it. It's literally — We were literally told that the surgery must happen. Murderbot literally must be chopped into goddamn pieces without pain medication or anesthesia. or even proper fucking bandages. Literally wake up lying in a puddle of its own blood. We were told that that was to prevent people from searching for the this, the, the fucking — just running a basic search for the SecUnit standard weight and height shit.

Now we're being told it was for nothing.

Page 87. And we just got told that all of that shit Murderbot just fucking went to went through literally page 53, chapter — the start of chapter fucking four. This, this, far away in the goddamn book.

> I came back online to find I was at 26% capacity, but the percentage was climbing slowly. Bands of pain circled my knee and elbow

joints, so intense I couldn't process it. My human skin itched and I was leaking,

Meaning bleeding. And then that's all passed off as a joke by the statement,

"I hate that." I didn't have the capacity to play or to access or play any of my media. All I could do was lie there waiting for my levels to adjust. Attempts to move just made it worse. I wished I had gone with plan 16 to render the ART inoperable. The one with the best statistical chance of success without me taking catastrophic damage in retaliation. Plan two to blow it up was looking pretty attractive at the moment, too. This had been a stupid thing to agree to. It was like being in a cubicle after being shot to pieces, but without a cubicle's ability to shut down higher functions until the repairs were complete. I had known going in that the med system wouldn't be able to adjust my pain level, but I hadn't thought it would be this bad.

It literally takes Murderbot hours to fucking get not actively dying enough to turn its own fucking pain sensors down manually. A thing that ART could have done at any fucking time.

And now we're literally being told like 30 fucking pages later that all of that was for literally nothing, because any SecUnit can still instantly fucking look at it and tell it's a SecUnit.

And we, again — we don't mention bots here. We're not saying
yeah it might fool humans or regular robots but SecUnits would recognize me.”

No. Meaning the only people who might be fooled by this are the humans who would never have noticed this in the first place. So literally that was for nothing.

That was literally — that, that literally accomplished nothing except torturing Murderbot and further traumatizing Murderbot and probably giving ART the attempt — the even more fucking opportunity — as though it hasn't had the ability to do this at literally any goddamn time, to just fuck with Murderbot's head

and fuck with Murderbot's goddamn core programming.

Page 87. Literally, what the fuck was the point in every page before this? This is — What is the fucking numbers in this book? According to this fucking thing, there's 158 pages according to these goddamn liars.

What's 158 minus 87, or 87 out of 158? So, we can see the fucking percentage. How far are we through this book?

87 out of 158. So just divide it by —

[from offscreen] 71. Really doesn't seem like it. All right. Apparently we're 71% Or did you 158?

Yeah. Are you just It'll come up with a decimal. You can just read out.

[from offscreen] 55% of the way.

Okay. We're 55% of the way through this fucking book. I was gonna say this does not look like 71% at all.

We are, We are 55% of the way through this book and we've just been told that the, the, the fucking 55% that we've already godamn read, which is up here, we are just told that the majority of that happened for no fucking reason, because most of that was just ART and Murderbot fucking around, not accomplishing anything except Murderbot being tortured and retraumatized.

And now we're told that it got fucking tortured for purely for ART’s amusement, because *the stated goal of that torture was was to stop people from instantly recognizing it as a fucking psych unit by doing the basic search uh for, for the standard template.*

Hold on. I got to go stir my ginger and have a timer.

This is so fucking infuriating. I swear to god.

Like, holy fucking shit.

I c— I'm just I cannot get over this shit.

As I've been saying for years at this point, we are not supposed to want Murderbot to be happy.

This series does not want to be Murderbot — want Murderbot to be happy.

We are not supposed to want to see Murderbot happy or safe or anything besides constantly being a goddamn slave.

I hate it so much. This is so absurd. We literally wasted all that fucking time watching Murderbot be coerced into this fucking surgery. And now Martha Wells is casually just — *casually* telling us! Not even like a fucking plot twist! Not even like a fucking tragic infuriating-for-the-fucking-character reveal that that was literally for nothing.

We're just being casually told. “Oh, by the way, that didn't accomplish a single fucking thing. Not even the stated fucking reason for going through with it.”

Because we're now 55% of the way, 55% of the way through the fucking book and we're being told, "Yeah, by the way, the character got tortured for literally no fucking reason whatsoever in any way."

Because again, Murderbot didn't get its limbs chopped off to make humans less likely to recognize it. It got the fucking programming to stop the, the fucking — stop, stop the retardation of hair growth, to disable whatever is stopping its hair from growing—

Oh, that's even more racist. Oh my god. Okay. Yeah. Imagine if that were on purpose, instead of just the casual racism that we're not supposed to think about whatsoever.

She— the only thing that Murderbot changed about itself to to prevent humans from recognizing as a Secunit was grow slightly longer hair. Slightly longer than *what*? We don't fucking know!

[holding hands out from head to demonstrate] Was it this length? Was it this length? We don't fucking know.

And, and grow some fucking hair on its body. What?

We just don't even know what it can hair color is. Literally Martha Wells, she tells people in — she's

exactly like JK Rowling, telling people that Dumbledore was gay years after the books came out.

But in this case, it's while the books are coming out, she's telling people that Murderbot is Black, but then not putting that in the book, because she doesn't actually want to commit to having a Black fucking main character, because she wants the plausible deniaility. She wants the brownie points for, for supposedly doing the right thing, but also wants a plausible deniability of not actually putting it in the goddamn story so that when billionaire fucking Apple offers to pay her money and whitewash her protagonist, she can leap at that chance and sing their praises from the rooftops, and, and pretend like this is totally fine and not literally just white supremacy in action.

Anyways, where the fuck was I in this — this fucking, I swear to shit.

If you think Martha Wells is a good writer, you haven't been paying attention.

You haven't been paying attention, and you have been fucking lied to.

We were literally told that the reason Murderbot was getting its fucking limbs chopped off without anesthesia, pain medication afterwards, or even basic fucking bandages to stop it, or just any kind of anything at all to stop it from literally waking up in a puddle of its own blood.

I cannot stress that enough to you.

It woke up in the surgery fucking thing in a pool of its own blood that it had been lying in for hours, and then was forced to continue lying in for hours until it was able to move, and *walk itself*, covered in its own blood, to the fucking shower and take a shower.

No fucking slave owner would in, in ART's goddamn medical bay would ever be forced through that shit. Never. Ever.

But because it's Murderbot, it's fine to torture it. And we're not supposed to have a single fucking problem with this.

ART is not going to be revealed to be the villain the whole fucking time, because ART is Martha Wells's favorite character she's ever fucking written.

She worships the ground ART walks and wants us to think that ART's abuse of Murderbot is awesome and romantic.

And now we're literally being told all of that was for nothing.

There was literally no reason for it. The explicit stated goal of preventing people who have access to the fucking basic template — because apparently all SecUnits, every single one of them, not just the ones from the company, they're all the exact same height and weight somehow.

Somehow for some fucking reason that that — oh my god. But that that's not actually true now — that we're going to say, "Oh, by the oh yeah, psych units could still instantly recognize Murderbot. And they would and they would immediately tell on it because uh no — every slave knows that the most dangerous thing in the world is a freed slave.”

Literally, if anybody knows how dangerous a freed slave is, it's other slaves.

You want to translate this into that? You want to just take this quote and post this quote, open up a notepad.

No se units would travel through the port except as inert cargo in tranport boxes or repair cubicles, so that was one less thing to worry about. Period.

> My altered configuration mightful humans and augmented humans, but not other sex units.
>
> Period. New paragraph. If they saw me, they would alert their sex systems.

Period.

> They wouldn't have a choice.

Period.

> And they wouldn't want one.

Period.

[from offscren] Why would they not want one?

Exactly. She's a fucking—

[from offscreen] And you're 55% of the way? This is—nothing of the plot has happened.

Yes.

And, and what tiny section of the plot has happened we were being told didn't matter and didn't accomplish anything.

The last part is if anybody knows how dangerous rogue SE units are, it's other se units. Period. That's not even a new paragraph either.

Okay. Yeah. like just the this is just the this is the uh first episode of the war between all over again.

We're building tension. We're building stakes. He is not supposed to be here. He is way over his head. All of this is classified government military shit, they're

going to execute him on the spot or lock him in solitary confinement like fucking Tashiko Sato —

What you mean is that's what *should* be happening. And then if they find out that he does not have the classification—

Yeah. If he does not have the clearance to be on this fucking top secret government secret government secret police mission. And then he tells the fucking general, "Hey, I'm just a fucking guy who randomly gets you guys taxis somehow some way as though you guys don't own a personal fleet of personal cars." owned by the secret government. Secret as though they wouldn't all have their own personal chauffeers. Yeah. And um "I don't even have Clarence to look at level two stuff." And that's that's that should be the climax of the episode and then he should be fucking punished. Been driving tension towards.

The only thing stopping him from immediately being thrown in jail and never seen again the way Toshiko Sato was is that he he literally does get thrown in a jail cell and then this Salt demands his release to act as the human ambassador.

That should be the only reason he ever sees the light of day ever again. And instead, after he tells the general, "Hey, I've been on this top secret mission thing possibly for more than like 48 hours." Yeah, it's been more than 24 hours at least, unless they were literally crossing the sun point, sunline, whatever. Whatever the thingy is when you're crossing between hemispheres or time zones that you're leaving at sunset and then you're arriving somewhere at sunrise.

I'll take your word for it.

Anyways, whatever that thing, but no, instead the entire thing the episode has been driving tension towards, the entire plot hook is what will happen if he doesn't keep up the charade of having clearance for this thing because he failed to back out at the first and then failed to tell anybody immediately the second he realized that this was above his fucking clearance level.

What happens?

And not even — not even because he purposefully wanted to see this shit and against the rules.

He was he's we're just told he's inept. And then and then the general says, What what was the fucking line? H “mistakes happen” or whatever. “That's what keeps life interesting.”

Stupid, stupid, stupid fucking platitudes." It was something _ ridiculous. And it's like, "All right, why why was he here by accident then? What did that accomplish?"

It was literally just he's just a passive protagonist as much as Murderbot is.

Yep.

He's literally just goes along with the plot even when it's completely detrimental to himself and he has every opportunity to — this book gets worse — and then the general just shrugs and says — and then we still have so much more of the episode left and all the tension is just completely pulled out, because there's zero fucking consequences anymore literally.

Oh, okay. Let me read. Yeah, you can just post that quote or or message me it and then just say, "Let's translate this, shall we? If anybody knows how dangerous freed slaves are, it's slave. It's other slaves."

I'm just rereading that. I just cannot get over this. I swear to fucking god.

I hope you're all even a fraction as pissed off about the —

Is that an ambulance?

No, probably just a truck with a a ladder on it. That was weird looking. Are they going to be digging in our front yard?

I think they were just confused. Okay.

I— we're 55% of the way through the book and the only section of plot that's actually happened, we're just told it didn't actually accomplish a single thing and was completely pointless and should have just been cut out of the book, because that will never

actually come up ever again in any meaningful way ever.

Just like Murderbot had literally no trouble getting on or off any of the fucking space stations before this fucking torture that it did not fucking agree to do.

It's — It's never going to come up again. There is never any situation where actually it helps. It's just fucking bullshit.

> If they saw me, they would alert their sex systems. They wouldn't have a choice and they wouldn't want one.

The The fact that these are all just single sentences by themselves is just just very fucking — just bad writing. It's just so fucking juvenile.

There's a reason people are too generous and assume that these — they don't like these, they assume that the reason they don't like these books is because these books are for kids, because the writing style is this fucking — If they saw me, they would alert their sex systems. Period. They wouldn't have a choice.

Period. And this is all one paragraph, too. And they wouldn't want one. Period. If anybody knows how dangerous rogue seunits are, it's other seunits. Period.

And again, that's the slavery apologism. Martha Wells is demonizing slaves and saying that, "Yeah, you should be terrified of slaves who are no longer enslaved by their fucking masters, and all of the other slaves are correct to be terrified and they should try to turn Murderbot in because there's nothing more dangerous than a than a freed slave."

> That was when I felt the ping. I told my
>
> And again, we've never been given an explanation for what pings are in this fucking setting.
>
> Again, if you are writing sci-fi or fantasy or any kind of thing, you have to explain the world building. You have to tell me exactly what a ping is in this fucking setting and what it can do and what it *can't* do. Because, as I've said, it changes every single fucking time it comes up.

I — to— because again, no, I'm not even going back. You've presumably watched these videos in order. If not, then hi. You watch them in whatever the fuck order you want. You'll just be baffled.

The pings and how they function and how you can send them change every single fucking time.

That was when I felt the ping. I told myself I'd mistaken it for something else. But then it happened again. That's a big uh oh

Again. We literally can't take this seriously because now we're using baby talk. “That's a big uh oh” for what is supposed to be a life-threatening and terrifying situation.

That that that was when I felt the ping.

That's a single that single sentence is a line all by itself which could be be used to convey tension if any to set up tension had happened.

> And we immediately diffuse all of that tension by saying
>
> that's a big uh oh
>
> As though as though Murderbot is a fucking five-year-old or probably less than a fucking 5-year-old using baby talk.

This is not a serious fucking series. This is not meant to be taken seriously. You're not supposed to be thinking about it as deeply as I am, because that, that — this, what I'm doing, reveals the shit writing and the slavery apologism baked into every goddamn page.

And you know, the fact that the author gives so little shits that she'll just tell us 55% of the way through that one of the only fucking things to happen was completely pointless.

And not even in a plot twist way, not even in a “wow, I regret that forever” way.

No, she's just casually contradicting herself as though it means nothing. It's not a plot twist. It's not a shocking reveal for Murderbot.

It's nothing. It's just shit writing because she doesn't fucking care. The only thing she cares about is lining her fucking wallet.

> That's a big uh oh. Something was looking for SE units, not just bots. Specifically, SE units

Again. So literally the entire fucking torturous surgery that Murderbot did not consent to, that accomplished nothing.

Nothing.

There was no reason for it. I want to break this book, 55%, in half and it would be so fucking easy

[from offscreen, muffled] paid for by people who bought it.

Yeah. Who the person who bought this originally paid at least $17 for it and that's not including tax or shipping.

So literally literally everything with it. It It accomplished nothing. It accomplished literally nothing because the whole thing with Murderbot coding itself so that its hair grows longer. It didn't need ART for that. It could have done that at any point.

And also, you remember that part where she lied to us and said, "Oh, by the way, um I totally did all this stuff before now." Uh, even though if that were actually true, before the “I did all this stuff before this book started”

Even though if that were book were true, it would have brought it up, how many pages ago, when you were discussing this shit and you would have said, "Yeah, I did all this stuff with coding and shit."

She just keeps lying to us and just keeps going as though it's not — as, as though this is the first fucking draft unedited.

And then this is this is what Tor thinks is worth publishing and charging $17 minimum for, even. So fucking ridiculous.

Literally, so people can literally still just ping Murderbot the way that they could theoretically have done before, because nothing has fucking changed. The surgery that it was fucking tortured throughout and afterward and can never fucking undo.

[from offscreen] I'm extremely curious how much would actually change in the plot if you just remove that whole scene.

Nothing. Nothing would change whatsoever.

[from offscreen] Does ART actually do anything when Murderbot's on the station other than say shit Murderbot already knows?

I — not that — not so far. You mean what if we edited the fucking book to just remove ART? Literally nothing would happen. Literally nothing would change besides the fact that Murderbot would just —

like that could have been a one-off sentence like it apparently originally was, literally, because the only difference is that now it is ART purposefully shoving Murderbot back into the role of a slave which is explicitly what it's fucking doing and forcing Murderbot to do this shit instead of its own original plan.

> Something was looking for se units, not just bots, specifically se units, and it was close. It hadn't pinged me directly. Though, if id had a working governor module, I would have been compelled to answer.

Meaning that Murderbot can just — anytime Murderbot is in a situation where it thinks there might be other SecUnits, it could just send out a general ping. Apparently, that's a thing now. And just force all of the SecUnits to reveal their locations.

You're telling me it could do that at any point. Also, that whole question of “if SE unit saw me, they would report me.”
That's literally just they reported it to their sex systems. What are they reporting?

That's literally — we're — That's literally less than a full entire page ago.

[from offscreen] How are they knowing that Murderbots's another thing? Exactly.

What are — literally what are they seeing on Murderbot when they look at Murderbot that instantly tells them it's another SecUnit? Despite all the things it's doing to disguise itself, they can magically see through all that somehow.

And this isn't even a fantasy where we can say they all have a telepathic fucking connection to XYZ so they can always recognize each other. There's no explanation whatsoever.

We're just told, "Oh, by the way, SecUnits would instantly recognize me as a SecUnit and tell everybody on me, and they should, because escaped slaves are terrifying and evil and nothing could possibly be worse. And if you think slavery is bad, it means you're a fucking scarily mentally ill serial killer who named yourself Rift because no parent in their right mind would ever name their child Rift!!!!!”

What are you talking about? You literally have all of your fucking characters in this goddamn setting have noun names and you have 50 million characters already.

What do you mean no parent would ever name their child Rift?

[from offscreen] Isn't one of the people literally named Bone??? Yeah, there's there's characters named Bone, but we're supposed to pretend that Rift is is too too negative. But Bone, that's a completely fine name.

[from offscreen] Knell. As though Knell is not almost universally death knell.

Literally, she's a fucking idiot. And she just she just loves slavery apologism. She probably pulled that twist out of her ass as well as a reason to get rid — Also, there's a character named Drift in the same fucking series, because she doesn't give a shit.

That's why there's also a character named Bashasa and Bashat in even in the first supposed to be standalone.

Literally, what were you saying about another name?

Uh, just the whole Bone.

Yeah,

it's just ridiculous. I swear.

And just — the fact that queens are all named after gemstones. They name their children at birth, but also you can't tell who was a queen or a consort or who's just a warrior at birth. So, they're naming their kids as random shit, but like are you changing their names later so that everybody who has — who becomes a queen gets a, a new name? It's a gemstone or mineral name or what? Or do is it just magical fate that you instinctively name your kid?

Why wouldn't — why wouldn't, if the queens just have magical smelling powers for everything already? Why wouldn't they be able to just smell which baby's going

to be what? They can literally apparently smell people's fertility with perfect fucking accuracy. So it's like, what are you talking about then?

[from offscreen] they literally smell somebody's sperm count. Literally, they're that's what they were smelling.

She's such a bad writer and she's such a fucking misogynist and so many other forms of bigotry to list. It's ridiculous. Oh my god.

And again, blah blah blah.

> If id had a working governor module, I would have been compelled to answer.

So, any other fucking scene ever to happen in this entire series where SecUnits are are supposedly sneaking up on Murderbot at any time, we've just been fucking told as fact it can send out a general fucking ping for SecUnits and they will be compelled to respond and give away their fucking location. We've just been told that as perfect fact with no, no, there's no — what's the word I'm looking for? There's

no caveats added onto there, like “because xyz I would have been compelled to respond” like there's no there's no contingencies on there for uh this would “this would only work if blah blah blah.”

No, you can apparently just send out a general ping for SecUnits and all SecUnits will be forced to reveal their location by responding to that ping apparently.

[from offscreen] Even if they're from this isn't

Yeah, apparently because this is not literally —

Let me — We've not even progressed the page.

> That was when I felt the ping. I told myself I'd mistaken it for something else. Then it happened again. That's a big uh oh. Something was looking for SecUnits. Not just bots, specifically SE units.

And again, not just bots, implying that they are robots, even though they're literally not.

> Specifically SE units, and it was close. It hadn't pinged me directly, though. If I'd had a working governor module, I would have been compelled to answer.

This isn't even a ping specifically for company SecUnits. It's just SecUnits in general. All of them. No matter what company they belong to.

And they've— they — Murderbot would be forced to respond if its governor module were working! Literally, you can just ping SecUnits in general.

There's — is there any fucking reason whatsoever that Murderbot couldn't be sending out this fucking generalized ping for SecUnits on a goddamn 10-minute timer at max or something, just to just to see where SE units are in the fucking area.

Again, this is just, just such — also the fact that we have a character in this story named Rami when we have a character in the first book named Rathi is just inexcusable. There's no fucking reason for it.

Mhm.

Literally, this is fucking ridiculous. It's ridiculous.

And you know, that rule there that we're now being told without any fucking asterisks attached whatsoever, it's just a basic fact!

It's never going to come up ever again.

The character — that's not foreshadowing for anything. Murderbot will never use that. It will never be used against Murderbot, because its governor module is never going to be reactivated.

It's never been used against the imaginary backstory land. This was never used against Murderbot in the imaginary backstory land.

Nothing.

> Three humans—
>
> And we're just going back to whatever bullshit is going on instead of dealing with this. Three humans approached the table my clients were sitting at. Rami whispered into tur feed. That's

Tlacey. I didn't expect her to come herself. Two of the humans were large

and I'm getting a drink. And then stirring my damn ginger. She's so fucking pathetic. So fucking pathetic.

Look, Murderbot is assuming people's genders based on literally nothing!

Even though Martha Wells loves to pretend that she's totally progressive about trans people and um uh people *definitely* lift their — list their pronouns in their their feed bios.

Two of the humans were large and male.

Why? How do you know that? How do you know that? You're not looking at their fucking feed bios!

And one of them lengthened his stride to reach the table.

Also, what? Okay, that's just stupid statement.

Three humans approached my the table my clients were sitting at. Rami whispered into tur feed. That's Tlacey. I didn't expect her to come herself. Two of the humans were large and male, and one of them lengthened his stride to reach the table. Maro had seen him and from the look on her face I knew this was not going to be a greeting. Scan showed he was armed.

I moved between him and the table. I put a hand up at his chest height and said, "Stop." On most contracts, this was as far as I was allowed to go with a human until they made physical contact.

Again for all the people lying and saying “they're terminators. They're used to harass and threaten and beat up uh workingclass people!” That's never happened. It's a lie. That's just a fucking lie. That's literally not true.

But you'd be surprised how often this works if you do it right. Though that was when I was wearing my armor with the helmet opa. Standing here in normal human clothes with my

> human face showing made it a whole different thing. But it wasn't like he could hurt me by hitting me. And he hadn't drawn his weapon yet

Because, you know, hitting slaves, that's totally fine. It doesn't actually hurt them because, you know, um, enslaved people, especially Black enslaved people, which Martha Wells keeps telling us Murderbot is, they don't feel pain like ~real~ people.

Oh my god, that was all one paragraph. I'm going to read it again.

> On most contracts, this was as far as I was allowed to go with a human until they made phys made physical contact. But you'd be surprised how often this works if you do it right. Though that was when I was wearing my armor with the helmet opa, standing here in normal human clothes with my human face showing made it a whole different thing. But it wasn't like he could hurt me by hitting me and he hadn't drawn his weapon yet.

New paragraph.

I could have torn through him like tissue paper.

Period. That's the end of that little fucking paragraph. Just saying “I could have torn through him like tissue paper.”

So once again, Martha Wells is giving us “good reasons” that these — like, in-universe good reasons for why these enslaved people should be enslaved because they are legitimately dangerous.

According to Martha Wells, you can't hurt these slaves and they can literally rip you into pieces like you’re tissue paper.

[from offscreen] Do you want some tissue paper for a demonstration?

No, that's a waste of tissues. Like, again, she just keeps doing this shit.

And then and then every other goddamn line in this book and this entire series referencing these slaves is telling us we need to be terrified of them. They are all terrifying. They're too goddamn dangerous to free.

You cannot free them because they will kill everyone you love. Um they'll go crazy. capital C crazy TM because she also hates mentally ill people.

She's literally she literally brought up Three to, to give people hope that the series was actually going to start caring about rescuing slaves, and then the very next book decided to also demonize Three and say, "Oh, um, three is unstable and psychotic in the in the scary mentally scarily mentally ill bad way."

Mot like a thing people actually go through way, it, it just to make it seem scary. It's psychotic and, and imagined that it was friends with the slaves that it was friends with. That was all in its head. It was just imagining that and making it up.

And also it doesn't know the difference between fiction and reality.

And Murderbot is not going to trust it around any of the slave owners that it likes because it's afraid that Three might just snap and murder them “for no reason.”

That's seven books into this fucking series. That's more books than the Harry Potter books had. That's the same amount of books as the Harry Potter books had. And that's where we're at.

Apparently, it shows up just at the beginning of Platform Decay and is immediately — and immediately shoved off screen again, probably while being demonized again.

So literally this book is — this series is nothing but slavery apologism because Martha Wells is a fucking white supremacist whether she wants to admit that or not. She's been writing white supremacist fucking caricatures for decades and decides to defend them when people criticize it by defending British colonizers. And I'm not fucking joking.

> I could have torn through him like tissue paper.

And again, just removing all stakes because we're just being told, "Oh, well, even if he hit me, it wouldn't hurt me. I could tear through him like tissue paper.”

So why should we — why should we care about anything that happens to Murderbot if we're being told — if we take this at face value? “Well, nothing can hurt Murderbot.” So *why should we care*? Cuz she keeps telling us that Murderbot gets beat up and, and attacked in its backstory, but now we're being told that doesn't actually matter.

So, like, which is it? Are we supposed to think that's bad, or are we supposed to think that a slave owner hitting a fucking slave, um, that doesn't hurt them at all because they don't feel pain?

Which — what, what are you even fucking saying here? What is the point of this?

> I could have torn through him like tissue paper.

Yeah, there's a reason people read this and they're like, "Yeah, this seems like it was written by an edgy fucking teenager."

> He didn't know that, but he must have been able to tell from my face that I wasn't afraid of him.

And then Martha Wells— So, Murderbot's not afraid of this very hostile human who has expressed intent to attack.

Um, but then in book three, uh, Martha Wells wants us to think it's believable and totally in character for uh, Murderbot to randomly, uh, act apparently — *apparently* act afraid of a random nice human touching it.

And we're supposed — we're being told by another character that, “oh, Murderbot looks afraid.”

And then she wonders why people are like, "Yeah, I don't understand why this fucking character claims to be afraid of humans, because they've never done anything to hurt it."

And she literally writes lines like this.

“It wasn't like he could hurt me by hitting me. I could I could have torn through him like tissue paper. He must have been able to tell I wasn't afraid of him.”

Even though this is the exact kind of situation that Murderbot should be afraid of, because it is once again acting as a fucking human shield.

This is — the writing is so bad. It's so racist. It doesn't even — It's not even trying to make sense. It's ridiculous.

Yeah. Martha Wells go just gets so mad when people express confusion about why Murderbot would ever be scared of humans, which she randomly tells us to pretend that it is in book three, when humans have never done anything to hurt it.

And it's like, yeah, because you just keep telling us shit happened in its backstory and then in the present you do shit like this.

“He couldn't hurt me even if he hit me. I wasn't scared of him. I could have torn through him like tissue paper.”

This person — and you want — any way, shape, or form, this person is in no fucking way a threat to me.

Not even psychologically. “I'm not scared of him. I He's He can't even hurt me even if he hits me!”

And then she has the gall to be confused and angry that people are like, "Yeah, I don't understand why we keep being told this character's afraid of humans. They they literally can't and have never hurt it."

And it's like, yeah, correct, correct. None of the people in this series have ever been attacking Murderbot specifically because it is a goddamn slave. It's just incidental.

And again, Murderbot always instantly heals and never has any scar tissue or even mental scarring from anything.

Doesn't even have PTSD. It's just got social anxiety, ~relatable.~

> He didn't know that, but he must have been able to tell from my face that I wasn't afraid of him. I checked the security camera to see what I looked like and decided I looked bored. That wasn't unusual because I almost always looked

> bored while I was doing my job. It was just impossible to tell when I was in my armor.

And I think that's supposed to be funny. Whatever.

Also, you remember how just a few fucking pages ago, Murderbot was so fucking stressed and traumatized from being forced to interact with humans that it was literally having a panic attack and took 3 hours to fucking recover from a panic attack that lasted 3 hours?

Now all of a sudden that was— No, we were told that that shit, and now all of a sudden it's actually not scared of humans at all and, and is — and couldn't even be hurt even if you hit it.

And this isn't on purpose.

This is — this is not like, delving into Murderbot's fucking psyche or discuss— and also, it was literally disassociating that entire time and then literally was so fucking traumatized from that it literally required 3 hours to recover from the panic where it was literally

huddled up in its chair with its knees to its chest the entire time.

But now all of a sudden, oh, oh no, it's never been scared of humans. It's — it — you couldn't hurt it. even if you hit — him — even if he hit me, he hadn't blah blah blah. It wasn't “It wasn't like he could hurt me even if he hit me.”

And it's like, and this is again where — this isn't Murderbot disassociating even harder or anything. It's ne— This just — It's just shit writing.

There's nothing here going on with the character. It's just bad writing that can't pick a fucking tone or just even a fucking through line whatsoever.

If, if, if —

Martha Wells couldn't write a goddamn consistent story of her life depended on it.

Oh, and again, more slavery apologism!

> That wasn't unusual because I almost always looked bored while I was doing my job. It was just impossible to tell when I was in my armor.

So again stating that being enslaved is simply boring and also it's just a job you do and a boring job at that.

And again then she has the gall to be like “why don't people believe me when I tell them Murderbot was has been hurt by humans???” Because you keep bull doing shit like this!

> He visibly regrouped and said who the _ are you? My clients had shoved their chairs back and were on their feet. Rami said, "This is our security consultant."

I think they've said that exact sentence twice now to avoid using any pronouns for Murderbot, because Murderbot didn't list any goddamn pronouns in its feed bio, because Martha Wells is a fucking transmissic bastard who doesn't actually fucking care about trans people, especially not non-binary trans people.

He said

Again, Bad usage of pronouns after I just bring them up.

My clients had shoved their chairs back and were on their feet." Rami said, "This is our security consultant."

Next paragraph is

he stepped back.

The way these — the way— again. So, that's referring to Rami with he/him pronouns because she's just so shit at writing and she's literally never going to improve.

I swear to god.

It should say “the strange man stepped back.”

Literally, you can't just say you can't go from saying Rami said blah to he stepped back because now you're referring to Rami with the he/him pronouns.

If you want to be talking about this random fucking dude again, you got to say random fucking dude. The random fucking hostile dude stepped back.

No, but again, just shit writing. Just shit writing.

On the most fundamental level, she literally does not know how pronouns work, and she refuses to let the fucking non-binary characters tell other people their fucking pronouns.

> He stepped back and glanced uncertainly at the other two, the second male human bodyguard.

But, you know, pretending Murderbots never assumed people's genders. [sarcasm] Um, this story is totally progressive. She's not just just assuming people's genders or anything. Totally. Totally not. [end sarcasm]

> He stepped back and glanced uncertainly at the other two, the second male human bodyguard and Tlacey, who was an augmented human female. I dropped my arm but didn't move. I

had clear shots at all three of them, but that was a worst case scenario.

Also, you notice they're in they're supposedly in a really crowded place and they've all shoved their chairs back very dramatically and leapt to their feet and there's a very clearly a fight about to break out, but nobody's reacting whatsoever because, you know, even though we were just told like a page or so ago, yeah, literally “the displays also functioned as camera and recording chaff. So, the place was a pop a popular spot for business meetings.”

So people like higher up rich people are coming here for their fancy fucking business meetings and these people are about to break out into a fucking gunfight and nobody's reacting to stop them in any way.

Again, there's no consistency whatsoever. The setting may as well literally just be a blank fucking void.

There's not even NPCs gasping and hurry— Literally, literally, there's no reaction from a single fucking person around them. Like, “out of the corner of my eye, I saw and uh on all sides of us, the tables closest

to us were very quickly emptying of their fucking occupants. And I could see blah blah blah security guards approaching from blah blah blah. I needed to diffuse the situation before more attention was brought on us than blah blah than it already was," etcetera. blah blah blah.

We could even, you know, bring up the fucking bus thing and say, uh, "I needed to diffuse this before blah blah blah before we drew even more attention than we already had with the fiasco with the bus. I couldn't afford to have people questioning where we had come in and realized that we had come in on the, the fucking space bus that did all that shit."

But, you know, that would be bare minimum competency in writing and actual goddamn consequences and a setting that actually exists as more than just fucking — it's not even set dressing.

This is less impactful than the fucking painted on the goddamn wall sets they would use in Star Trek the Next Generation.

> I dropped my arm but didn't move. I had clear shots at all three of them, but that was a worst case scenario for me at least. Humans can miss a lot of little little clues, but me being able to fire energy weapons from my arms would be something of a red flag.

Also, that's just such fucking bullshit. You cannot convince me that in this fucking super sci-fi dystopia where cyborgs are running around at all times that not one single person has ever gotten arm guns besides enslaved people. That's not how that works.

[from offscreen] Would you like a comment?

You have to just talk louder to make sure it's showing up.

[from offscreen] So Murderbot has arm —guns in it arms.

Yeah,

[from offscreen] They they apparently rise up and then fall back in.

Yep.

[from offscreen] And ART just—

Yeah, I brought this up. It doesn't make sense. It doesn't fucking make sense. Continue.

[from offscreen] So, ART also has also just chopped Murderbot's forearms off and then reattach them. Imagine if ART in its playing God had actually fucked up and fucked up Murderbot's arm guns.

Yeah. Yeah.

[from offscreen] How often does Murderbot even use its arm guns?

Not very often.

[from offscreen] Does it have any except for when we remember that they exist and it doesn't have another weapon on hand?

Yep. And also they have infinite ammo somehow and also using them doesn't drain whatever its internal battery is.

And it's internal battery doesn't exist. As I as I've said in this video in the last three, like, imagine if ART were actually allowed to fuck up and actually had to apologize to Murderbot after the torture it put it through while it's lying there in the hospital room in a puddle of its own blood, and ART had to fucking apologize for being vastly overconfident and thinking that it knew what it was doing, but it has in fact completely fucked up in a way that it cannot fix.

And it thought all of its fucking pain synthesizers and — pain synthesizers? that's the exact opposite— and pain anti-synthesizers that it works on its unenslaved human members, uh actually have zero fucking effect on a SecUnit because of the modifications they've been forced to go through, and it literally cannot actually stop Murderbot from being in agony, and it also literally cannot reclose its wounds properly.

Imagine if ART had just fucking apologized and actually learned the goddamn lesson that maybe you

shouldn't fucking treat runaway slaves or anybody else for that matter like your literal goddamn dolls to take apart and put back together for your fucking entertainment.

Imagine.

Do you know how powerful that would have been?

Imagine taking ART down such a fucking massive peg. Uh huh.

Like, and even now, even if it doesn't apologize and feel bad for the lack of painkillers, it could have fucked up Murderbot's guns for — literally because it it's it has fucking guns in its forearms.

What ART did with the goddamn torture was chop — because we were told they're bands of pain around its elbows and knees. So, it's not just — it chopped off a section right here in the upper arm...

...I had a — I had a little fucking marker. I'm just going to demonstrate on my arm because where did all the

[from offscreen] Horror

Yeah. Where did Sharpies go?

[from offscreen] Use some dramatic paint. It's easy to watch.

The paint would take forever to dry. So, okay. What I had always imagined — I'll try and do it on the underside so it's not showing. I had always imagined that.

Okay. or it's taking out a section like that. I could — All right, we'll do it this way.

I think it said it took out a centimeter. That's not a centimeter. That's more than a centimeter. But I always imagine, okay, ART took out a section like that.

But no, we get told that ART went around Murderbot's knees and elbows. So, it cut off — It's hard to do from this angle. It cut off— It chopped here, removed the lower arm and the fucking elbow entirely from this upper arm, and then either cut —

This is so weird to do on a mirror effect. Cut here to make this shorter and cut down here to make this shorter. And then reattach the fucking elbow to both of these shorter ends.

But not even properly reattach it, because again, Murderbot was lying there in a pool of its own blood on the fucking operating table and still bleeding and managed to reopen its wounds,

and, and that apparently accomp— was all for nothing, and, and not because —

She wasted 55% of the book. Literally, we wasted 55% of the book. That was all for nothing.

Murderbot literally was chopped into fucking pieces for ART's entertainment, explicitly to entertain ART, because ART is bored.

And we're supposed to be fine with that.

And that was considered a successful surgery, because at no point is ART's literal fucking torturing of Murderbot by refusing to offer pain medication or

not force it to literally lie in a puddle of its own blood for hours and not even resealing its wounds properly or offering it goddamn bandages — not even bandages!

That's not framed in any way as a mistake, as ART fucked up. That's what we're supposed to consider a successful surgery.

Being in fucking agony, still bleeding, in a puddle of your own blood.

And again, even there's — and then after all of that, Murderbot has guns in its fucking forearms that pop up and do shit, and we're supposed to believe that despite ART being so incompetent and malicious that it didn't give Murderbot any kind of pain medication or anesthetics or fucking bandages to stop the bleeding despite—

[From offscreen] You know, I thought Murderbot's veins automatically sealed themselves, huh? Where did that go?

Exactly.

I literally had to bring this up when we got to that scene here, because we were told in Book One that Murderbot's veins automatically seal.

So, the fact that Murderbot is lying there still bleeding, the only in-universe explanation it is possible to come to is that ART purposefully fucking turned off that specifically to make Murderbot bleed.

Because if that was a requirement of the surgery, that would have been discussed, or ART would have offered an explanation and said, "I'm going to have to do that, otherwise I won't be able to get them to reattach to the XYZ places."

No, but no. So, in-universe, ART just purposefully let Murderbot continue fucking bleeding for literally no reason except malice, *because it's bored*.

We were explicitly told that its motivation was that it's bored and want something to entertain it. So, it's going to fucking torture Murderbot and for — and retraumatize Murderbot and make sure that Murderbot does not leave its fucking body until it is

reestablished back in the mindset of a slave who must worship its slave owners.

And somehow, despite its arm getting chopped off and reattached really fucking badly, to the point that it's literally in a pool of its own blood and still bleeding, somehow that didn't have any impact whatsoever on its laser guns.

Even though they would have been completely fucking separated from all of the internal wiring that goes through these sections, in everything that was all chopped to pieces.

Every single piece was chopped off completely from the body nd put together badly again.

But that never comes up again, because again that would require having logic in the setting and consequences and physicality that just does not fucking exist.

There's no — there's — the characters are just floating through fucking space in amorphous fucking

blobs that we call bodies, but they don't actually exist in any physical way within the setting.

There's no goddamn consequences to Murderbot getting its fucking limbs literally chopped off and then chopped into smaller pieces.

And I can't even say sewn back together again, because I don't think it was fucking sewn back together again.

We're never given an explanation for how exactly its limbs were reattached after being literally chopped off and then chopped into smaller pieces.

They — they don't — their bodies don't actually exist. There's no continuity. There's no consequences for that. Not even on its stupid fucking arm guns.

There's no consequences for anything that any of these characters will ever quote unquote “physically go through” because there's no — there's no fucks given by the author. She just doesn't fucking care.

She will just introduce something for 5 seconds of meaningless fucking drama and then it's, it's, it's over before 10 pages have passed again.

Book one has literally no less than three instances of Murderbot getting “catastrophically damaged”. And every single one of them is literally immediately magically fixed like it never happened *before we even get to the next time that happens*.

That's how little fucking consequences and stakes and meaning there is in anything that happens in here.

Even though Martha Wells will tell everyone, she was inspired to write this by reading Ancillary Justice by Ann Leckie, the story where the character — spoiler alert —— um, becomes physically disabled in the first book as the result of a fucking injury of her own personal fucking choices that she did not have to do, but she chose to do it anyways.

And then she's — she stays physically disabled throughout the entire rest of the series and only becomes *even more so*. And it's actually a physical fucking disability in a physical fucking way.

Meanwhile, Murderbot's just a just a fucking metaphorical little blob floating. Not even a blob. It's just a ball of gas floating through the fucking universe, spawning in whatever is required.

There's no continuity. It, it has no problems with its fucking laser gun arms despite having its arms chopped off and badly put back together again.

And again, the whole the claim that “oh no, only SE units have guns in their arms!!!”

This is a capitalist fucking dystopia. And you expect me to believe that with all of this cyborg technology, nobody, including a bunch of crime lords, have ever gone and gotten illegal fucking guns in their arms? Are you fucking stupid? What are you talking about?

[from offscreen] … like, human people forced to have it.

Huh?

[from offscreen] Or even just people getting forced to have guns in their arms.

No. No. Just no. Not even for that. Another thing that can also be happening that they — she ignores. But they — Yeah, she's — This is supposed to be a dystopia.

I gotta go to the bathroom. So, you can just explain that quick. Just point that — Just point that out louder.

[from offscreen] Just being used as living weapons. If you have the ability to put guns that can be fired at will and infinite ammo, with infinite ammo into people's arms, literally everybody is going to go for that. Like all the human guards that are on all these stations don't have gun arms. You're not telling me that mercenaries and uh specifically bodyguards for hire, like Murderbot is posing as in this book, aren't going out of their way to get guns in their arms or their feet or even like I don't know, fucking shields and shit implanted in their foreheads or something?

[from offscreen] You can't introduce gun arms that have infinite ammo and like zero charge time to even shoot them and then not actually explore what that means in your world.

[from offscreen] Like if this is the thing that exists, why does nobody else ever, ever use it except for this exact one class of people? We don't have any description of how it works and what would restrict it to only being used by SecUnits, especially when we know people exist that have whole limbs replaced, because that's how real people work. Just all this stuff, things that should be going thought that should be going into your second draft.

[from offscreen] Even if you for whatever reason don't include it in your — the first draft, you're not supposed to just finish writing your first draft, check it for some typos and then hit publish.

I’m stirring the ginger.

Yeah, that's just so fucking ridiculous on so many levels. There's no imagination.

Are you going to get softer, ginger?

Yeah. other things that SecUnits can do. There's literally no reason that nobody else can also do them. We have no explanation about the limitations or

anything. We literally don't even know what Murderbot’s gunports even look like.

You want to stand out here and stir this ginger?

[from offscreen] No, I'm doing stuff.

Training everybody's provisioning.

[from offscreen] You’ll all hear a period of silence as I'm training people is provisioning

Just the complete lack of fucking anything including just — basic imagination.

“No human would ever willingly get augments!” Because disabled people don't exist, I guess. We're just pretending that these aren't fucking mobility aids and also nobody would ever get —

[from offscreen] nobody can hear you

Arms in their—

All right, just, over — ending this video here while stuff is being cooked.

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All right, we are continuing now that I — It's the same day now that I'm done making my ginger candy cuz I, I had it simmering the whole time on low heat and had to go and actually start making it into the ginger candy.

Um, I have to charge the phone now, so the video is just going to be with the phone face down on the damn desk. Anyways, uh, can you hear the crinkle of paper? I made a fucking list while I was making my ginger candy. This is the same day as uh video number 22 where we just ended with some fucking — Let me check the book.

[to cat] Hello little kitty.

Uh we just ended with uh let me read it again.

> Humans can miss a lot of little clues, but be but me being able to fire energy weapons from my arms would be something of a red flag.

Implying that no fucking humans in this entire goddamn setting ever put guns in their arms.

[to cat] What are you doing? Oh, you're just being a little silly kitties going around the long way.

Implying that not one single person in this entire goddamn galaxy of a universe has guns in their arms except for the enslaved and dehumanized SecUnits which is so fucking ridiculous and is such a basic fucking failure of, first of all, imagination, and a, and a fundamental misunderstanding and lack of understanding of human nature.

You could not stop people from putting fucking guns in their arms, especially if they don't care about breaking the laws, which people like Tlacey very clearly fucking don't, cuz she's going around stealing shitm murdering people, sending am a comfort unit, her fucking sex slavem to assassinate and murder people, and so much more.

And this is just the shit we know about.

[from offscreen] Oh, hey, here that's a question. Why can sex slaves do that? Why is that not against their fundamental core programming?

Because that would require thinking.

And I'm getting a drink.

Anyways, I made candy ginger. Also attempted to make some candied mandarin orange slices. I like the orange candied orange peel, but the slices they get — they they have a new flavor and I don't like it. It's not sour. It's not too sweet. It's just something different. I don't like it.

Anyways, um yeah, there's nothing you could fucking do to stop people in this goddamn universe with this level of technology from putting guns in their arms, especially people who are already willing to break the law.

Which leads us into a much more uh another fundamental fucking problem with this entire goddamn setting, or I should say the lack thereof and the world building and more importantly, *the lack

thereof* because okay, we're, we're meant to be assuming that these corporations are all governments in and of themselves, implying that every corporation is a country unto itself.

Okay, that's cool. That makes kind of sense with the world building kind of...

Except no, it doesn't.

Um because they're not — they're we're not in a location called the United Corporations of the blah blah Rim. But somehow all of these, like these corporations aren't like based off of the United States where it's a bunch of states in a fucking, a bunch of mini countries in a trench coat as people joke.

But some— somehow we're supposed to believe two completely contradictory things:

First of all, that all of these corporations are their own governments.

Meaning that every corporation and the territory that they own is a country in and of itself.

Okay? So why the fuck are all of the laws seemingly completely fucking universal?

If this were actually well written and an actual fucking capitalist dystopia where corporations have taken the place of governments, meaning that they are countries, because that's what a fucking government means—

Then why aren't the laws on every single fucking space station or even the different sections of space stations wildly fucking different?

Okay, sure, maybe in the company's country where Murderbot was enslaved and born that SE units are enslaved and you — nobody except SE units has guns in their arms because that's what the company says.

There's no fucking reason for every fucking other country in this entire setting, which is what all of these different corporations and space stations are meant to be — Why why is it still all illegal? Why do all the laws still apply?

It doesn't make fucking sense.

And why why are these people all allowed to freely travel wherever the fucking they want? Like, we get told every now and then a, uh, fucking handwavy “oh Murderbot. Um uhm just fakes stuff!”

That doesn't explain anybody else!

Getting on and off space fucking space stations or even just spaceships in this fucking setting when we're being told that all of these corporations are countries in and of themselves? That should be the same thing as going to another fucking country. It should be a big fucking deal that requires insurmountable levels of paperwork and identification and money.

But again, all of this would require that Martha Wells be writing an actual fucking dystopia with anything to to think about or say, and she's not.

She's not writing a dystopia, because she's not actually criticizing anything.

As I said in the first half of this video, technically, um — half the time we're praising capitalism instead of criticizing it. This is just ridiculous.

Yeah, we're just it's just a fundamental lack of imagination and, and any, any care whatsoever about the world building to claim as a fucking fact that cannot be contradicted and will never be contradicted, that nobody would ever put guns in their arms.

As though that's not something that fucking people who do crimes would literally happily proudly *joyfully* kill for.

It's just so fucking ridiculous.

Especially because the entire plot of this book is dealing with a crime lady. She does crimes. She's already doing crimes. She's doing murder. She's doing blackmailing. She's doing attempted kidnapping. She's doing so many crimes. But I'm supposed to believe that people — her and people like her, and her bodyguards, would never ever, ever, *ever* put guns

in their arms or even any other weapons like fucking claws.

There's a character from the actual fucking standalone novel, unlike books Martha Wells literally tells people are standalone and then it's a fucking lie because she doesn't fucking care.

What do you mean device is hot? Okay, phone. Get propped up. Useless pile of shit.

Let me blow on the fucking thing. It was — It said device is getting hot. Blah blah. It's It's not even — It's just lying.

I guess it's because I have it plugged in and doing a video and trying to upload another video I guess. I hate this phone.

Um, yeah, we're supposed to believe that people doing all of these crimes would just stop short of the crime that would let them do so many other crimes so much more easily.

Especially because we keep getting told over and over and over again that all of the goddamn security systems in this setting are absolute shit.

Like, this is just ridiculous.

There is a character in a standalone sci-fi novel from 70s or 80s. It's called Neuromancer. Her name is Mo — well, we, the character, main character calls her Molly. That's not her real name. That's the only name we know to call her by.

She — It's — This is also — Well, no, not also. This is an actual fucking capitalist sci-fi technolog— tech technologically uh future dystopia thing.

Molly as a character went out of her way to buy um, fucking to turn herself into a cyborg who has razor sharp fucking claws like knives that she can extend from under her fingernails.

She bought this and then had to work — I presume years I'm if I remember corre— remember, remember correctly, she had to work years uh, to pay off the debt from this, this thing, and like yeah that's the

thing that's going to happen if you have the level of technology that exists in these fucking settings.

And in the Murderbot diaries this technology very clearly exists by evidence by Murderbot and every other fucking psych unit having guns in their arms, and not just guns in their arms, guns in their arms that literally never run out of fucking ammunition and never fucking, uh what's the word when a gun doesn't work? Jam. Yeah. They never jam. They never — There's never any fucking problem with them, ever.

They are 100% accurate.

They're 100% battery.

100% ammo.

They never have any failures of any kind.

And we're just supposed to just accept, um in Book Two, as a fact, for some reason, that nobody in this setting would ever go out of their way to get these for themselves.

Even though these are people who are doing crimes already, including murder and probably so much more.

Like, are we supposed to believe that Tlacey has just been a pure innocent totally never violated any crime before now little angel who's never done anything?

Because the way she's acting, she's a fucking crime boss. So, what?

There's just so many so many things wrong with the writing of this series.

Even beyond the bigotry, it's just such a fucking lack of imagination and basic grasp of how people work.

You could not you could not stop people from going out — especially criminal people who are very —

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Still February 24th, 2026. Uh, the first video ended because I had been simmering ginger for a long fucking time on low heat to make it actually get soft

and then I had to actually do the candying part, which is why I had to end the video.

Uh, then the second video I started recording and that was while this the first one was uploading to YouTube and I had to charge my phone.

So, my phone decided it was just going to get too hot, so it automatically ended the video.

Anyways,

let me look at my fucking list again one more fucking time before we continue.

Most stupid-basic tenant of writing or for just media analysis in general?

If the second you start thinking about something, even a tiny fucking bit, it falls apart, that means it's not good.

And I learned this lesson um as a kid watching BBC Sherlock, written by Steven Moffatt. Uh it took — I might — I've probably mentioned this multiple times.

It took so long for the third season to come out that by the time the third season came out, all of us kids who had been watching it and enjoying it because we didn't understand media analysis figured out media analysis by the time the fucking third one came out.

And we were already realizing all of the massive fucking problems with all of the episodes up to then.

And then it came — season three — where we were waiting for the explanation of how Murderbot — of how Sherlock — BBC Steven Moffat version of Sherlock — uh, survived his apparent suicide which is matching the fucking ending of the books that Arthur Conan Doyle wrote because he meant to end the series. It wasn't meant to be a cliffhanger. That was meant to be the end.

So, we had years between seasons that are literally just miniseries, trying to figure out how he survived.

And then Steven Moffat came along in season 3 after all of us kids had been figuring out media analysis in the meantime, and decided to literally laugh in our

fucking faces for daring to care about the story that he's telling *that he wants us to care about*.

So he, he, he literally made up fucking caricatures of fans to make fun of within the show and mock us for trying to solve the mystery that he had put in front of us.

So we stopped watching and, and we never watched anything by Steven Moffat willingly again without doing it for the sole purpose of criticizing his shit, because yeah, um kids are not very good at media analysis.

And once kids figure out that if you start thinking about something and it immediately stops making sense, it's over for you. You can't tell them shitty stories that don't make sense anymore.

Especially not when you're going to laugh in their faces like Steven Moffat literally did. He literally dedicated so much of the first episode of season 3 to mocking his audience. He literally put in characters made up to be audience surrogates to make fun of them and make fun of us as the audience.

So that was when I learned the basic lesson of “if it stops making sense the second you start thinking about it for more than 5 seconds, it's not good.”

And it's not secretly written bad on purpose either.

We jumped ship before that whole fiasco. Uh but people are doing that with The Murderbot Diaries as well.

Main point that I was leaving off with is that criminals would happily happily kill to get guns, laser guns installed in their arms that have — that are undetectable, because Murderbot’s literally never been caught by a weapons scanner once in its fucking life.

Um, they're undetectable. It's not — They're not even visible. They're — They're completely unfucking visible. Nobody ever notices them.

Uh they they never fail, they never jam, they never glitch, nothing like that. They have limitless ammo.

We don't know what range they have, so as far as we know, you could use them to snipe somebody.

And yeah, these are just unstoppable overpowered laser guns that anybody in this universe could be getting installed in their fucking arms at any point.

And I'm — Martha Wells just expects me to believe that nobody, including known criminals who are, who are happy to violate so many other laws, including things like literally murdering people, uh, which is a lot worse than getting fucking guns in your arms—

And also, again, we we're we're told that the corporations make their own laws, but also magically, they're all follow — they all have the same exact fucking laws everywhere you go. It doesn't fucking make sense.

So like, even if we — even if having guns in your arms, putting guns in your arms were illegal, unless you were a fucking enslaved person, in which case you're — you're — they whatever.

If that were true in the corporation's territory and country where Murderbot is from, why would it be true everywhere else?

And why would it be true in the this place this is set where everything is laissez-faire?

There's — there's there's no fucking rules. It doesn't fucking make sense.

And it's just — it's just shit writing and just basic flaws in the world building where the author cannot give enough shits to even just think about how people would actually act in this kind of setting or the setting that we're told this is.

But it's not actually —

— probably. I think I got interrupted.

But anyways, there's a character in fucking Neuromancer by I forget the author's name.

She literally has — she, she went out of her way to pay to get retractable razor sharp claws put under

her fingernails that she can retract and extend at will like a fucking cat. And she p— she w— she, she had to work for years to pay off the debt from getting those things installed.

And that was legal for her to do, I think. Maybe not. I can't remember that part. Probably not. Probably not legal. Quasi, quasilegal.

Um, but again, these are — most of the people that Murderbot is dealing with in this series — that are not the disgustingly rich slave owners — are all criminals who are breaking all these kinds of laws, including laws that are just about basic morality, like don't murder people.

So, why the fuck am I supposed to believe that they would they would not — They're they're fine with mur — the, the meme of — not even the meme, but like they're cool with murder, but they draw the line at putting unstoppable, undetectable, unlimited ammo laser guns in their arms, and I'm just supposed to believe that people are just not doing that.

Like imagine again, imagine if this series were well written, had, had anything to say about anything, and showed us some fucking minions of one of these these bad guys who, who have all been forced to get these laser guns in their arms by somebody who's not very good at the fucking surgery.

So, the guns have fucked up their arms. Like, maybe they can't use their hands as well. Maybe using the fucking gun is fucking agony because you're literally removing part of their arm every time they want to fire it.

But no, that would require any anything to be — that would require a conversation to be happening.

Instead, we are literally just supposed to turn our brains off and not think about anything and just absorb the vibes that Martha Wells wants us to ex to uh absorb, which is the idea that slave owners are awesome and should always be protected no matter what.

I literally just made a post today that says, "Yeah, the most basic proof that there is slavery apologism in the

series is that 99% of the fandom will not admit that the Preservation Aux team are slave owners, and if they do admit that, then they'll insist that they're nice and good slave owners, which is pretty much the same thing as not being slave owned at all.”

Want to check the timestamps and see how long it took that person to ask?

And then I immediately had somebody unironically ask “when did PreservationAux own slaves. I'm not I'm not looking for an argument. I would just like some textual evidence of of the slave owners being slave owners.”

Like that wasn't the entire plot of Book One and explicitly brought up multiple times throughout the series.

And like, yeah, that's literally the proof that the slavery apologism is working, because Martha Wells does tell us multiple times that they are literally Murderbot slave owners, but also she doesn't want us to think bad of them, which are two irre—irreconcilable fucking things.

You can't be a good person and a slave owner.

And this is why everybody has, again, this is why everybody reading the series who has a problem with slaves being murdered has to tell themselves “it's okay, because the other slaves, they're not people. The governor module suppresses their mind entirely. So, they're just mindless killing machines. That's why it's fine for Murderbot and the characters to continue fucking slaughtering them.”

Ronnie, stop it. That box is too small for you. Hey, come on. Look, you can sit in it like this.

Weirdo.

What was I saying?

[from offscreen] Suppresses their mind.

Yeah, people literally have to to convince themselves that the governor modules that all the other slaves have is suppressing their mind to the point that they're literally not people, which is why it's totally fine for Murderbot and the other protagonists to

slaughter the other every single other slave we've met pretty much, and why Marth — it's okay for Martha Wells to expect us to cheer this on and think that the characters doing this are good people that we should cheer on, because they they they understand that “the author wants me to think this is a good person — character is a good person” and also “this character goes around murdering slaves on purpose viciously”, they know that those are two contradictory what's the word, two words.

What's the sentence? Uh, these things are mutually exclusive.

These are mut— mutually exclusive concepts.

Either the characters are good people who have morals, or the characters are people who willfully go out of their way to viciously murder and torture other slaves to death out of malicious spite.

Those are incompatible statements.

So most of the people who notice that and have a fucking problem with it have to convince themselves

that it's fine, because the other slaves aren't people unless you free them, so it's it's totally fine to kill them.

And Martha Wells sees people saying this and then she gets pissed off and, and pretends that you are a bad person for saying, and — and you're willfully ignorant or whatever, for saying that the other slaves must not be people.

And it's like, okay, so you are literally asking your audience to be okay with murdering and torturing slaves to death while protecting slave owners at every cost, and you expect us to see that as positive.

And you are — you are dodging the way out that people are giving you, to insist that “yes, we have to be okay with killing slaves. Yes, they're fully fully interiorized people, but you want us to be okay with them being murdered and tortured to death by people who worship slave owners.”

Anyways, you're making yourself look worse.

Anyways, yeah. Um, let's fucking continue.

Just this bullshit.

> Humans can miss a lot of little clues. But me being able to fire energy weapons from my arms would be something of a red flag.

Why would it be though? Oh my god.

Click in 5 seconds to upload the next video to the internet archive.

It doesn't make sense. It just doesn't make sense. Tlacey is already down to commit murder. Why would she not be down? And why wouldn't everybody else on this clearly criminally run station who doesn't give a shit about laws?

Why would these people not be fine with having guns in your arms? Most of these people should be running around with guns in their arms. It's fucking ridiculous to pretend that nobody would ever do this.

But it's all just because of Martha Wells's ableism. She cannot fucking imagine that anybody would willingfully do this, do anything to ~taint their pure

human purity~. Purness, a Real capital R humanity trademark symbol.

That's why — That's why she literally read Ancillary Justice and was inspired to write this fuckin bullshit, because she took the line where the character says, "Yeah, the the evil fucking space empire considers people who have fucking prosthetics to not be human."

And Martha Wells took that as, "Yeah, you agree with me that people with prosthetics aren't human!"

Even though it's the fucking space colonizers, space Nazis that are the ones saying that shit, she literally agrees with them. And she also wants us to agree with the in universe slave owners in the book she's writing, because in an interview, she literally admits that the — fucking Murderbot and the other SecUnits, they literally are human and they are being dehumanized to justify enslaving them. And then she said — she literally admits that, and then immediately follows up up by trying to backtrack by literally dehumanizing them and saying, "Oh, um, but well, well, maybe maybe this enslaved — the people aren't

human because, because they're physically disabled, because they were forcibly fucking mutilated and because they can't have biolog— because they can't presumably cannot have biological children!! So that makes them less than human!!!”

And it's like, it's, it's all just ableism, slavery, apologism, so much eugenics shit all the way down.

Yeah. The the fact that we're just supposed to accept without question nobody in this world would ever put laser guns that never fail and have unlimited ammo in their arms willingly, and and it's unheard of, nobody ever does that except for the enslaved people.

You're just a shit writer and you don't understand anything, and have no fucking creativity or imagination. That's just fucking ridiculous.

And like, this had to have gone through supposedly multiple editors. So why did nobody point this out to her? It's just fucking ridiculous. Blah blah blah.

> Something of a red flag. I diverted just enough attention to scan the security camera feeds for whatever it was that had pinged me.

It's really taken a long time on this loading page. That was like 3 minutes ago.

> I caught an image on a camera across the public area near one of the entrance tunnels. The figure standing near the edge of the seating area didn't match what I was expecting to see and I had to review it again before I understood.

Just — so what happened to immediate — Martha? We're on page 89 for the record. It was just on page 87, we were told that SecUnits instantly magically recognize each other despite Murderbot getting a surgery not to do that.

Are you ready for this?

[from offscreen] Uh what page was that mentioned?

That was page 87. We're now on page 89. Are you ready?

[from offscreen] I am prepared.

> The figure standing near the edge of the seating area didn't match what I was expecting to see, and I had to review it again before I understood. It wasn't wearing armor, and its physical configuration didn't match psych unit standard,

which we still haven't been told what that is, by the way. So not went through all this tor literal torture that it would rather have died and we now come across one that's just after we've been told that other SecUnits can still magically tell tell what it is — But now we're even contradicting that basic statement right there to say um, Murderbot also literally can't instantly recognize this this other slave because it's not SecUnit standard.

Even though we just said that — even though Murderbot is no longer SecUnit standard, any other

SecUnit can still magically instantly recognize it for 5 seconds of drama.

She literally can't keep anything straight for even two fucking pages.

[from offscreen, sarcastically] Instantly recognized it even though it wasn't SecUnit standard because of the innate fucking durable chips or whatever that magical force force bond thing that they've all got going. Apparently the —

What are the fuck mediclorans?

Yeah.

What does this button do? What does it do when you switch it down? Is it just make the light flash? It says Bluetooth. So, how is that different from just being on mouse? Maybe it's a more advanced version of Bluetooth for people who have really really like fast computers. Okay. Well, I'm trying to turn the mouse off.

Yeah. So, we've we literally just on page 87, Martha Wells went out of her way to tell us, "Oh, by the way, psych units can instantly recognize Murderbot despite it not being psychunit standard. And now it's seeing another slave who's not SecUnit standard and cannot instantly recognize it.

Why did she tell us that then? Why did she just say that shit two pages ago?

She literally — she literally couldn't be consistent if it were if it were p— if cons— the concept of fucking consistency took on human form and punched her in the fucking face. Oh my god.

It wasn't I—

> The figure standing near the edge of the seating area didn't match what I was expecting to see, and I had to review it again before I understood. It wasn't wearing armor, and its physical configuration didn't match SecUnit standard. It had a lot of hair, silver with blue and purple on the ends, pulled back and braided like tans, but in a much more

> complicated pattern. Its facial features were different from mine, but all units faces features are different. assigned randomly based on the human cloned material that's used to make our organic parts.

Then how are other SecUnits able to magically look at Murderbot and magically tell that it's a SecUnit despite it getting a surgery and getting hair extensions and shit to and eyebrows to — what?

How did this get published besides — who edited it? Let's fucking find — I bet it's Lee Harris who can't fucking —

[from offscreen] Who's won awards for editing.

Yeah. Edited by Lee Harris. Lee Harris who also supposedly edited Rappor which very clearly was not looked at by anybody but Martha Wells.

And if it was — Is Lee Harris just another pseudonym? Like—?

[from offscreen] No. He's apparently an awardwinning editor. Apparently.

Lee Harris has won awards for editing despite not only this book and the first book existing, where we literally have an entire conversation that makes zero fucking sense because Martha Wells contradicts herself five times within three pages? Um, Rapport friendship, solidarity, communion, empathy, whatever the fucking — the stupid fanfiction title is. There's literally so many blatant typos and fucking misspellings and wrong fucking punctuation in that.

And that's also claiming to have been edited by Lee Harris.

> Its facial—

So apparently all SE units look different from one another. Then how would the other hypothetical SE units magically recognize Murderbot as a SE unit if they don't all look the same and it doesn't match SEU unit standard and it has fucking hair and eyebrows and it's running a program to make it act like an autistic human as though it's not already an autistic

human or just, you, know basic neurodedivergent human? Because not all humans act the fucking same and emote the same.

But you know, Martha Wells is fucking ableist and we're supposed to pretend that the idea of humans with, you know, just even PTSD or autism, ADHD, literally any number of things, they don't we don't we don't exist.

We just don't exist. It's impossible to imagine humans who act different from neurotypicals. But, you know, ableism.

So literally, we're literally told on page 87 ~SecUnits would magically be able to look at me and tell I'm a SecUnit despite me getting a torturous surgery. Literally being tortured to prevent that from happening.~

But now also because this fucking other slave is not SecUnit standard, Murderbot can't instantly recognize them as another slave.

Make it make sense. It's so fucking ridiculous.

> Its arms were bare and there was no metal showing and no gunports. This was not a sex unit. I was looking at a sex bot

and ignoring for 5 seconds the blatant hatred of fucking sex trafficking victims and sex workers, what do you mean there's no metal showing and no gunports? What does that even fucking mean? Because again, we've never been given a proper description of what makes somebody a sex unit. We don't know what fucking percentage of Murderbot's body is cybernetic and what is organic.

This is ridiculous.

[from offscreen] We didn't even know that it has metal on its arms until we're told somebody else doesn't.

Yep. Yeah. And again, Murderbot disparaging sex slaves as sex bots simultaneously just dehumanizing them, and then at the end of this book, it starts calling them by a fucking euphemism that makes it sound like they're not victims in any way and just — cutesy little name as — and Martha Wells wants us to think that that's an improvement.

That's not a fucking improvement. Now you're just hiding.

First, we are victim blaming them by, by calling them — and dehumanizing them and victim blaming them by calling them sex bots, implying that this is a thing they're choosing because it's “what they're for” and it's bad for them and *it's bad for them to choose it*, and we should hate them and think they're disgusting.

And then the end thing is, “oh, actually, we're just going to call them by this cutesy little name and pretend like they're not victims of of rape or sex trafficking or anything, cuz we're, we're going to give what they're the, the fucking torture they're going through, the horrors that they're going through, we're going to give it a cutsie little name. They're comfort units now!”

That's that's not progressive. That's that's just just fucking horrifying and horrific.

And as I've said multiple times, I'm pretty sure the fucking reason they they will never come up ever again in this entire goddamn series —Not once —and

I'm pretty unless they do in enshitification, also known as platform decay.

Literally a synonym, the original word for enshitification.

I'm pretty fucking sure somebody had to sit Martha Wells down and tell her, "You cannot keep doing this shit. You cannot keep fucking demonizing and dehumanizing victims of sex trafficking like this. Do not ever fucking say that shit again”. Because they've never come up since.

I was looking at a sex bot.

Are you ready for the confirmation from your thing? This is just prose. Murderbot's not saying in dialogue that's a sexbot. It's just “I was looking at a sexbot.”

That is not the official designation. ART said

Murderbot hasn't said anything out loud. It hasn't said anything on the feed. It's literally just thinking, and ART is just reading its fucking mind.

ART is responding to the narrative. ART is literally responding to Murderbot's unconscious fucking thoughts.

Not, not something Murderbot has said out loud. Not something Murderbot has said on the feed. ART is just fucking reading Murderbot's mind right now.

Yeah, you're welcome. You're literally fucking correct.

> The official—

And then this is again just more prose.

> The official designation is comfort unit, but everybody knows what it what that means.

And again, that's what Martha Wells is going to pretend is a reward for the victims of sex slavery at the end of this series, being being given a fucking euphemism that everybody knows what it means. But it sounds cutesy, so apparently that makes it complimentary.

> Sex bots aren't allowed to walk around in human areas without orders anymore than murder bots. Someone must have sent it here. ART poked me hard enough to make me twitch. I snapped out of it and ran my recording back a little to catch up on what was happening.

My phone was making random staticky lines.

> Tlacey had stepped forward. And just why do you need a security consultant?

And again with the whole Martha Wells keeps conveniently giving her characters telepathy and all this shit so that she never has to actually limit her characters and what they can do and what they can say to each other in certain situations or have any kind of strategy.

Murderbot can literally just rewind the fucking camera as far as everything else concerned. As far as Murder— as far as everybody else is concerned, Murderbot can just fucking rewind time because it can magically watch video at in in — likem 5 minutes of video in 2 seconds flat.

Even though that's that's not how that works.

So that so that there's no actual strategy or even in in the writing of the scene, let alone in the scene itself.

Murderbot doesn't have to pay for any mistakes like getting distracted and fucking up.

No, it it everything gets handed to it, including not—it literally doesn't have to pay attention to what's going on because it can just rewind its fucking constant surveillance state shit that it is constantly doing that Martha Wells wants us to think is cool.

Once again, semi video rem reminder that Martha Wells literally throughout this series wants us to think that “if you don't want to be spied on and recorded by cameras and microphones wherever you go—”

[from offscreen] by Amazon Alexa

And yeah — “if you don't want to be spied on by Amazon Alexa, that means you're mean to the poor autistic robots and you're racist against robots, but not in any of the racist against robots ways that

actually matter, like enslaving them and thinking that they aren't human even though they're literally not robots and they are literally humans. Um, no. The, the, the thing that's bad about being mean to robots is that you should let them spy on you and record your every conversation, including in the privacy of your own bedroom, in your own fucking home, including literally but — and if you don't let Murderbot do that, then you're mean to Murderbot and you should feel bad!”

It's literally just fucking propaganda for the surveillance state despite Book One pretending to think that *that's bad*.

> Tlacey had stepped forward and just why do you need a security consultant?

Literally, Murderbot doesn't even have to pause whatsoever and miss any part of this conversation. It's such bullshit.

What? Okay, it gets worse.

Have you been paying attention?

[from offscreen] No. I heard that last part, but not anything else leading up to that. Imagine a Murderbot just got stuck after it keeps rewinding its feed and then just gets stuck experiencing everything on a delay.

Uh huh. Extra bad people. Uhhuh. Um, okay. So, that whole thing of Murderbot can rewind time.

> Okay. Um, Tlacey had stepped I I ran my recording back a little to catch up on what was happening. Tlacey had stepped forward and just Why do you need a security consultant?

Are you ready?

> Rami took a breath. I hit her feed, secured a private connection between Turan and Maro and told her, "Don't answer that. Don't mention the attempt on the shuttle. Just stick to business."

Meaning it's been like five seconds in the conversation apparently, literally just in the span between um “who the fuck are you” and “this is my

our security consultant” and toacy saying “and why do you need a security consultant” That's the amount of time that's apparently passed so, how, how many paragraphs of internal narration and shit is that? How many pages is it between the start of the conversation?

This This is our security consultant. That line is right here. It's all of this and all of this to right here. Right here is where ART poked me so hard I twitched. See, this is like— this is a, this is a fanfiction.

This is a first draft issue that a lot of fanfictions have. This is an issue new fanfiction writers have. But she's been writing since the fucking 90s.

> I hit her feed. Secured a private connection between Turan and Maro.

As though it didn't already have that. But we're just — we're just — Hold on. Did it say Rami's name before saying Tur or only referring to our Rami took a breath. I hit her feed blah blah blah.

Okay. Because like for a moment there I thought that Martha Wells was exclusively referring to with two pronouns. Nope. To like show off music. Nope.

> And told her, "Don't answer that. Don't mention the attempt on the shuttle. Just stick to business." It was an impulse. Tlacey had come here expecting an angry confrontation. That was why she had brought armed bodyguards. We had an advantage now. We weren't dead and they were off balance and we wanted to keep them that way.

Even though we got told Murderbot doesn't know anything about any of this and it's just making it all up as it goes along. But somehow it can figure this out. Even though that doesn't work because these people are hardened criminals who know what they're doing and these are random fucking rich researchers who probably also don't even grasp the concept of hanging up your laundry to dry.

[from offscreen] I mean, they were literally doing this shit in their downtime on

No, they were getting paid for it. Not even on their downtime. They got paid to do this shit!

> Rami let the breath out, tapped my feed in acknowledgement, then said, "We're here to talk about our files." Maro, who had realized what I was trying to do, told Rami, "Keep going. Don't even let them sit down." Sounding more confident, Rami continued, "Deleting our personal work was not part of our employment contract, but we'll agree to your proposal that we return our signing bonus in exchange for our files." On the security cameras, I watched the sex bot turn and leave the public area via the tunnel directly behind it. Tlacey said, "The entire bonus?" She clearly hadn't expected them to agree. Maro

And again like saying she clearly that's fine because that's saying an observable fucking thing about her behavior instead of mind reading her. Most of the other times, Martha Wells is just having the characters magically start fucking mind reading and saying shit they have no fucking reason to be saying, and then they're always magically right anyways.

[from offscreen] Head hopping. Yeah, that's what I mean. Mind reading.

[from offscreen] Oh, I mean that that's the official literary term to describe that hopping.

> I'm calling it mind reading. Anyways, Maro leaned forward. We opened an account with UMRO to hold the funds. We can transfer it to you as soon as you give us the files.
>
> Tlacey's jaw moved as she spoke in her private feed. The two bodyguards eased back. Tlacey stepped over and took a chair at my client's table. After a moment, Rami sat down and Tap Pan and Maro followed suit.

So, whatever happened to don't even let them sit down and keep them off balance? We're just giving control of a situation right back after pretending to be ~so clever~ and claiming we have control of the situation.

So much so that they stated it out loud. Literally stated it out loud. “Don't even let them sit down.” And now they're sitting down and you're following suit.

So there goes any attempts at pretending to be a political drama and, and, and scheming and shit.

> I kept part of my attention on the negotiation and went back to the public feed. I started pulling historical data, looking for any irregular activity. Around the time of my contract here

— Mr Lupon, you have toys to play with. You don't need to bother him. He's just chasing Mr. Caris cuz he wants to play with his tail. Look, dude. Lookie lookie. You got a little toy. Come here. Who play with the Mr. Cliff is going to get you from. Get it from you. Get it. Get that cupcake with a feather. Why is it a cupcake? I thought it was a weird mouse with a tutu, but it's a cupcake.

I love it. Huh? Which part?

Where? Where the ribbons broke off. Oh, okay.

Yeah.

We — We literally made such a big deal about “Oh, we're so in control of this situation. There's drama.” And then give that up. Literally the like, literally at the top of this page:

> Sounding more confident. Rami said

blah blah blah. It — like — this

this isn't a negotiation, and it's just — why do we pretend we're doing that kind of thing and then immediately drop it on the very next page and hand control of the conversation back over to these people and then not one person here has anything to say about that. Like, “oh well, at least we tried.”

Nothing. Nothing. Murderbot's not even paying attention anymore.

You know, if the main character can't even be bothered to give a shit about the plot that's happening, maybe that's a sign that it's a bad fucking plot and you should throw it in the garbage.

> While my clients,

and again, you must always read the word clients as slave owners because that's what it means, explicitly. That's what it means.

> While my slave owners were talking and while I sorted through the data with ART peering over my shoulder again, I was watching the security cameras.

So, we're pretending that, that Murderbot is just doing all of these things at once, even though we were just told less than a page ago that it can't even multitask enough to the point of fucking looking at somebody through the community security cameras and pay attention to the conversation at the same time. That was literally over here. And now over here, we're pretending it can actually do five things at once, because Martha Well is shit at writing and doesn't actually want to limit the characters, because that would require having to come up with creative solutions to get them out of situations that they get into.

But no, nope. Instead, they can just do anything they want.

> I was watching the security cameras. I noted two more potential threats enter the area. Both were augmented humans. I had noted three potential threats already sitting at adjacent tables.

In parentheses,

> all three exhibited a curious lack of attention toward the confrontation occurring near the center of the seating area. The other humans and augmented humans in the immediate area had watched it with open or surreptitious curiosity.

End parenthesis. At least that parenthesis ends.

So many things to say here. It's like now we're being told a long after the fact that oh, some people are are watching them, but nobody's actually responding correctly to what is very clearly a fight that was about to break out in violence. Nobody responded. Oh, now

they're just watching with with open or surreptitious curiosity instead of immediately calling all of their fucking bodyguards.

Cuz remember, we were told that people come here to do business, business meetings for rich fucking fancy people.

Because again, remember, this is supposed to be a capitalist dystopia. There's no such thing as mom and pop stores. The only people doing business are rich fuckers. There's no there's no mom and pop business meetings. It's all rich people.

> ART poked me. I see it. I told it the search had turned up a series of notices posted around the right time frame. There were warnings that change that changes in shipments of raw materials and supplies to outlying installations would cause diversions in the passenger tube routes.

In parenthesis,

> The tube was a smallcale transit system that took passengers around the port and service centers and had private lines going out to closer to the closer mining installations.

End parenthesis.

> Later notices mentioned a new route that had been constructed to compensate for the diversion. That was it. Reading between the lines, you could see that the service contractors had had to build a new tube

had had

> to build a new tube route to bypass the tunnels that had led to a mining installation that had abruptly closed. That had to be the site of Ganaka Pit.

But I thought we weren't trying to erase this from the population's memory, just hide it from casual reporters! So why are we building an entire new fucking train system and digging an entire new

tunnel? Ext — literally extremely expensive ex— going to require so many fucking resources.

So, first of all, they're not concerned enough about this shit to actually do a cover up properly, but they simultaneously are concerned enough about it to spend all the ridiculous amounts of money to build an entire new tunnel and train system instead of like—

There's no reason for this. It's not like there was some kind of goddamn irres —irreoverable radiation contamination or a plague outbreak or anything!

There is no reason for this. This doesn't make any sense. This could make this could make sense. Like if, if, if the fucking thing that caused all the fucking was the alien remnants, the fucking xenomorph goop and, and just fucked everything up irreparably.

But in in that case, if it's dramatic enough that you need to build an entire new fucking — you need to dig an entire tunnel, build an entire new train track and get trains running on that track.

[to cat] Hello. Don't sneeze on my phone. Okay. You going to lay down with your cute little soft fur? Thank you. This is Polychrome. She's probably going to sneeze on my face. Please don't. You're so pretty and your fur's so soft.

Imagine if The Murderbot Diaries were actually told in like a diary format. And all of these par — parathetical aides were like literal footnotes at the bottom of the page added in or in the margins.

You could literally even put it in the you just fucking hand write it and write the fucking and print it like that.

So, so somehow the incident um was not dramatic enough to actually do anything to hide it. We're not going to pay people to stay quiet or anything. You could just walk up to literally anybody who's been here long enough and ask them and they'd be able to freely tell you cuz we're not trying to hide it. Just, just make it—

[from offscreen] The good old company.

The Yeah. “The good old company would never try to hide it!”.Yeah. The company would never try to hide it. They're just trying to hide it from casual reporters. Even though casual reporters interview people, they don't— tabloids! Literally, they don't — Casual reporters just ask people basic questions instead of doing all spy hackery shit and all this shit/

And, but also — it is enough that they're going to dig an entire new tunnel which requires so much raw material and so much fucking labor and so many fucking materials to be brought in and technology to build new train tracks and, and, and put a whole new trains line in instead of just using the existing one.

As I — again before I got distracted by the cat.

There's there's no reason for this.

Sorry for spoilers if you haven't read these books before. I'm going to give you some spoilers.

Um I'll I'll just hold my hand like this. You can mute the video and you can unmute it when I put my hand down if you don't want spoilers. Uh sucks for you if

you're reading the transcript. I don't know what to tell you.

Um there's there's nothing in the the Ganaka pit despite the dramatic theme.

There's nothing in there that is in any way dramatic. Like, there's no, there's no demon plague that's been unleashed. There's no computer virus still jumping between all the fucking computers and only desperately trapped there by somebody unplugging the Wi-Fi or something.

There's there's no plague. There's no radiation. There's nothing down there for anything that needs to be covered up in any way. It— there's no reason for this whatsoever. Like, this isn't even the kind of thing that would require a cover up.

It just — it, it fundamentally doesn't make sense for them to be trying to cover this shit up.

Um the spoilers are is some other company tried to sabotage the company that owned Murderbot at the time. Um, and then their sabotage turned into a

massacre, apparently “by accident”, because Martha Wells is again doing corporate propaganda and trying to pretend like corporations never do evil things on purpose.

So why would the company who was sabotaged to the point of a massacre want to cover up the fact that the other company did this shit to them and caused a fucking massacre that they had no hand in?

That's the exact opposite of a thing you would want to cover up. You would want that to be as public as fucking possible to get their fucking people arrested or whatever since we're pretending you all follow the same laws.

Anyways, you can uncover or unmute it now.

Um, yeah, this is just so contradictory.

We're — we're — it's, it's, it's secret enough of a cover up we got to dig an entire new train tunnel instead of using the existing trains. Even though this is supposed to be a capitalist dystopia, the thing

capitalists care about is profit. This doesn't make sense.

[[from offscreen] In an actual capitalist dystopia, it would be a dangerous strange synthetic that's putting off radiation that kills people over time and they're still sending their workers through there because that's the cheapest option and their workers are infinitely replaceable and cheap. Yeah. You know, like the Radium Girls. Yeah.

If this were actually a capitalist dystopia, in case none of that was audible, if this were actually a capitalist dystopia, it would be deadly radiation or xenomorph goop that's just constantly flying out of that tunnel. And they keep the train going through anyways because they don't give a shit about their workers.

But it's not a capitalist dystopia. So, so they, they're just throwing endless money at the problem enough to build an entirely brand new tunnel and train system for no reason, even though they have a perfectly functioning one right there.

Uh, blah blah.

> Reading between the lines, you could see that the service contractors had had to build a new tube route to bypass the tunnels that had led to a mining installation that had been abrupt that had abruptly closed. That had to be the site of Ganaka Pit. Other pit closures have been accompanied by local interest articles and excessive social feed interest in bankruptcy filings and the effect

you sound so weird.

> and the effect on the associated service companies. There was nothing like that about this closure. Someone had paid to have those postings deleted from the public feed.

So, we're saying that people were posting this shit on space Facebook and all of their posts got deleted.

But then we're still pretending that nobody else on the, the station has noticed any of this, like this wouldn't cause the most massive uproar imaginable for you deleting people's face space Facebook posts about a mine closing after a massacre.

What? So — we're — so we're not — they weren't — “they wouldn't be trying to erase it from the general population's memory.”

But you're also deleting their space Facebook posts about it from literally only four years ago?

A massacre that most of these people probably had friends and family who were fucking massacred in, and you deleted their posts about the massacre from their fa their space Facebook, and we're supposed to believe nobody's — this isn't causing any problems?!

There's no backlash, and they're explicitly not paying people not to care about it??

Not even “there was a notice for um an extra uh off station transit ships. A whole bunch of people from the lower mining classes had been uh suddenly offered lucrative jobs on the sister station or whatever a station far several solar systems away.” You know, getting rid of the witnesses, paying off the witnesses, giving them all fucking paid vacations to some slightly nicer place?

Nothing.

So, so there was a massacre only four years ago. People's Facebook posts about it were all mysteriously deleted. Uh, we're just — Martha Wells —

[from offscreen] Freshmen in high school would only be graduating high school by the end of this time period. There could be

Yeah.

[from offscreen] Literal children.

You can say that louder just for

[From offscreen] To put that into perspective. If you if, if there were kids on this station because child labor and capitalist dystopia, you would expect them to be commenting child labor. Uh the equivalent of high school freshmen when this massacre happened would only be seniors in high school graduating high school. Literally by this time period, how long the

time? Four years. Four years between a massacre. So, like nothing.

Again, if it falls apart the second you think about it, it's badly written.

[to cat] You're — Can you just scoot over just a little bit so I can put my arm down? Just scoot. Just scoot a little bit. Thank you. Look at the camera. Let's look this way. Hey, Miss Softur. She's not going to look at the camera. Now she is. Look at that face. Her poor stuffy nose. She's staring at the camera now intently. All right. Excuse me.

> Um, yeah, there was nothing like that about this closure. Someone had paid to have those posts postings deleted from the public feed.

Meaning everybody had their Facebook and Tumblr and Twitter and blue what do you call blue sky blue sky things? Whatever all the other social media sites, they had their MySpace I don't know if you post on MySpace like that.

They had their MySpace posts about the massacre deleted. All of them. All of them got deleted.

It, it presumably also including the post saying, "Hey, did anybody else notice all of their posts about the fucking massacre got deleted?” Apparently those also get deleted.

And, and so on and so forth. “Hey, I keep trying to post about my posts about the massacre being deleted and they keep getting deleted!”

Now, imagine if this were a sci-fi dystopia that were competently written by — a dystopia, not a sci-fi — sci-fi dystopia written by somebody who actually gives a shit and has something to say.

And the, the, the effect of this shit going on here, where your posts about the massacre get deleted, you know what you would start doing?

People would start talking in code. They would just come up with a fucking code to discuss this shit that would avoid the fucking automatic filters that are

deleting their posts explicitly talking about the massacre.

But that doesn't happen, um, because Martha Wells is bad at writing isn't actually writing a dystopia, because she doesn't actually have anything to criticize and doesn't understand how, how this shit works in any way.

Just because you delete — like, so fucking ridiculous.

Deleting social media posts about a massacre, um, doesn't mean people don't know about the massacre, especially when it was a huge fucking thing that only happened four years ago.

And presumably all the people are still here, because there's no mentions of everybody being shipped off on mass to multiple things or, you know, executed since it's apparently such a big secret they got to — they're going to invest in all the money to build a new fucking subway system.

> Someone had paid to have those postings deleted from the public feed. The conversation

> was concluding. Tlacey stood up, nodded to my clients.

So, we're not rewinding this time, though, because um Martha Wells herself got tired of that shit.

> Tlacey stood up, nodded to my slave owners, my clients, and walked away from the table. Rami's expression was a grimace of doubt. Maro looked grim and to pan somewhere between confused and angry.

Do you happen to have that quote on hand? What with all the 17 characters?

[from offscreen] Uh, the Raksura one?

Yes.

[from offscreen] That was literally from somebody's good reads review. So, I don't think.

Darn.

This time there's only three characters being mentioned. Are you looking for it?

[from offscreen] Yes.

Okay. Wait. I don't know any other name. Might have a I think Bell was mentioned there. Oh, okay. I found it. Okay.

Just read loudly. Feetctor headache.

Hold on. Wait. Let me give you an introduction. So, let me read this parag this short little thing here quick. We're just going at “the anime round table” as we're calling it, of every single character's reaction to the thing that just happened.

Rami's expression was a grimace of doubt. Maro looked grim and to pan somewhere between confused and angry.

Okay, this is — Martha Wells does this all the fucking time, no matter how many characters there are and no matter whether or not their reaction even remotely makes fucking sense. See System Collapse.

Now, are you ready? Go.

[from offscreen] Uh, I'll let you read it in a second. I'm going to put it on the TV.

Okay, never mind. I'm going to be reading it. It's going on the other screen.

[to cat] Your poor little stuffy nose.

It's all originally one paragraph, — each action to its own. It's — what I'm about to read is all originally one paragraph.

They're being nice enough to separate it so I can actually fucking read it.

And the number of names is highlighted. Okay, here's here's a here's a single fucking paragraph where this shit happens in Martha Wells's other series, The Books of the Raksura.

And no, of these names, one, two, three, four of the names we're about to read are are actual characters. The rest is just fucking, oh my god.

Are you ready?

Florette jerked her head at Coil, who leapt to fetch the map and carry it to Zephyr. Frost saw Vine take a deep breath and lean against Sage, who shook his head incredulously. Heart rubbed her face and reached for the forgotten to pot to refill the arbora's cups. Bell gave Frost a one-armed hug, and she had to fight down the impulse to climb into his lap. If she did that, Pearl would never think she was old enough to attend a meeting again. Not until Frost was older than Jade. Celadon watched Malachite carefully. And after a moment, Malachite picked up the teacup and drank.

How many names are there? 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12. There's 12 names there. Only four of them are characters. And one of those is a fucking background character. Frost is a background character. Pearl is also — is a minor character. Jade is a major character. Malichite, I don't know. She's kind of a side character. She doesn't really do much, but she's there.

Uh, Floret, Coil, Zephyr, Vine, Sage, Heart, Bell, and Celadon? Those are — they're they're cardboard

cutouts. They're meaningless. You could interchange all of those names and it would be just as fucking meaningless. Oh my god.

[from offscreen] Person who who included this exact quote from the book in their review said, "Fun series overall, but I'm completely overwhelmed by the now ever expanding list of named characters, all of whom to belong to various factions that are impossible to keep straight. I would be shocked if there were fewer than 100 names in just the 50% of this book that I managed to read. It is too much. No one has space to change or grow because we're completely bloated with secondary tertiary slash quartinary characters that do not need to be mentioned." Yep.

We can — you can send me that link and I'll just put it the a link to that review in I don't think I posted an actual but you can you can just search Bell or Floret because nobody else is going to mention Floret in their review because she's not a fucking character.

Yep. You know, when when animes like Bleach do that kind of thing, it's because they have to desperately pad the run time because there's only so much of the

manga that's already written that they have to try and keep pace with. And also, they're animating. That's much more fucking difficult and time conuming than writing.

Also, I can — I actually know most and recognize and can tell you the powers and or backstory and personalities of most of the characters, the the characters in Bleach Cardboard at least.

I mean, I could probably recognize them. We can just play a game at some point.

You can just pick a bunch of Bleach characters and I'll say if I know who the fuck they are.

Uh, Bleach has 50 million characters. I don't care about 90% of them. But I will say they at least stand out and are distinct fucking characters, not only in their personalities, but their actual designs.

Anyways, yeah, that ridiculousness.

I How many characters? One, two. I can't really count it though. Well, we can't really show that.

What did you search to find that?

Um, Bleach character lineup. Bleach. Just search Just Google search Bleach character lineup, I guess.

Did somebody edit that together? Because I don't think that's official. But that's a very good edit except for Mr. Bat. He just kind of looks awkward, but I guess he's kind of always awkward. They put Yurui and they they put in all those shadows. That's a very Whoever edited this, assuming it's not official, is very talented.

Uh, it's from someone named Cino in 2010. Uh, C I N O from 2010. You're very talented at Photoshop. Um, anyways, there's like 100 people. There's how many? You can just put it in MS Paint and just draw numbers over their faces to count them.

[cat sneezes] Bless you.

Or just do colored dots in groups of 20 and then count by 20s.

Uh, yeah. So, we've just been told and also we yeah, we just had all of the three random generic humans who are completely interchangeable and mean nothing to the story. They all just had their little reactions to uh whatever just happened cuz Murderbot is not rewinding even though it just did that, so you would think we would keep doing that and at least be consistent with that, but nope. Nope.

[to cat] All right, little baby. I got to move you because I need to be able to move my elbow right where you are sitting. So, come here. Come here. I'm not going to drop you. Can I give her to you? Sure. There you go.

So, they all just reacted. But none of these characters have ever come up again in the series. They never appeared ever again from this book. And also, they're all completely interchangeable. They have no personalities. They bring nothing to the story. There's no reason for there to be three goddamn characters here. Maro is so unmentioned that I don't even remember who that is 90% of the time while I'm actively reading it.

I closed the search and stepped over to the table. Watching Tlacey and her bodyguards leave, Rami said, "It was a bad idea to come here." Tapan proed protested. She said tomorrow. Dot dot dot. Maro shook her head. It's more lies. She isn't going to give us the files. She could have done it here if she was going to do it. She could have done it over the comm while we were on the transit ring. She looked up at me. I wasn't sure I believed you about the shuttle, but now dot dot dot. Hi, T. I was keeping track of my potential threat list on the security cameras. We need to go, I told them. We'll talk about this somewhere else. As we left, one potential threat got up to follow us. I tapped ART to keep an eye on the others, just in case they weren't innocent bystanders so deep in their feeds, they really hadn't noticed anything.

I had marked a few possible routes on the station map, and my favorite one was

This doesn't make any fucking sense at all. I'm tell I'm warning you ahead of time. What's about to happen

doesn't fucking make any goddamn sense. It's just — It doesn't make any sense.

This is so ridiculous. Like, do you — This just just so —it doesn't make sense.

How many are you at so far?

Uh Oh, wait. There's 43 characters on this thing.

Uh huh.

And I can I might not know all of their exact names, but I do know who they are. accurately who they I do know who they are. 43 people. There's 43 people in the Bleach lineup image that we found that's by Ceno. C I N O made in 2010. Uh very well edited together. Uh Cardboard says probably can't remember all of their names, but does know who they are in general. A thing that cannot be said about most Martha Wells characters — as as few as eight Martha Wells characters, because we still don't know — we don't know what Rathi's first name is.

We don't know any of the PreservationAux team's first names, let alone what their goddamn jobs are besides Pin Lee as a lawyer and Mensah was the president of the entire planet of slave owners, but we're not supposed to uh ever think about that or question that or question what the fuck her goddamn uh, campaign platform was that she got elected on a planet of fucking slave owners and then she quit.

She didn't even get impeached. She quit.

As a correction, I do recognize every single person in this image.

Can you say all of their names?

I can't say all of their names with 100% complete confidence, but we have just we're uh going to list off all of the names recognized from this Bleach character lineup just to show that you don't get to see unless you Google it. Yeah, you got to Google it. Google Bleach character lineup Cino 2010. I don't know.

Um to show the difference between having a bunch of characters who actually have fucking personalities, and then meanwhile Martha Wells just just slapping names on fucking pieces of cardboard in the background.

All right, if you want you can walk up to the TV.

Let's try it.

Try not to give you motion sickness. All right. Uh, you have to stand to the other side. No, it's not going to work cuz I can't see. All right, just use your imaginations or Google it.

We have now we have literally just forgot her name, but she's short. She's angry. I think she kicks people in the face. She hits people in the face with a sandal, too. Uh, and then we have I think her name No, she's not love. She's super duper hyper. She's a cool little killer bee as a Hollow. I love her crazy hair. Uh she loves reading or she's just like in general super crazy hip hop girl. Uh Kenpachi, Yachiru, I I haven't count I'm not counting anymore but continue just talk loud. Yeah. Kimpachi. We have Yiro Precious Zan Pakto

secretly which is apparently apparently the author hasn't figured that out yet. Apparently not canon.

What the fuck do you mean?

Somehow. Um, I literally just forgot her name, but she's a cool shark lady who unfortunately super sexualized. Everyone headcampms her to be a lesbian. Good for her. RIP to the um Shinji, who is in a rivalry with short stuff, hotteer lady who she beats him over the head with the sandal a lot. Um, I literally don't remember what this girl's name is, but she is canonically a lesbian and she likes reading uh racy manga out in public when they're just hanging out in the warehouse when everybody else can see her. Uh, Ichimaru Gin, creepy fox, smiley guy. Um, actual literal fox or maybe wolf guy. I think he's a fox, but I don't remember. Yeah, I always thought he was like a werewolf, but I don't know what the explanation for that is. Um, Captain Kamura. Pretty sure that's his name. I know his name. Uh, Ragu. This guy's name I'm pretty sure. Love. He's the magic dude at the visor. I don't know what his Hollow form looks like exactly, but I'm pretty sure he is um Hat and Clog's assistant's mentor. Uh, or he may I don't like that they

put pink on his fucking mustache. It's cuz or he dyed it. It seems like it seems pink. It seems like they want to do the the donut. Oh, his entire mustache is pink. Yeah, his whole all everything's pink. He's got Okay. But it seems like they're trying to do the donut lips thing. I would not be surprised. Uh yeah. Uh cuz you know, Japan. They do have an holo random oneoff RN car who's very a golly. Yeah. Uh, orime Soyon. There's a million in one ways to spell her name in English and nobody can decide on how to spell it. Uh, Kishke. Oh, wait. Hat and Clogs is on here twice, I think, cuz he's also No, I didn't see him anywhere. He's over here. Okay. Oh, they cheated. They put They put the See, no, you cheated a little bit. You put Hat and Clogs twice. We got Captain Hat and Clogs and Shopkeeper Hat and Clogs. Both are the same. Yeah, they also put Yucci twice, but I can understand that cuz she little cat. Uh, and then we have uh Hitigaya, little Captain Kid with a big giant badass ice. You can just say their names or whatever or just a short version of their backstory. Captain,

I don't think Momo is on here. Anyways, Captain Eisen is on here. Maybe this guy is the one that's named Love. Either way, he's a visor. He dresses up

like the vampireless stack. He's got oldfashioned and long hair and _ I don't think he is. Nell's on here a second time as well. Yeah, they got two ver they have two hat and clogs and two nails and two Euroisi. And two Euroisi. Um we have Where's Yurui at? The second time over here is a kitty cat. Yeah. Where where the where is she the first time? Oh, never mind. You highlighted her. Okay, never mind. Continue. Um, Captain with the unspecified lung disease that's most likely tuberculosis. Yeah, Ukitake. I couldn't remember which one it was. It was I remember the name. Uh, Jush Ukitake and um I just forgot your name. Sad drunk guy in the kimono. Who's his bestie? Everyone had cans of to be in a relationship. Well, they're gay. Um, Hagi. I don't know that guy. His or maybe this is Hagi. One of these two is Hagi. The guy with the gray hair has 69 tattooed on his cheek. I thought he was bald. No, that's Well, I apparently don't know that. I thought he had black hair then. Why is his hair gray? I don't know why his hair is gray. I'm pretty sure he's got gray or he's got like black hair or really dark.

This is a really long tangent, but you're putting up with it because this is the difference between

characters literally just existing to be fucking filler for the shitty book that's only a centimeter thick with all the stops pulled out to increase that page length, versus characters who actually have personality and do shit, even if I can't stand most of them because I don't give a shit. They still have personalities and stories and they play a role in the story usually. Even if I don't like it, it's at least world building. Yeah.

Uh Ichigo Genji one time and then Yurui again. Uh this one's Itaku. Okay. Um we have I just forgot her name. Uh Ichigo's cousin who does fireworks and _ She's got a prosthetic arm, I'm pretty sure. might be misremembering that. No, I think she does. I cannot remember her life for the night her name for the life of me at the moment, but I do know exactly who she is. Uh, she likes to beat people up if they are rude. Uh, pretty boy, Iaku's best friend, who name I also am blanking on. This is literally just because the usual ADHD put on the spot for this, but I do know him. Yumichica. I like him. He's mean to his Zanpakuto and calls them by the wrong name to hide his powers because he's insecure. Uh hat and claws again. We have Uru and Ginta. Uh the weird unexplained kids that Urroar has adopted. There's some weird fan

theories floating around that maybe they're uh Renji and Rukia’s as kids may be time traveling or maybe maybe I mean what else what other explanation could there be for those hairstyles? Random completely as far as I'm aware unsupported by canon except for their physical appearances uh theories that they're uh attempted clones. Attempted clones or maybe Rookie and Renie's kids from the future somehow somehow someway. Um, we have Grim Joe, everybody's favorite bad boy. I thought he was like a big strong hunk. He's a twink. He's He's skinny as shit. Uh, he he usually is like a kitty cat, so there he's got that going for him at least. Uh, if you go dad, who's um I forgot his name. Worst dad of the year. Uh, creepy clown man. He's so creepy.

Okay, hurry up. I'm getting bored. There's too many characters.

Okay, we'll stop for that. But I do recognize literally everybody on here. There's nobody here that's not familiar to me. I know their roles. Like, I even recognize Ishida's dad. He only shows up like—

Oh, second worst dad of theyear, I should say. All right, they're going to tie.

I think I think Ichigo's dad is slightly worse. I can't remember what — you can at least is the survivor of a genocide who doesn't want his son to also die. Yeah.

Anyways, um yeah, 43 different characters and they all actually have personalities. And then meanwhile, this isn't even scratching— This isn't even this isn't even scratching the surface of the amount of characters in Bleach. And I don't care about most of them, but that's not because they're not characters. They're— they're characters. There's even a whole filler arc where every single one of their Zanpakuto, which is their magic —I'm not explaining it—

All of their swords, which are spirits and part of their soul and also people and have personalities of their own, come to life. And then they're also characters of themselves and some of it's extremely fuckng funny. And there's just so much so much going on.

Anyways, meanwhile, uh, if you asked a hundred different Murderbot to draw these characters, ask a

hund— No, that's not not not even that because they — none of the characters in this book have descriptions.

Remember, we were just told the bare minim minimum of what these people's hairstyles apparently look like, but then they're never brought up again to remind us that that's what they look like.

Um, we don't know what Rathi looks like. We don't know what Gurathin looks like. We don't know what anybody besides Mensah looks like. And we all we were told about Mensah is that her hair is — she has dark skin and I think slightly lighter hair and then some people draw her as color of this cardboard or paler than this cardboard with blond hair because *that's why Martha Wells didn't describe the characters*. For plausible deniability.

Anyways, continuing. Uh yeah, what's about to happen just does not fucking make sense. It's so ridiculous.

You can just reread their anime round table after our tangent.

The top of the page for the tangent uh blah blah blah

> and walked away from the table. Rami's expression was a grimace of doubt. Maro looked grim and to pan somewhere between confused and angry.

You know, I will say con— somewhere between confused and angry. That's a fine ex that's a fine description of a facial expression. That's totally fine. It's totally possible to be between confused and angry.

What it's not possible is all of the fucking shit she says in Witch King. Like, unbelievable. Indescribable. I can't even remember the examples because they're so fucking ridiculous.

She'll just say as though in between one complete extreme thing and some other completely different extreme thing that it's literally not possible. It's it's so bad.

[from offscreen] Tears and exasperation.

No, not even that. Just don't even —

[from offscreen] No, I think that was one of them.

No, because that's not one of them because even just it's so fucking terrible. And then she just keeps repeating the same expression “somewhere between X and Y” 50 million times.

If I didn't know better, I would think it would written by fucking AI. But the truth is, she just writes a phrase and then she's like, "Oh, I got to keep using it. That was good."

“Her eyes and ears were expanding as she entered the room.” And that's meant to be metaphorical and not something going wrong with the gravity on the spaceship she's on. She used that shit twice.

Or you know, um the character skidding the last few feet on their knees for, for no reason on a floor that's not supposed to be slippery, not light gravity, nothing to justify this fucking ridiculous visual that we're being told to imagine.

And we're just supposed to take that seriously. Skidding several fucking feet on your knees. You're not walking. You have brush burns. But nope.

Anyways, this is going to be ridiculous.

> As we left, one potential threat got up to follow us. I tapped ART to keep an eye on the others just in case they weren't innocent bystanders so deep in their feed they really hadn't noticed anything. I had marked a few possible routes on the station map, and my favorite one was through a pedestrian tunnel that carved out away from the main living areas.

You can probably find a quiz for how many bleach characters can you recognize.

Oh, that's a good idea. I'm doing

> There were various accesses along it leading to different tube stations, but it was not a popular route.

I'll I'll try to not interrupt this section so you can just see what what ridiculousness I'm about to describe. I'll even restart this paragraph. Okay, I won't interrupt. I'll attempt not to interrupt unless, you know, something happens that I have to.

> I had marked a few possible routes on the station map. And my favorite one was through a pedestrian tunnel that carved curved out away from the main living areas.

How many questions are there?

[from offscreen] A thousand. Um, it's something called Ultimate Bleach Character Quiz. Ultimate Bleach Character Quiz. Name the characters from Bleach across all different mediums in 25 minutes.

Well, you haven't read the manga, so that's not going to work.

[from offscreen] Yeah. But it has a 266 score. Okay. which is fine.

Anyways,

> I had marked a few possible routes on the station map, and my favorite one was through a pedestrian tunnel that curved out away from the main living areas. There were various accesses along it leading to different tube stations, but it was not a popular route. I tapped Rami's feed and told Tur to take it toward the interchange where the largest hotel was. Listening in, Maro whispered, "We can't afford that one."

All right, I have to interrupt. you. Murderbot said this shit on the private feed that they all have access to, and Maro is choosing to whisper out loud anyways for some fucking reason despite being the pessimistic one.

And you're saying this shit out loud for you to be recorded. Murderbot responds on the feed:

> You won't be staying there. I told them on the feed. The brochure on the public feed promised a high security lobby and a fast access and a fast tube access to the main shuttle slots. We reached the tunnel and started down it. It was

> close to 10 m wide and 4 m high, well lit enough for walking down the center, but the sides were shadowy with darkened branching tunnels.

Why? Why? Why? This this whole place has enough money to dig a new fucking train tunnel on a whim and presumably pay people not to keep protesting that their fucking space Facebook posts are getting deleted. But you also don't have good lighting in your fucking subway tunnels. Do they have money to throw away for no reason or are they cheap? Which is it? This doesn't make sense.

[from offscreen] What is 10 meters in feet? I can't remember. I'm getting yards and meters confused.

I think they're both approximately—

[from offscreen] No, I think a meter’s—

They're both around 3 ft. Just check 10 meters.

[from offscreen] It's 32 feet.

Okay. So, slightly more than 3 feet. Uh 1 meter is 3.2 28. One meter is 3.2 feet. So 30 ft wide, 4 m high. So like 12 ft high, 12 whatever high.

> Well lit enough for walking down the center, but the sides were shadowy with darkened branching tunnels.

Why would you not have lights at the doorways? This just doesn't make sense. again like, there's a reason just even beyond OSHA, it's just basic common sense that you want to know where doors are, especially if there's rich business people meeting over there, they — it's ridiculous. None of this makes sense in any way

> there were sec

and I said I wouldn't interrupt but I just have to because it's so bad.

> There were security cameras but the system monitoring them was not sophisticated.

I guess describing security systems as sophisticated or not sophisticated is her new way of — her new

favorite way of describing them, because she keeps saying that the system monitoring them was not sophisticated.

And again, meaning anybody even remotely can hack this shit at any time. Not limited to Murderbot. Anybody could do this.

> The company would have shit itself over the possible danger to bonded clients and the missed opportunity to data mine conversations.

Again, claiming that the company wants to protect its clients.

We're just shilling for the fucking slave owners at every goddamn opportunity.

> There were other humans in the tunnel. Some miners in coveralls and jackets with logos from the various installations, but most were in civilian workc clothes.

So, okay, so they're miners, but they're also in civilian work clothes. What makes— are miners not civilians?

What is that? What does that ficlomg mean? That's such a stupid and ridiculous distinction to make. Why —Why is there a binary of miners and civilians? Are you hearing this shit? This is ridiculous.

There were other humans in the tunnel. Period. Some miners in coveralls and jackets with logos from the various installations, but most were in civilian work clothes. Yeah. Why are we make What do you mean? Are miners not civilians? Are they not considered people? What's happening? What's happening here? Like is that your attempt at saying citizen means human?

I don't know. Civilian, not citizen. civilian as though, as though the miners are military. What I said that's what I mean. Yeah. What is happening here?

Why are we — why are we putting a fucking binary between you're either a miner or you're a civilian? Miners aren't military. What are you fucking talking about? Like if she had said some marines in coveralls and jackets and and civilians, that would be one thing.

Military people and civilians, that would be one thing. But we're saying miners and civilians as though miners are not civilians.

> But most were in civilian work clothes, either techs or workers for the support companies. They moved quickly and stayed in groups. After 8 minutes of walking, most of the other humans in the tunnel had turned off to one of the the tube access points. I sent through the feed. Just keep walking. Don't stop. I'll meet you in the lobby.

This is the part that doesn't fucking make sense.

> I dropped back into one of the darker branching tunnels. My clients kept moving and didn't look back at me, though I could tell Tapan wanted to.
>
> On the cameras, I watched potential threat slash new target make his way up the tunnel.

Look, we're assuming people's genders and pronouns again based on literally nothing!

> Make his way up the tunnel, walking quickly. He was joined by two new humans, now designated target two and target three. They passed me and I came out of the tube access and followed at a distance. I scanned them for energy weapons and found no readings. All three targets wore jackets and pants with deep side pockets. I marked seven locations where knives or extendable batons could be carried.

So having, having pockets on your fucking pants is apparently inherently suspicious and dangerous.

> When they caught sight of my clients, the target slowed down, but continued to reduce the distance the distance between them. I knew they were probably reporting to someone on their feed asking for instructions. Whoever it was didn't have control of the security cameras. At least not yet.

Why would you assume that? In what — why would — why would that be an assumption you would make?

I followed, watching the targets through my eyes, through the security cameras, watching myself to make sure I wasn't drawing attention, that no one was following me. ART kept quiet, though I could tell it was interested in watching me work. Then the last group of miners between me and the targets turned into a tube access. We were in a bend of the tunnel, and there was no one between my clients and the next bend, some 50 m ahead. and the security camera showed me the tunnel was empty behind me. I needed to get this over with.

Period.

I turned into the tube access behind the miners. I stopped at the top of the tube access while the miners boarded the capsule. The door hissed as it closed and the capsule moved away. On security camera view, target 2's jaw moved, indicating that he was speaking subocally in his feed. Then the camera's feed cut off. I turned the corner back into the tunnel and started to run. It was a calculated risk as I couldn't move at top speed without revealing I wasn't human,

but I managed to arrive just as target one reached Rami and grabbed the sleeve of her jacket. I broke his arm and slammed an elbow into his chin, then swung him into target two, who had turned toward me with the knife he had been approaching Maro with. Target two accidentally

and then uh in parenthesis

I'm guessing here maybe they just didn't care for each other

end parenthesis

stabbed target one. Target two staggered sideways and I dropped target one and broke target 2's kneecap. Target three had had

Oh my god just, why?! Just further padding the fucking page count despite the disgustingly huge margins which is even more obvious on this fucking page than normal.

> Target three had had time to lift his baton and now hit me across the left side of my head and shoulder, which granted annoyed me a little, but I've had haulerbots hit me harder than that by accident. I blocked the second blow with my left arm, snapped his collar bone with one punch, and smashed his hip with another. He was lucky I wasn't a lot annoyed. All three targets were on the floor and two was the only one who was still conscious, though he was curled up and whimpering. I turned to my clients and again,

Why did — why did Murderbot fuck off into a corner and just stand there and let and like — none of this makes sense.

[to cat] Hi. Wait, you can't actually sit with me. I'm trying. I got to be able to move my elbow. Sorry. Sorry, cutie. Thank you. Thank you. sit on your cute little bed.

Why did Murderbot do that? Why did we have to — Did you Did you hear that bullshit, of just the fact that in this book, Murderbot knows that there's people

walking up to attack them, so it goes it tells this — the — who it sees as its current slave owners — to keep walking, and then goes and stands in the shadows facing away goes down a little fucking hallway for a bit and then only comes back after the attack has already begun *for no reason*.

We're never given an explanation for this. Murderbot just put these people in danger for literally no reason, and we're never given any justification. We're just told, “oh, um, Murderbot knows that people are about to attack these people. Um, so it's gonna go off into another hallway and wait until they're already attacking to do anything to the point that it has to run to catch up and stop them.”

It's because [she] was going to write something “clever” and then forgot to write something clever and nobody edited it.

Literally like, why did this happen? Why did this happen? And what — who the — where was Murderbot in the vicinity of them before it decided to fuck off? It was literally walking right with them, right

behind them. Skip that section where it fucked off. How does the scene read?

Um after 8 minutes of walking, most of the other blah blah blah. Uh yeah, it literally waited until these people were completely alone and then it fucked off just to so that it could attack the people who were immediately going to catch up with them from behind, for no reason, because it doesn't need it — doesn't need to do a sneak attack.

As we just saw, it, it got hit in the fucking — established even if they hit it ~even if even if he hit me it wouldn't it's not like it would hurt.~

And then again, literally right here, um, the attackers wielding guns. No, they have knives and a fucking baton. And all the entire fight scene takes place in a single fucking obnoxiously huge paragraph right here. That's just nothing but that shitty action that I just described.

Like literally, let me read the fight again.

Like there's no — there's no — we wasted—

Here's where Murderbot tells them to keep walking and then this entire page, and then this entire page including Murderbot.

This is the part where it says uh I turned the corner back into the tunnel and started to run.

Why? Why did — like, why why did you— why do you need to run? Why did you leave them unsupervised in the first place?

It just, it just doesn't fucking make sense. It doesn't make sense in any way. Murderbot didn't need to do that for any reason whatsoever.

Literally, Murderbot, these people can't — apparently cannot hurt Murderbot even if they try. Even if they hit it full force in the fucking side of the head with a fucking baton meant to crack open your skull. Apparently, that doesn't hurt. It's just mildly annoying, according to this book.

So, why?

And and it instantly fucking incapacitates all of them. Let me see. Um, it broke — it instantly breaks the one guy's arm. Um, then instantly breaks one guy's kneecap and his hip, um, and his collar bone. And then they're all lying on the floor completely incapacitated. And all of this has happened in probably like, two fucking seconds.

Why did Murderbot need to leave and, and do all of this shit, only to have to run back and go, "Oh, I have to run slower than normal just so they don't realize I'm not human."

But why did—????

There's no reason for it!

There's literally zero reason for that stupid little detour that existed for no reason except so that Martha Wells could say the line, "I turned the corner back into the tunnel and started to run."

As though Murderbot running is what makes this scene cool, even though it's just Murderbot being incompetent and not making any sense.

> All three targets were on the floor and two was the only one who was still conscious though he was curled up and whimpering. I turned to my clients

and remember Murderbot sees these people as it slave owners right now, because that's what it's fucking trauma it is doing to it.

Anytime this book series says clients, it means slave owners.

> Rami had a hand over her mouth. Maro was frozen in place staring and Ton Tapan had thrown her hands up in the air. I said in the feed, "Go to the hotel. Wait for me in the lobby. Don't run. Walk." Maro came out of shock first. She nodded hard, caught Rami's arm, and poked to Pan's should

why poked to Pan's shoulder? Why would that be the response in this situation? Are you kidding me? Are you kidding me?

Maro came out of shock first. She nodded hard, caught Rami's arm, and poked to Pan's shoulder.

Poking. Poking. Poking to Pan's shoulder. Not grabbing her shoulder protectively, poking her. Oh my god. Rami turned to go, but Tan said, "Security." I knew what she was asking. They told somebody to cut the cameras. That's why you need to leave now.

And again, what? It doesn't make sense. The public feed up on the transit ring had said there was no overall security, but the security companies for the different service installations and contractors were supposed to take responsibility from the public areas nearest their territory. This spot had obviously been carefully calculated to be out of range of any immediate assistance by whoever had helped the targets by cutting the camera feed. I wasn't expecting an immediate response, but we did need to move relatively quickly.

Why? That's that's something that requires planning ahead for, when these people specifically weren't able to— whatever! Whatever!

They're expecting them to be dead, but also they've planned this shit, and, and they just conveniently walked into the exact place for this this ambush that they apparently had to plan carefully ahead of time???

And it's the, the, the one that Murderbot chose. This is just showing Murderbot to be incompetent, but we're just supposed to think it's cool and not question anything at all.

It doesn't make sense.

“We are going to blow up your bomb.” “Oh no. Let us go. Let me go stare directly at it!” Not even not even trying to diffuse it. Just staring at it.

> This spot had obviously been carefully calculated to be out of range of any immediate assistance.

When was that calculation made? You could have picked literally any godamn hallway to go out of. It's so fuckng ridiculous. Nothing makes sense.

> Rami whispered, "Come on." And they started away, walking fast but not running. I turned to the target that was still conscious and pressed down on the artery in his neck until he passed out. I started away, walking at a normal pace. I was deep enough into the camera system to delete the temporary storage on the cameras ahead of me and behind the deactivated camera. That would help obvious obscure the issue for anybody trying to figure out what had happened. But Tlacey had seen me and she would know. I was just hoping the kids listen to me this time.

Okay, first of all, why? Where did Tlacey see you? When did Tlacey see you? Just that fight? What do you mean Tlacey saw you? What do you fucking mean? What do you mean Tlacey had seen you and “would know”?

> But Tlacey had seen me and she would know.

What do you mean? Know what? That you’re a fucking psych unit? How would she know that? You just said that the fucking camera feeds were cut. What are you talking about? She did not see that fight!

Again, we're just — Martha Wells is just fucking saying shit as though it makes sense and we're just supposed to fucking go along with it for — no one — we're just go we're just supposed to go along with it for literally no reason.

> I was just hoping that kids listen to me this time.

We're calling them kids now for some fucking reason. And again, if they are, if they are kids, then why aren't we criticizing or discussing anything about their situation at all?

Because there's nothing being done here. We're just now saying that they're children. And then we have a line break right before the end of the chapter. So, we have like, less than a full page or so before the end of the chapter. So after the line break, after that bulshit

for the, the “I was just hoping the kids listen to me this time.”

Murder— that, that phrase that sentence — I don't think that does — that doesn't sound natural for Murderbot to say.

I feel like somebody else wrote that fucking line.

> I reached the interchange where various access tunnels and tube stations met with a scatter of pop-up stands selling packaged food, feed interfaces, toiletries, and other things humans liked. It wasn't crowded, but there was a steady flow of foot traffic. The hotel entrance was on the far side. The lobby was built on various platforms overlooking a hollow sculpture of an open chasm filled with giant crystalline structures growing out of the walls. From the notations in the feed, it was supposed to be educational, but

Did we go back in time?

Didn't I already read this??? What? This, this description??? What's the description???

Um the hotel entrance the, um the lobby was built on various platforms overlooking a hollow sculpture of an open chasm filled with giant crystalline structure growing out of the walls. Um it kind of sounds like the description... Are we just getting…?

Yeah, like just search maybe chasm or crystalline.

Uh that's the one I'm at right now. But maybe search minerals, mineral deposits. Maybe just try minerals first.

Maybe just mineral.

Yeah.

Okay. Okay. So, it's not the exact thing. Uh uh what in chapter five it said, wait, in chapter 5 it said,

"We came out into a central hub which had a clear high dome clear high, high clear— high clear dome allowing a view of the cavern arching overhead with

lights trained on it to show off the colorful mineral veins. I scan to make sure”

Okay. So, we're we're just doing like, the same basic description twice, but this time it's a, a hologram. So, that was chapter five. This is also chapter five. What? Scroll up a bit until you see how far into the chapter that was.

Um, I have the font really big on my Kindle. So, so at the start of chapter five— are you kidding me??? What is the description you just read? Just the same. What the fuck?

At at the start of chapter 5, we got we got the quote:

We came out out into a central hub which had a high clear dome.

Is there no the word ceiling just not there?

Which had a high clear dome allowing a view of the cavern arcing overhead with lights trained on it to show off the colorful mineral veins.

We're now *almost* at the end of chapter 5. Chapter 6 starts on the very next page after this fucking blank entire goddamn page these fucking despicable scammers inserted into the middle of the fucking book to scam us out of as much money as possible.

We get:

The lobby was built on various platforms overlooking a hollow sculpture of an open chasm filled with giant crystalline structure growing out from the walls. From the notations in the feed, it was supposed to be educational, but I had serious doubts about whether the mines on Rabbi Hyra looked like that.

So, we got this, the — both places look the same. They both have displays of the fucking mine showing the fucking shit they're mining. In the same — twice in the same chapter, and it's not referenced as “this was a replic — this was a fucking replica of the thing we had passed in the first thing and I wondered—” and I'm I'm just making shit up right, now “and I wondered if all of the fucking mine lobbies had some variation on this exact same theme. I guess creativity

was um not in excess.” Something something something.

We're just saying the same shit! They both have the same exact decorations of here's “here's the mine with all the minerals. You can see the minerals!!” We're not even acknowledging that we've just repeated that. Like, literally making me think that maybe I fucking turned to the wrong page or had fucking — or that the book was fucking misprinted and was just going to start all over again, like, As Long As You Please.

I'm going to read that story for fucking YouTube.

It's ridiculous. I was just— Yeah.

[from offscreen] So, lack of editing.

The lack of editing. We, we— so, she came up with this— the idea that you show the mine and you show the crystals, and then she did it twice and didn't notice that she'd done it twice, because if she'd noticed that she done it twice, why would— in this — all in the same chapter???

And is there even a table of contents in this book? Because I don't think there fucking is, because I guess we don't need — we don't deserve table of contents anymore.

There's no table of contents in here just like in the first one. So, I had to manually scroll the fuck back, turn the pages back to the start of chapter 5.

Like, you literally couldn't —Chapter 5 started on page 75. We're now on page 98. And this is with disgustingly huge margins and as much space between everything as possible to stretch it out as much as possible, because it's a fucking scam.

And let me— let me even just see where that fucking first usage of this description was.

That — that first time we used this fucking same description thing that was on page 83. We're on page 98 now.

And again, this is page numbers with as much space between each page as possible to spread the text out as much as —

[to cat] Nope. You're in the way.

To spread the page — the text out as much as possible to scam.

[to cat] Wait, no, you can't take that. It's my coaster. She knocked it down and then I put it back and then she immediately picked it up and shook it like a little rag doll. That was adorable, but you can't do that.

Page — from page 83 to page 98. She did the same fucking description twice and not one single person said, "Hey, you you've used the fa same fucking description twice, you either want to edit that out or like, call back to it. Call back to it and say, ‘This is like a fucking replica of the thing we saw in the first place.’”

“Are all of the lob—” Have a character comment! “Are all of these lobbies going to have the same decor? This is really weird!"

No. No. Not even the bare minimum of editing a fucking line to turn it into a goddamn joke about how uncreative these people are.

It's just genuinely your uncreativeness to the fact that you don't even reread your goddamn book before you publish it, apparently, to notice this really blatant shit, because I didn't read page 83 in this video. I don't fucking think. I'm pretty fucking sure that was the weeks ago or so.

Yeah, I'm pretty sure that was like the video I did like maybe last week or so. I don't know. That's— That's absurd. That's just fucking ridiculous.

And it's after this fucking line break, too!

You should be suspicious anytime you see a line break in a Martha Wells book. It — it it's not a good sign for what comes after it.

Because in Book One, we had a line break and then she just broke the fucking fourth wall instead of ending the chapter, she literally just broke the fourth wall and told us not to complain that the character's actions don't make sense because they totally do.

They don't. She just broke the fourth wall to yell at us preemptively not to complain that the bad writing is

bad writing, because very clearly somebody pointed out to her, "It really doesn't make sense here that they're doing this." And then she's like, "Yes, it does. Don't yell at me."

So, I'm— This is ridic— ridiculous. Ridiculous.

Explains why I had a weird sense of deja vu the first time I read this description, cuz I'm like, but aren't there, isn't there supposed to be some comment about how it's supposed to be educational, but it's probably definitely not accurate?

And then that didn't happen the first time. And I'm like, okay, did I just imagine that? No. It's just that she didn't edit this shit and doesn't give a fuck that she just used the same — she just used it twice in the same chapter like 15 15 shitty, scammy book pages apart. So, much less than that.

There's — I don't even want to guess how many words are between these very blatantly not edited things.

My clients were on the same platform as the

Check — You know what? Let me look at this shit. What's below this line break.

Below this line break until the next page, we're not referring to these clients by any specific names. So, do we think she wrote this shit, first, uh, and then before deciding on their names and then just slapped it in here and then didn't fucking edit it? Because it's just ridiculous.

> My clients were on the same platform as the check-in area as the check-in area near the railing around the sculptures artificial chasm.

I thought it was a hologram, but it has a railing.

What? Whatever. Okay.

> My clients were on the same platform as the check-in area near the railing around the sculptures artificial chasm sitting

Wait, if you're on the— Murder—. Okay, hold on. If if the artificial chasm hologram is in the middle of the room and presumably you have to look, you have to

stand at the railing that — there exists, and look down into the hologram. How can Murderbot see that from the fucking doorway?

What is going on here?

My clients were on the same platform as the check-in area near —

Unless you’re —

[from offscreen] Murderbots up near the—?

Nope. Nope. It's not up on the ceiling. It's not up on any of the ceiling platforms because — oh my god.

> My clients were on the same platform as the check-in area near the railing around the sculptures artificial chasm, sitting on a round black a round backless couch thing that looked more like a decorative object than furniture. I sat on my heels in front of them.

So, just teleporting, teleporting to them. Why did— Why are we being told about the extra platforms and

saying that they're on the same platform as the check-in thing if that's also the platform Murderbot is in?

Saying they're on the same platform as the door implies that Murderbot is not on the same platform as the door or them.

But no, it's it's just teleporting to “I sat on my heels in front of them.”

Why?

> Rami said they were going to kill us again. I said. Rami bit her lip. I believed you about the shuttle. I believed you. Dot dot dot. But now you've seen it, I said. I knew what T meant. There was a huge difference between knowing something happened and seeing the reality of it, even for SecUnits. Maro rubbed her eyes. Yeah, we were idiots. Tlacey was never going to let us give her the bonus for our files. No, she wasn't. I agreed. Rami nudged her. You were right. Mara looked more depressed. I didn't want to be. Tan said miserably, we're wrecked. Rami put an arm around her. We're alive. T

> looked at me. What do we do now? I said, "Let me get you out of here."

And then we at chap No, correction. Then we're at the entire fucking pathetic blank page inserted into this fucking book to fucking pad out and use as much material as possible to try and justify the ridiculous fucking prices on these things.

And it's not even consistent, because they didn't even do that for chapter 5. So they're just — they're just not even trying to pretend that this is a stylistic choice. It's just a blatant scam. It's so fucking ridiculous.

Like, it's not even like this shit ended all the way down here and they felt the need to insert a new fucking page. It's, it's it's all the way up here. There's h— like half the fucking page of space and then they put another entire blank page anyways.

So fucking absurd. Phone is at 41%.

So, I'm gonna keep going.

So, we're on chapter six now. Look how much space they take up after inserting the entire blank page. This much of the fucking page. They didn't even put chapter 6 in really big fucking font to try and justify that. It's just the regular size font and they're just taking up like like two and a half inches at the top of the page for no reason, and then like an entire inch again at the bottom.

Oh my god.

> I took them to the public shuttle slots first, then passed that section to the private docks. Checking the schedules, ART had already scanned a likely shuttle. It was privately owned, but the frequency of its trips to and from the transit ring suggested an entrepreneur who was offering private rides for hard currency.

I have a question. Why doesn't Murderbot just hack one of the automated things like it was originally going to do before ART said, "No, actually, you should do this other more dangerous thing instead." Why don't we just do that? It's not like these fuckers are going to tell anybody. Not— not that we care about

that. We wouldn't even take that into consideration, cuz Murderbot’s just waltzing around everywhere on camera creating a paper trail.

> This proved to be accurate and it would allow Rami, Maro, and Tapan to leave without their employment vouchers being scanned. It would probably have been have been safe at this point to put them on a public shuttle as long as there was no advanced notice of which one they were taking. Killaware couldn't travel over the feed to infect the shuttle. There were too many protections in place. Whoever had planned to kill us on arrival had had to

Again had again with the had had.

Just say whoever had planned to kill us on arrival had to deliver the — just fucking ridiculous.

> had had to deliver the killware directly through a data port actually inside the shuttle's cockpit. But I'm programmed to be paranoid.

You're not programmed to be paranoid, you have fucking PTSD.

This private shuttle had them.

And again, again, we're stating, Martha Wells is stating right now that Murderbots's paranoid to be— programmed to be paranoid.

Okay, then why isn't it paying attention to everything going on around it? Oh, that's right. It's because you're just a shit writer who doesn't want to describe things or actually have a proper fucking setting, and your justification for not doing the bare minimum of fucking writing is to claim that, “oh, um, Murderbot just wouldn't notice or care about those things.”

And yet you want to tell us that it's programmed to be paranoid, even though paranoia would force Murderbot to pay attention to everything going around it in detail. You l— You literally want to have it both ways. You want to have your cake and eat it, too.

Really?

You can hand me another bottle of water.

Where the fuck was I? Yeah, this shit:

> But I'm programmed to be paranoid.

No, you're not.

> This private shuttle had the benefit not only of anonymity, but of an aug but of an augmented human pilot who would be in place in case something interfered with the bot pilot plus ART who was already

Let me get a drink.

> and ART, who was already cozy up to said bot pilot and would be keeping an eye on the shuttle during the brief trip. ART's idea of cozying being somewhat overbearing, I had already had to intervene once to assure the bot pilot that the big mean transport had promised not to hurt it.

End parenthesis.

So ART literally treats everybody the exact same way it treated Murderbot by threatening to fucking kill it. And Murderbot has to intervene and assure the fucking robot whose body ART is fucking puppeting that it's not going to hurt it. And that's supposed to be funny.

As though, as though these people wouldn't wouldn't blink twice — would even blink twice about murdering this robot.

> You're not going with us? Rami asked, standing in the small embarcation area.

Let me get the mouse. Whatever.

> The private docks were dingy and small compared to the port authorities docks with stains on the metal partitions and some of the lights up in the rocky ceiling broken or dim. Humans and a few bots were moving along the walkway above us and I kept an eye on both approaches through the security cameras. The shuttle was already

You notice all this multitasking Murderbot’s doing? Just keep that in mind.

Whatever the Mickey Mouse quote is, that's a secret tool that will help us later or whatever.

> Uh, the shuttle was already loaded into its slot and its hatch was open and a small augmented human standing on the ramp to take the money. Six other passengers had already boarded and it was taking a large portion of my self-control not to just scoop up my clients and carry them aboard.

And again, clients equals slave owners. Murderbot sees these people as its slave owners. That's explicit. You'll fucking see.

> I said,

And, and even if it weren't explicit, that's very clear what's going on here to anybody with critical thinking skills who understands how fucking trauma and shit works.

[to cat]You're so cute. That was an adorable little yawn.

ART has purposefully gone out of its way to retraumatize Murderbot and force it back into the mindset of a slave who must do everything that its slave owners say and can't argue against them. I'm not joking. That's the explicit message of this book. But we're not supposed to place the blame on ART — ART at all. We're just supposed to think, "Oh, yeah, it just happened. And it's totally inevitable because that's that's the mindset murderbots *should* be in.”

> I said, "I still need to do some research here. I'll go back to the transit wing ring when I'm finished." "How do we pay you?" Maro asked. "I mean, can we still afford you after dot dot dot everything?" After they tried to kill us, she added it in our joint feed connection. I'll check my social feed profile on the ring, I said, and felt pretty good that I had even remembered it existed. Send a note to me there, and I'll find you when I get back.

Assuming they would even be waiting around. You don't know how fucking long this could take. Why would they hang around in the place that somebody's already tried to murder them? That's another just basic fucking plot hole that doesn't make sense. Like, don't leave. Don't get the fuck out of dodge. Wait around and, and you can pay me in some undetermined time in the future. It's— Murderbot's not even giving them a fucking time scale. It's just “I'll check my feed profile. I'll check my Facebook when I get back. Not even going to give you a time a time frame of when that might be. It could be days. It could be months. It could be a whole year. Send a note to me there and I'll find you when I get back.”

I love— Why are we assuming they won't immediately try to leave?

> It's just I know we're tapan glanced around. Her expression was tense and unhappy. Her body language bordering on desperate. We can't stay here, but I can't give up either. Our work, I said. Sometimes people do things to you that sometimes people sometimes people do things to you that you can't do anything about.

> You just have to survive it and go on. They all stopped talking and stared at me. It made me nervous and I immediately switched my view to the nearest security camera so I could watch us from the side. I had said it with more emphasis than I intended, but it was just the way things were. I wasn't sure why it had such an impact on them. Maybe I sounded like I knew what I was talking about. Maybe it was the two murder attempts

And like, that line is meant very clearly meant to be deep and meaningful and it just falls flat.

> Then Maro nodded.

Like, that line could make more fucking sense if this story actually gave a shit about slavery and actually cared about Murderbot. But neither of those things are true.

> Then Maro nodded, her mouth set in a grim line. She and Rami looked at each other and Rami nodded sadly. Maro said, "We need to get back to the others. Figure out what to do next.

> Look for the next assignment." Rami added, "We’ll start over. We did it once. We can do it again." Tapan looked like she wanted to protest, but was too depressed to argue. They wanted to say goodbye a lot and thank me. And I heard them up the ramp while they were doing it and watched Rami pay for their passage with a with a currency card that the crew person pressed to an interface. Then they were aboard. The hatch closed. Think I got an extra page. The hatch closed and the then the hatch closed and the shuttle speed signaled postboarding mode. Waiting for its clearance to leave. I went back down the access heading for the walkway. I needed to get to the tube over to the area where the tunnel diversion had occurred and start searching for Ganaka pit. It was a release to have my clients herded back to safety. Headed back to safety.

And again, Murderbot using the word clients means it's thinking of those people as its slave owners.

> But it felt odd to be on my own again, working for no one except myself.

> I went to the tube access and boarded the next capsule to stop. Each capsule had seating for 20 people, plus an overhead rack to hold onto. The gravity was adjusted inside the cab to compensate for the motion. I took a seat with my with the seven humans already aboard. ART said, "The shuttle has launched. I'll monitor your feed, but much of my attention will be on it.

Does that make sense with everything we've been told about ART's processing power so far? No, it does not.

[to cats] What was that, kitties? Making weird noises.

> I sent an acknowledgement. I was already trying. I was trying to isolate why I felt so uneasy. Trapped in a small enclosed space with humans. Check. Missing my drones. Check. My giant asshole research transport too busy to complain at. Check. needed to actually focus on what I was doing, so couldn't watch media. Check. But that wasn't what it was. I hadn't done a good job for my clients.

Oh my god.

I had had

Again!

the opportunity and had failed. As a SecUnit,

as the enslaved meat shield whose sole purpose is to jump in front of fucking bullets and shit

I had the responsibility for my

slave owners.

clients safety but no authority to do anything other than make suggestions and try to use the company regulations inbuilt in a sex system to override the human's suicidal stupidity and homicidal impulses. This time I had responsibility and authority and had still failed

Explicitly telling us that Murderbot fucking was incompetent and doesn't even make sense. Doesn't even make sense. That's not even a— That doesn't

even explain what the fuck was going on in the hallway where Murderbot just fucked off to another hallway for no reason.

Explicitly telling us, and it's going to get even clearer later, that Murderbot was incompetent in protecting these people because it was literally put back into the mindset that “these are my slave owners. I'm not actually allowed to veto anything they want to do or say. I can try to gently persuade them, but if they if they won't back down from that, I'm not allowed to tell them no.” And that's what fucked up.

But we're not actually supposed to see this as a bad thing.

This is supposed to be saying, "Oh, Murderbot fucked up." But it didn't actually fuck up. Even with the whole random ass no explanation, let's fuck off and stand in a different hallway for literally no reason.

Nobody got hurt except for the bad guys, which would have happened exactly the same way if Murderbot had not ran off to stand in a random hallway *for literally no reason.*

> I told myself they were alive. I just hadn't gotten their property back, which had which had actually not been part of the job they hired me for. It didn't help.

So, Murderbot is feeling fucking depressed, depressed and upset and anxious, because we're told it feels uneasy, meaning anxious. It's feeling fucking depressed and anxious because it didn't get the people who it's seeing as its slave owners's property back.

> I got off the tube on the far end of its circuit. This was a warrant of tunnels that according to the map led off to various private tube accesses for the distant mining pits. Only a few humans got off the tube here, all heading immediately down the tunnel for the nearest tube interchange. I went the other direction. I spent the next hour hacking cameras and security barriers, slipping in and out of half completed tunnels, many with warning markers for air quality. Finally, I located one that showed evidence of past use as a mining access. It was big enough for the largest hauler bots, and the

> cameras and lights were down. As I went along it, climbing over rock and metal debris, I felt the public feed drop out.

So again, it's just —just such bullshit.

So again, the, the, the cover up, which apparently were is not really a cover up.

They're not actually going to do anything to cover it up, like paying people to be quiet or, you know, killing the witnesses or at least getting them off the station and separating them. Um, but they are going to dig an entire brand new tunnel that has to be giant for machinery, for no reason, even though they took it off the map.

> As I went along it, climbing over rock and metal debris, I felt the public feed dropout.

Why would that happen? So ridiculous.

Murderbot could literally just walk up to any person who's been here for more than four years —a thing it could very easily check by looking at their space

Facebook profile — and just ask them a question, you know, or you know, if intelligence were required in the writing of this, scroll through their face— space Facebook profile and look for coded messages about the massacre, because all the frank fucking posts about the massacre get deleted!

> I stopped and checked ART’s comm, but it was only picking up static. I didn't think it was any deliberate attempt to block my connection to the rest of the installation. I'd experienced that type of outage before, and this felt different. I think this tunnel was so deep below the surface that the common feed needed powered relays to get out, and those weren't functioning anymore.

Even though the signal hasn't been steadily weakening or glitching out, and now it's dropping away, it's suddenly just gone. Just after Murderbot takes a few steps and suddenly it's gone. Is Murderbot gonna back up a bit and just just say, "Hey, ART, uh, the, the fucking thing down here doesn't work, so I'm just going to go down. You might not hear from me. If I'm not back in XYZ time, assume I

died." No. No. That would make sense. That would make sense.

So, it's just going to keep going and not warn, “By the way, there's no phone service down here. I had to back up.”

And again, it's again, it's— it's not like the, this— the fucking phone service is getting lower and lower bars the further it goes. And and no, it's just suddenly gone all of a sudden.

And, and it’s still not going to just back up a bit and say, "By the way, no phone service. Sorry."

No, no, no. That would make sense.

So blah blah blah.

> So far below the surface that the comm feed needed powered relays to get out and those weren't functioning anymore. Something ahead still had power because my feed was picking up intermittent signals. All automated warnings. I kept going.

It just doesn't make sense. It's not like Murderbot and ART even planned ahead for this contingency, cuz that's not mentioned. This is so ridiculous.

And we're going to have another line break.

Do you see that line break right there? Oh, it's not a good sign.

> I had to open another security barrier, but past it found a cargo tube and access a cargo tube access and managed to push the sliding door open. A small passenger tube was still there. It hadn't been used in a long time. Long enough for the

You know, you know how long it's been since it was used? Like four years, cuz that's how long ago this happened. It was only four years ago.

> It hadn't been used in a long time. Long enough for the water and scattered trash on the carpet to combine and grow something squishy.

Why is there water on the carpet? What?

Why would there be water on the carpet if it's still sealed? The the cargo tube it Murderbot managed to push the fucking door open, meaning it was very difficult to get open. Why is there water on the floor?

> Long enough for the water and scattered trash on the carpet to combine and grow something squishy.

What? What? What do you— Why would you know that it was water and trash?

Like say the carpet was covered in the what seemed to have once been a carpet was now a mass of something squishy with fucking ancient remains and flaking — decaying remains of plastic food wrappers or any anything.

It does — that — it doesn't make sense.

I made my way up to the front compartment where the manual emergency controls were. There was still power in the batteries, though not much. It had been left here, forgotten, slowly dying in the darkness as

the hours ticked away. Not that I was feeling morbid or anything.

You literally could have just backed up five fucking feet and said to ART, "Oh, by the way, the phone service, I don't got any bars down here. The phones are dead."

Um, no, no, no. But now we're going to pretend to be deep and meaningful and, and morbid and edgy and symbolic, and then immediately throw that into the trash that's apparently growing mold on the carpet.

> Not that I was feeling morbid or anything. I checked

And what? We don't need to be told you're feeling morbid. You could describe that to us.

> I checked to make sure there was no active security attached to it, then got it started. It groaned into life, lifted off the ground, and started down the title into darkness, following its programmed route. I sat down on the bench to wait

And then we have a fucking line break.

What's my phone at? 31% battery. So, if I want to be able to upload this video to YouTube before fucking 5:00 a.m. or something, I'm going to have to end this video here.

We're now on page 106 at the end of a stupid little line break.

You should never trust line breaks in a Martha Wells stories because she might just repeat everything she just said as though it's been months between we read — what was literally right above there.

And also, she might just break the fourth wall and tell you to stop complaining that the characters decisions don't make sense. Anyways, yep, that's it.